

FAMOUS RACING MEN



AND

TALES OF THE TURF

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE FATHER OF THE TURF	9
COLONEL O'KELLY	13
SIR CHARLES BUNBURY	19
THE DUKES OF GRAFTON	24
THE EARLS OF DERBY	32
THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY ("Old Q.")	40
COLONEL MELLISH	47
ROYALTY ON THE TURF	51
MR. JOHN MYTTON	55
LORD GEORGE BENTINCK (<i>Frontispiece</i>)	63
MR. JOHN GULLY	72
SIR TATTON SYKES	82
THE EARL OF ZETLAND (<i>With Portrait</i>)	88
THE EARL OF GLASGOW	91
SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY, BART. (<i>With Portrait</i>)	95
MR. JAMES MERRY (<i>With Portrait</i>)	100
ADMIRAL ROUS (<i>Portrait on Cover</i>)	107
MR. GEORGE PAYNE (<i>With Portrait</i>)	113
GENERAL PEEL (<i>With Portrait</i>)	120
THE EARL OF WILTON	124

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FAMOUS RACING MEN.

THE FATHER OF THE TURF.

IT is the usual practice of historians to go back into far antiquity and trace the beginnings of things. Were we disposed to follow this example, we might go back to ages as remote as those of Athelstane in search of the origin of horse-racing in England, for Joseph Strutt, no mean authority, informs us in his *Sports and Pastimes* that the aforesaid Saxon monarch was the first great man who figured on the turf. We prefer, however, plunging *in medias res*, and without troubling ourselves to ascertain when and how the taste of the English for horse-racing originated, shall be content with stating when it first took definite shape. The Turf, as we understand the term, can hardly be said to have been established before the commencement of the last century, when the famous Godolphin Arabian, so-called from the nobleman who introduced him into England, appeared upon the scene, and became the founder of our best blood in horse-flesh. Little is known of this celebrated sire, beyond the facts that he measured fourteen and a-half hands, that he was originally given by a Mr. Coke to the proprietor of the St. James's Coffee House, and that he died honourably, under the shadow of the Gog-Magog Hills, in 1753. It is possible that he was preceded by another famous sultan of the stud, the Byerley Turk, whose advent has been placed at 1689; but this is doubtful. Our merry monarch, Charles II., undoubtedly had a taste for horse-racing, and indulged in it to some extent at Newmarket; but the animals which ran then were wholly different from the thoroughbreds of the next century. The reign of Charles, however, is noteworthy for having produced the man to whom immemorial tradition has assigned the proud title of "Father of the Turf." The gentleman who earned that high distinction was Tregonwell Frampton, Esquire, of Moreton, Dorsetshire, who was born in 1642, and appears to have filled the post of Keeper of the King's Running-Horses to William III. Anne and George I., and possibly Charles II. and James II. In an age of amateurs Frampton was essentially a professional, and matched his horses, cocks, and greyhounds against those of his contemporaries with a professional astuteness and skill which

rendered him almost invincible. There are two portraits of Tregonwell Frampton extant; and it must be confessed that his face is not a prepossessing one. It has the mean, crafty look of a miser; and one can well believe the tales told of both his avarice and his cruelty. There is one horrible story narrated of him, which, if it could be proved, would stamp him as one of the most hideous monsters that ever lived. It is related that he had a famous horse, named Dragon, who had won his master a fortune in stakes and bets, and this noble animal, so runs the tale, met with a cruel and diabolical death. He had defeated a mare of extraordinary speed in a match for 10,000 guineas, and the owner of the mare, chagrined though he was at losing the race, nevertheless, immediately after it, backed her to run any *gelding* in the world for double the sum he had just lost. Frampton took the bet, and said that he would on the morrow produce a gelding that should beat her. That very night Dragon was, with shocking inhumanity, qualified to run as a gelding, and the next day the match came off. Again Dragon was victorious; but, when he reached the winning-post, he fell down and died. It is only fair to Frampton to say that this ghastly story rests on very slender foundation. Public attention was first directed to it by Dr. Hawkesworth, in the *Adventurer*, a periodical of the *Spectator* type, and no other evidence has ever been adduced in support of it. Veterinary surgeons, however, are agreed that it would be possible for a horse so mutilated to retain his full speed, and from what we know of Frampton's character, we can almost believe him capable of any crime that would put money in his purse. At the same time, in strict justice, a charge so feebly supported by evidence, should not be entertained, least of all against a man who associated with all the best sportsmen of his day. What sporting society was like, and what scenes Newmarket witnessed in Tregonwell Frampton's time, we shall proceed to describe. James II. does not appear to have patronised the sport; but his successor, at least occasionally, lent it his countenance, though probably he took but little interest in it. "On the 17th of October," writes Macaulay, "William went to Newmarket—now a place of business rather than of pleasure, but in the autumn of that age the gayest and most luxurious spot in the island. It was not unusual for the whole Court and Cabinet to go down to the meetings. Jewellers and milliners, players and fiddlers, venal wits and venal beauties, followed in crowds. The streets were made impassable by coaches-and-six. In the places of public resort peers flirted with maids of honour, and officers of the Life Guards, all plumes and gold-lace, jostled professors in trencher-caps and black gowns. For on such occasions the neighbouring University of Cambridge always sent her highest functionaries with loyal addresses, and selected her ablest theologians to preach before the sovereign and his splendid retinue." Such was the Newmarket

of the middle of the reign of William III. What it was in the reign of Anne we can gather from the following description of the doings there, given by a gentleman who visited the place at that time. He writes: "Being there in October, I took the opportunity to see the horse-races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager upon the sharpening part of the sport, their wagers, their bets, that to me they seemed just so many horse-courers in Smithfield; descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets and biting one another as much as possible, and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners. There was Mr. Frampton the oldest, and, as they say, the cunningest jockey in England. One day he lost 1,000 guineas, the next he won 2,000, and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away £500 or £1,000 at a time as other men do of their pocket-money, and was perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned when he had lost £1,000 as when he won it. On the other side, there was Sir F. Wragge, of Sussex, of whom fame says, he has the most in him and the least to show for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried off the prize. His horses, they say, were all cheats, how honest so ever their master was, for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy and as dirty and as much like a cart horse as all the cunning of his master and the grooms could make him; and just in this manner he hit some of the greatest gamesters in the field. I was so sick of the jockeying part that I left the crowd about the posts and pleased myself with observing the horses. . . . Here I fancied myself in the Circus Maximus at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and under this deception, was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts, or at the meetings at the coffee houses and gaming tables after the races were over. Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, except a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race and then go home again." On the whole, then, we may conclude that the turf in its infancy was extraordinarily precocious in wickedness, and that even the gentlemen who now-a-days scratch their horses an hour before a race is run, had their counterparts nearly two centuries ago in persons of the Tregonwell Frampton stamp. Yet, clever as this reputed Father of the Turf was, he sometimes met with those who were more than a match for him, as the following anecdote will show. The celebrated horse, Merlin, was matched to run at Newmarket against a favourite animal of Frampton's. Merlin, being a north-country horse, was backed by the Yorkshire sportsmen to a large

amount, and was sent to Newmarket to be trained, under the care of one Hesletine, a jockey. Frampton's groom accidentally meeting Hesletine, proposed to run the horses a private trial at the weights and distance stated in the match, so that, by ascertaining which could win, they might have an opportunity of enriching themselves and their particular friends. The jockey refused, but in a manner which gave the other hopes he might yet be induced to accede to the proposal. Hesletine then immediately communicated the affair to Sir William Strickland, a Yorkshire baronet, who was principally interested in Merlin's match. Sir William returned for answer that Hesletine might agree to the proposal, and directed him to carry 7lbs. more than the weight specified in the match, but without informing Frampton's jockey of the change. Soon after the receipt of these instructions, Frampton's jockey met Hesletine and renewed the proposal, using the most persuasive arguments to gain the other over to his purpose. Hesletine in the end consented, but with seeming reluctance. Now, Frampton had given similar orders to his groom to carry 7lbs. extra weight. The two horses were prepared, and privately ran the distance for which they were matched, each jockey believing that he had deceived the other in the matter of weight. After a very close race Merlin won by about a length. The jockeys respectively communicated the result of the trial to their employers, who were both equally confident of winning. The result was that each backed his horse heavily. Sir William Strickland's friends, who were in the secret, arguing that as Merlin had beaten his antagonist with an extra 7lb. on his back, he must win easily at even weights, whilst Frampton calculated that as his horse had run the other so close, under such a severe penalty, he must win at a level impost. It was said that so much money had never before been known to depend upon a single match. At length the eventful hour arrived. The horses started—there was a gallant and exciting race, and Merlin won, as in the secret trial, exactly by a length. Hundreds who put their faith in Frampton's astuteness and, following his lead, betted their all upon his horse, were ruined, and Tregonwell himself received a staggerer, from which he was some time in recovering. Not very long afterwards "the plant was blown upon," to use the slang of the modern race-course, and the greatest indignation was expressed against Frampton—though why he should have been considered more guilty than Sir William Strickland we are at a loss to understand. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, that was all, and the canny Yorkshireman got the best of it. But the curious part of the affair was that, in consequence of the heavy losses incurred by the backers of Frampton's horse, "the Legislature in order to put a stop to such ruinous proceedings, enacted a law to prevent the recovery of any sum exceeding ten pounds betted upon a horse-race." This was the forerunner of the Gaming Act, which prohibits the recovery by law of any wager. For that

sound and wise piece of legislation then we have to thank Tregonwell Frampton, who, much against his will, thus became a public benefactor. *Au reste* we do not know that sportsmen have any reason to be grateful to the Father of the Turf, nor is it quite clear that Tregonwell Frampton ever did anything to merit that venerable title. He was rather the progenitor of that objectionable set of men yclept by our grandfathers "Legs," whom an old turf writer describes as "the most unprincipled and abandoned set of thieves and harpies, who ever disgraced civilised society." At the same time, it is impossible to deny that Tregonwell Frampton typified in his own person the most conspicuous features of the turf in our own day—the lowest and least reputable characteristics of a noble sport, and in so far as he did that he may be held to deserve the appellation which is generally assigned him. He died in the year 1728, at the patriarchal age of 86, and lies buried at Newmarket, where the curious in such matters may still read on the walls of the parish church of All Saints' the epitaph, which, with the usual unblushing effrontery of monumental elegies, elaborately sets forth his many virtues.

COLONEL O'KELLY.

EVERY school-boy, as Macaulay would have said, has heard of Eclipse, whose name is familiar as a household word, even to those whose knowledge of equine history is of the very slightest description. But there are probably not many persons, even among those interested in the turf, who know much about the owner of the far-famed horse. And yet Denis O'Kelly, who had the good fortune to possess the mighty Eclipse, was a remarkable man in many ways, whose career, full of strange vicissitudes as it was, is unquestionably one of the most interesting and romantic recorded in the History of the British Turf, and well worthy of a foremost place in the bead-roll of famous racing men. He was born in Ireland, but in what portion of it is doubtful. His parents were in a humble position of life, and his brother earned a miserable pittance as a *brogue-maker*. Under what circumstances Denis left Ireland is not known, but it is certain that he arrived in London in the year 1748, when he was about twenty years of age. He was then unable to read or write, but being a tall, strapping youth succeeded in obtaining a situation as a sedan-chairman; in which capacity his handsome face and athletic proportions attracted the favourable attention of a lady of title, who loaded him with presents and money, and enabled him to cut a more imposing figure in the world than he had ever done before. Being naturally gifted, as we have said, with great personal attractions—a fine figure, prepossessing features, and dashing manners—Denis O'Kelly soon

worked his way into the society of men of *ton*, and spent the countess's guineas with all the air of a gentleman to the manner born. He rapidly acquired the reputation of a reckless and daring gamester; indeed, his passion for gaming was from the very first extraordinary. He was, however, singularly unfortunate in his early attempts to win fame and fortune with dice and cards. Reduced to beggary by ill-luck, he had to become first a marker at a billiard table, and then to fill a similar office at a tennis-court, where he acted as the drudge and attendant of the sharpers who had robbed him. In those situations he made the acquaintance of noblemen and gentlemen, who permitted or rather obliged him for the sake of their own convenience and amusement, sometimes to take part in their matches. This led him again into expensive habits, and he was at length thrown into the Fleet Prison, where he became attendant at the tap, and lived by carrying out beer to his fellow prisoners. Whilst in the Fleet he made the acquaintance of a beautiful, but too notorious woman, named Charlotte Hayes, and it was probably through her assistance that after a duration of three years he was able to leave the Fleet. How he obtained money enough to start him in society as a gentleman we are unable to say, but about the year 1760 he was thought good enough to be allowed to purchase an ensigncy in the Westminster Regiment of Middlesex Militia, which was just then raised, and in due time he rose by regular gradations to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. From the moment he left the Fleet, there can be no doubt that he went in recklessly for gambling of every description, but he must have had a remarkable run of luck, or else he would never have been in a position to purchase the horse with which his name will be forever associated, and which unquestionably founded his fortunes. The way in which he became possessed of Eclipse was singular, but before detailing the circumstances it will be as well formally to introduce the great horse to the reader. In the year 1764, during a partial eclipse of the sun, which made the year a notable one, a mare named Spiletta, in the stud of H.R.H. William Duke of Cumberland, of Culloden fame, gave birth to a chestnut foal by Marske, which was called after the phenomenon which had marked its birth, Eclipse. On the death of the Royal duke, his stud went to the hammer, and a Mr. William Wildman, a sheep salesman of Smithfield, who kept a string of horses at Middleham, became the purchaser of Eclipse under rather peculiar circumstances. Wildman had received a hint from one of the duke's stud grooms that the colt was something out of the common way, and was resolved to obtain possession of the animal. Accordingly, he went to the auction, but on his arrival found that Eclipse had just been knocked down for 70 guineas. The astute salesman pulled out his watch and discovered that the sale had commenced some minutes before the advertised time. He at once walked up to the auctioneer,

pointed out that it still wanted three minutes of the time advertised, and insisted upon it that the proceedings were illegal, and that the sale must begin *de novo*. The auctioneer, threatened with the law if he refused to comply with this demand, at length gave in, and the lots already knocked down were re-sold, when Mr. Wildman became the purchaser of Eclipse for 75 guineas. It was not, however, until the horse was a five-year-old that he was run in public, at the Epsom May Meeting of 1769. Previously to this Wildman determined to have a private trial in which Eclipse should be tested against a first-class horse. Rumours of the extraordinary excellence of the son of Marske and Spiletta had already got abroad, and touts were hired by the racing gamblers of the day to watch the trial and report the result. But Mr. Wildman and his confederates stole a march upon these worthies, and when the latter arrived upon the scene the trial was over. Their rage and disappointment was unbounded, but they were fortunate enough to fall in with an old woman who said she had seen the trial, and described Eclipse as being far ahead of the other horse, which, she said, seemed to be running to catch him, but in vain. This was better than nothing, and away the touts went to Jack Medley's, in Round Court, Strand, the then chief betting-house in London, where O'Kelly, Vauxhall Clarke, Irish Tetherington, Dick England, and others of the gambling fraternity held rendezvous. The news at once spread that Eclipse was a wonder, and when he started for his maiden race, a 50-guinea plate for horses that had never won 30 guineas (matches excepted), 4 to 1 was betted on him. These odds were fully justified by the result. The race was run in four-mile heats, Eclipse carrying 8st., and though he was pulled hard by his jockey, John Oakley, he distanced his four opponents completely, leaving them "almost out of sight." Both O'Kelly and Wildman won heavily over this victory. The next triumph of Eclipse was at Ascot, on May 29th in the same year, and previous to that race O'Kelly had taken odds to an immense amount that he would name all the placed horses in their order. An hour before running this reckless plunger went even further, and betted evens and 6 to 4 that he would place the horses in their order, and when called upon to declare he used the memorable formula which has since passed into a proverb, "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere." This was literally the case, for in sporting phraseology, a horse that is "distanced" is "nowhere," and that was how Eclipse served his antagonists on this occasion. Soon after this Mr. O'Kelly bought a half-share of the horse from Mr. Wildman for 650 guineas, and eventually the other half for 1,100 guineas, a large sum for those days, but, considering the immense sums he won for his owner, he must be deemed one of the cheapest bargains ever purchased. At the lowest computation O'Kelly made £30,000 out of Eclipse, by betting and through sale of his produce. The career of Eclipse on the turf was as short as it was brilliant. He ran his first race, as has been seen, on the 3rd of May, 1769, and his last

performance as a racehorse was at Newmarket on the 4th of October, 1770—just eighteen months. During that period he had won eleven King's Plates, in ten of which he carried 12st., besides other stakes and matches. He was never once beaten or even approached, and so great was his fame that he was seldom admitted to subscription stakes without a high premium and penalty. Thus, in the last race he ran, a 150-guinea plate, O'Kelly had to pay 100 guineas entrance fee to enable his horse to run, and the only bets that his owner could get on him were by laying long odds that Eclipse would not only beat the other competitors, but distance them. And when we remember that he did completely "lose sight of" such horses as Strode's Pensioner and those two splendid animals Bellario and Tortoise in a canter, it must be admitted that Eclipse was a veritable wonder. But perhaps this famous animal's most remarkable race was his match against Bucephalus, the son of the renowned Regulus, at Newmarket, in April, 1770, each carrying 8st. 7lbs. Wildman and O'Kelly had each staked 600 to 400 guineas on Eclipse, for so high was the reputation of Bucephalus among racing connoisseurs that the betting was only 6 to 4 on his opponent. It was thought by the best judges that if Bucephalus were beaten at all it would only be by a neck. A splendid race ensued for about half the distance, but though the north-country horse was in grand condition and ran with extraordinary gameness, proving himself a worthy son of old Regulus, he could not touch Eclipse, who simply romped in, the easiest of winners. The effect of this defeat upon Bucephalus, who had never before been beaten, was singular. It fairly broke the heart of the noble horse, and he never again ran in anything approaching to his old form. As a racehorse Eclipse was considered in his day to have been the fleetest animal seen since the time of the famous Flying Childers, who is credited with some of the most extraordinary feats of speed on record. Childers was a chestnut, like Eclipse, but with a white blaze on his forehead, and four white legs. He was bred by Mr. Leonard Childers, of Carr House, Doncaster, and foaled in 1721, and the following astonishing performances are assigned him by tradition. In 1721, in a trial against Almanzor and the Duke of Rutland's Brown Betty, carrying 9st. 2lb. over the Round Course at Newmarket, he did the distance (3mils. 4fur. 93yds.) in 6min. 40secs. He was said to have moved $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet in one second, which is at the rate of nearly a mile a minute. He also covered the Beacon Course (4mils. 4fur. 13yds.) in 7min. 30secs. No such marvellous "times" are recorded of Eclipse, and, considering what clocks and watches were in those days we may well doubt whether these achievements of Flying Childers be not apocryphal. But the career of Eclipse at the stud was even more brilliant than that on the turf. He begat from his own loins no fewer than 335 winners, who, between the years 1774 and 1796, won close upon £160,000 in stakes, exclusive of cups and plates. The most famous of his immediate issue was Young Eclipse, foaled in 1778, who won the second Derby in 1781 from a field of

fifteen. Eclipse himself died at Colonel O'Kelly's estate at Canons, in Middlesex, the 28th day of February 1789, at the age of 25. He had been taken there in a van drawn by two horses, his groom being inside with him, and this is the first instance on record of the use of what we should call a "horse-box." At his funeral ale and cake were distributed to those who had attended to pay the last honours to the famous horse, a custom which had been continued in the case of illustrious equine heroes from the time of the Godolphin Arabian. Mons. Vial de Saintbell made his fame as an anatomist by dissecting Eclipse, whose heart was found to weigh 14lbs., a phenomenal weight, but still 8lbs. less than Mr. Davis's equally immortal Hermit, and O'Kelly, who predeceased his celebrated horse, had some time before his death chivalrously hired a poet to fling his last defiance at Highflyer and his owner. One verse, which aims at being the most biting, runs thus—

"True, o'er the tomb in which this favourite lies,
No vaunting boast appears of lineage good ;
Yet the turf register's bright page defies
The race of Herod to show better blood."

The skeleton of Eclipse was offered for sale in 1821, the price asked being 1,000 guineas, but we cannot find that any sportsman was enthusiastic enough to purchase this costly relic of perhaps the most famous horse that ever lived.

And now it is time that we should return from Eclipse to his less famous, but scarcely less remarkable, owner. Colonel O'Kelly's splendid judgment in racing was amply proved by his carrying off the Derby twice, in 1781 with Young Eclipse, and in 1784 with Serjeant, both sons of old Eclipse. But it was, perhaps, as a breeder that he obtained greatest distinction. His two renowned stallions, Volunteer and Dungannon, were in great request, and a strain of their blood was anxiously sought for by all breeders of thoroughbreds whereby both the gallant colonel and the turf reaped signal advantage. How lucrative this business must have been may be gathered from the fact that in a single year (1793) O'Kelly advertised for sale no less than forty-six mares in foal, most of them by Volunteer and Dungannon, and they fetched great prices, the Prince of Wales being an extensive purchaser. By the dam of Soldier from her produce by Eclipse and Dungannon he cleared £10,000, and his other mares, of which he had often fifty or more in his possession, were the source of immense gain to him. Whilst the mere fact that in twenty-three years the winners bred by him made on the turf and at the stud no less than £518,000, an enormous sum for those cautious days, is sufficient to prove that O'Kelly was *facile princeps* among his contemporaries as a breeder of blood-stock. In illustration of the prices fetched by his horses, we may state that in 1775 he sold a two-year-old untried Eclipse colt for 1,000 guineas, and five hundred more if the animal won the first time of starting. This was considered in those days a gigantic price. In the year 1771, Mistress

Charlotte Hayes, who seems to have been more prudent and saving than most women of her class, purchased the estate of Clay Hill, near Epsom, and made it over to O'Kelly, who built himself training stables on a splendid scale. "The Cottage," as the mansion was facetiously termed, from this time became a famous resort of sportsmen of all classes, and the colonel and Charlotte had the privilege of entertaining some of the highest personages in the land. But the society was strangely mixed. Here the Duke of Cumberland and that notorious ruffian, Dick England, occasionally hobnobbed together; here the Prince of Wales and Jack Tetherington, Lord Egremont and Ned Bishop, Lord Grosvenor and M. Champreaux, the Duke of Orleans and Jack Stacie, met, and for the moment forgot the social differences between them in the charming and magnificent hospitality of their lively and accomplished entertainers, for Charlotte was still beautiful and witty, and O'Kelly was voted by every one the prince of good fellows. His wines were superb, his table of the choicest, and the motto of his house was the jolly old Rabelaisian one, *Fa ce que y voudras*. It was Liberty Hall in its broadest sense, and yet, strange to say, though once an inveterate gambler himself, O'Kelly would allow no gaming at Clay Hill. During this time it appears that the colonel attended superficially to his military duties and accompanied his regiment in its various changes of quarters. But he and the fair Charlotte found time to travel from race-meeting to race-meeting in grand style. That lady, by the way, was O'Kelly's guardian angel. She had raised him originally from poverty into a position in which he was enabled to make his first bold stroke for fortune, and so long as she was by his side he made no mistakes. Unfortunately she was not always by his side, and on one occasion at York, he forgot himself and grossly insulted (he said it was an accident) the daughter of a Roman Catholic baronet, an affair which caused him for some time to be looked upon coldly by his aristocratic friends. But he lived this scandal down in some degree, though that it was not wholly forgotten is obvious from the remarks which subsequently fell from Lord Mansfield in a case in which O'Kelly was plaintiff. The colonel and his quondam acquaintance, Dick England, a terrible specimen of the ruffianly "gentleman" so called, from whom the ranks of the Mohawks were recruited, quarrelled over a disputed debt. England, meeting O'Kelly one day, when the latter was dining at Medley's, first insulted and then assaulted him. The colonel was suffering from a severe attack of gout, and though a powerful man and an accomplished bruiser, was unable to do much against his brutal and cowardly assailant, and was consequently thrashed within an inch of his life. He brought an action for damages against England in the Court of King's Bench, but so adverse was Lord Mansfield's summing-up and in such black colours did he paint O'Kelly's character that the jury only gave the plaintiff one shilling damages.

Shortly afterwards our hero got into bad odour among turfites by scratching his horse Dungannon after it had been heavily backed against Mr. Bullock's Rockingham, on which occasion O'Kelly narrowly escaped being lynched. Still he had such great natural gifts for winning popularity among all classes that these peccadilloes were soon forgotten, and in the year 1782 we find him at the annual meeting of the Hibernian Charity, a most respectable institution started by the Earl of Bellamont, unanimously voted to the presidency. In 1785 O'Kelly purchased the beautiful estate of Canons, near Edgeware, once the celebrated seat of the Duke of Chandos, who spent £200,000 in erecting a stately palace there, which was pulled down at his death, and replaced by the humbler, but still commodious villa bought by O'Kelly. Here the subject of our sketch passed most of his time in the fascinating pursuit of breeding blood-stock until his death, which took place at his town house in Piccadilly on the 28th of December, 1787. He bequeathed his fine estate—the Canons—to the faithful Charlotte Hayes, and Clay Hill to his nephew, with directions that all his horses in training should be sold, and that the said nephew should forfeit £500 for every bet he made on the turf—a curious clause in the will of a man who owed all his fortune, all his success in life to lucky speculation on the turf. Eclipse, as we have stated, survived his master two years, and so did another famous animal belonging to the colonel, namely, his celebrated parrot, also called Eclipse, which had been hatched at Bristol, and bought by O'Kelly for 50 guineas, and which could not only talk, but sing in imitation of the human voice after a fashion that astonished all who heard it. And so closed in opulence the career of one of the most remarkable and successful men the racing world has ever known.

SIR CHARLES BUNBURY.

THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY, whose name will live for ever in the annals of the turf as the owner of the first horse that won what is now recognised throughout the world as the greatest and most important of horse races, was a descendant of an old Norman family, the original name of which was St. Pierre, that of Bunbury being derived from a manor, so-called, one of their many landed possessions. The great-great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch was created a baronet by Charles II. in 1681. The owner of Diomed, who was the sixth baronet, was born in 1740, and succeeded, on the death of his father, who was in holy orders, to the family estates and titles in 1762, previous to which time, and indeed immediately on attaining his majority, while he was himself abroad on the grand tour, he was elected member of Parliament for his native county of Suffolk, which he continued to represent for nearly two generations. When little more than a boy he had held

some sort of office under Government in Ireland, but immediately on the death of his father he seems to have decided on his future course of life, from which he never afterwards deviated. He threw up his office, abandoning all connection with the Government, and thenceforth divided his time between his parliamentary duties and the turf, of which he was passionately fond. His ancestral home was Barton Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, and doubtless the contiguity of this seat to Newmarket may have had something to do with influencing his early tastes. To finish at once with his private and political life, it may be mentioned that he was twice married, first in 1762 to Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of Charles, second Duke of Lennox, this marriage being dissolved by Act of Parliament fourteen years later, for reasons not very creditable to the lady, who immediately afterwards married the Hon. George Napier, and by him became the mother of the future historian of the Peninsular war, and his still more famous brother, the conqueror of Scinde. Sir Charles's second wife survived him, and is described as a lady of singular beauty and most excellent and benevolent character, though curiously enough her existence is ignored by that generally trustworthy authority, Sir Bernard Burke. In politics Sir Charles was a Whig, a firm ally and supporter of Charles James Fox, and one of the most enthusiastic opponents of the slave trade. On succeeding to the title he took a town house in Priory Gardens, Whitehall, and retained it for thirty years, when he removed to Pall Mall, keeping his second house till his death. And now, having mentioned sufficient to introduce the gentleman familiarly to the reader, let us turn to his long turf career.

From his boyhood Sir Charles seems to have had a passionate fondness for horses, and in 1773, as soon as he was settled down comfortably in his new possessions, he commenced to form a stud. The young baronet knew just enough of the business before him to be aware that more experience than he yet possessed was necessary to preserve him from the shoals and quicksands abounding on the Heaths of Newmarket and Ascot and the Downs of Epsom, so for advice and assistance he went to his friend, Mr. Crofts, of Norfolk, the owner of that famous racer and stallion, Brilliant, by Old Crab.

Within two years Sir Charles had gradually acquired a considerable stud, and by 1767 was looked upon as one of the leading sportsmen, both at Newmarket and at all the minor meetings in the country. The first really famous horse that he possessed was Bellario, a son of the above-named Brilliant, who had the misfortune to be contemporary with Eclipse, and had therefore to meet what a writer of the time calls "the terrible, matchless, super-equine Eclipse, which, to use an old Newmarket phrase, never failed in a single instance to give 'em all their gruel and the need of a spy-glass to see which way he went, and how far he was off." Good and shrewd judge as Bunbury generally was, he seems to have lost his head over this horse of his. He would never believe that there was an animal in training superior

to him, and when all other owners withdrew their horses as soon as it was known that Eclipse was to run for a stake or plate, Sir Charles obstinately persisted in starting Bellario, and, what is more, backed him heavily. Nay, which is more curious still, although Eclipse defeated his favourite over and over again, the baronet continued to insist upon it that his was the better horse, and he steadfastly held this opinion to the very day of his death. A dozen years later, in 1777, Sir Charles purchased of the Hon. Richard Vernon, of Newmarket, a chestnut foal by Florizel, a son of the celebrated Herod, out of a Spectator mare, bred by Mr. Panton, foaled in 1763, and counting among his ancestors on the dam's side Childers and two distinguished horses of foreign blood, the Paget Turk and the Leedes Arabian. This youngster Sir Charles christened by the name of Diomed, and in due course he was one of the thirty-six entered for the first Derby stakes, to be run at Epsom in May, 1780. Diomed's first appearance on the turf was at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting of 1780, when carrying 8st. he won a sweepstakes of 500 guineas from three respectable opponents. His next appearance in public was on the first Derby Day, the 4th of May, 1780, when with 6 to 4 laid against him he started first favourite, beating the celebrated Colonel O'Kelly's Boudrow and seven others, all of whom were placed by the judge. There were thirty-six subscribers, twenty-seven of whom paid forfeit. All the nine competitors were colts, and the conditions of the race were thus set out on the day's card:—"The Derby Stakes of 50 guineas each, h-ft., by three-year-olds, colts, 8st.; fillies, 7st. 11lbs.—The last mile of the course." Diomed was ridden by Sam Arnall, one of the most celebrated jockeys of his day. But little did owner or jockey imagine that the fact of winning what was then thought an insignificant little stake, at Epsom would ensure them a place upon the bead-roll of fame until the world's end. And, indeed, it is strange to look back upon that first Derby Day and contrast it with the sporting carnival now so familiar to all the world. In the first place, there was the journey down. A coachman thought himself lucky if he could force his way across the miserable roads from Westminster to Epsom in twelve or fourteen hours without dislodging a wheel on the way, and none but the richest class could afford to drive down there at all. For those were days when tradesmen thought an outing once in two years, like Johnny Gilpin, as much as they could afford. Then a visit to Epsom races was a week's business in those days. Lodgings had to be taken in the town or in the adjacent villages by those who were not fortunate enough to be invited as guests to the fine old houses in the neighbourhood. And the fun was mostly confined to what we should call in the slang of the present day the "upper ten," who took their pleasure in a very leisurely fashion. Racing began about eleven o'clock, and after witnessing one or two heats the company would retire to the town to dine, and having

comfortably lounged over that meal would return to the course to see the finish of the day's sports. Such were the surroundings of Epsom races when Diomed won the first Derby and "made himself an everlasting name." It is sad, however, to relate that the first Derby winner did not maintain an unsullied reputation, for in the following year he started for the principal stakes at Nottingham, with long odds betted upon him, and was beaten by Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude, a horse of far inferior antecedents. Some rather nasty remarks were made by the losers about Diomed's running on this occasion, and Sir Charles had a dispute with his jockey—not Arnall—on the subject, which ended in the man's being discharged from the baronet's service. Later in the same year, however, Diomed was beaten at Newmarket by Colonel O'Kelly's Boudrow, who had run second to him in the Derby, and Sir Charles in disgust refused to let the horse start in 1782. In the following year Diomed started seven times, but was only once returned a winner, and falling lame at the close of the season was put out of training and sent to the stud, a circumstance which was destined to prove advantageous to the turf in two hemispheres. Diomed commenced his career as a stallion at Uppart, near Chichester, in 1785, at a fee of 5 guineas, and was subsequently removed to Barton Hall, where his fee was doubled. He was sire of many illustrious colts and fillies, but we need only mention Young Giantess, of whom more anon. In 1798, when he was two-and-twenty years of age, Diomed was sold for 50 guineas to go to America, though why his owner should have parted with him for so ludicrously small a price it is impossible to conjecture. At any rate there were sportsmen in America who valued the horse at his true worth, for shortly after landing he was sold for 1,000 guineas, and is said to have lived to the age of forty, during all that period being visited by the best mares in the country. His progeny were numerous, and the first Derby winner may with truth be said to be the Father of the American Turf, for there is scarcely a famous trotter or racer to be found anywhere, from Florida to Maine, that does not trace its descent back to Sir Charles Bunbury's famous colt. From his loins sprang the mighty Lexington, whose descendant, Foxhall, won last year (1881) for his American owner the Grand Prix de Paris, the Cesarewitch, and the Cambridgeshire. With the minor successes of Sir Charles, and they were numerous, we have no space to deal. But we must pause to mention that he was, at a very early age, elected a member of the Jockey Club, and soon became one of the stewards, in which capacity he had to conduct the investigation into the Escape business, and was one of the bitterest critics of both the Prince of Wales and his jockey, the elder Sam Chifney. The latter, indeed, distinctly asserts in his curious work *Genius Genuine* that the disturbance was entirely of Sir Charles's making, and certainly it was Bunbury who told the Prince bluntly that if Chifney were suffered to ride His Royal Highness's horses, no

gentleman would start against him. Sam, however, retorts with effect on Sir Charles by quoting the in-and-out running of some of the baronet's own horses, as, for example, Bellario, at Newmarket, in 1770, when he was beaten easily one day, and beat better horses the next, on which occasion, says Chifney, it was the cant phrase at Newmarket that Sir Charles said Bellario had "the headache" the first day. The same thing may be remarked of another great horse owned by Sir Charles Bunbury, namely Sorcerer, who, at the Newmarket October, in 1780, was first defeated by a plater, but afterwards ran a capital race in good company and won easily. In the latter part of the century the baronet had purchased the famous stallion, Whisky, a son of the blind Saltram and grandson of Eclipse, and he succeeded Diomed as the Grand Sultan of the Barton Hall harem. One of his early loves was Young Giantess, who bore to him a daughter named Eleanor, destined to be made famous indeed by achieving a double event that had never before been accomplished, and has only once been repeated, namely by Blink Bonny, fifty-six years later. This was in 1801, when the grand-daughter of Diomed and Saltram emulated the fame of her grandsire by winning the Derby with Saunders on her back from ten competitors, whilst two days later she put the seal upon her fame by winning the Oaks, with the same jockey up. A good story, by the way, is told of Sir Charles's training groom on this occasion. The poor fellow, whose name was Cox, was taken seriously ill just before the Epsom races of 1801, and, as he appeared to be at the point of death his friends thought it right to send for the clergyman of the parish, to administer religious consolation to the dying man. The parson came and found Cox speechless, but from various contortions which the man made the reverend gentleman conceived the idea that the moribund groom had something on his mind which he wished to confess. Zealously and earnestly the clergyman exhorted him to relieve his mind and ease his conscience by disburdening himself of his agonising secret. At last, with a desperate effort, summoning all his expiring energies to his aid, the groom rose into a sitting posture in the bed, his eyes glared, the death-damp stood in beads on his brow, he raised his hand impressively—the parson bent forward eagerly to listen—and then in low, hollow, ghastly tones, the penitent breathed out the words—"Depend upon it, that Eleanor is a h—l of a mare!" then fell back and expired. The dying man's words were, as we have seen, prophetic.

Twelve years later Sir Charles achieved another unprecedented double event, though it has since been several times repeated. This was in 1813, in which year, for the first time, the subscribers to the Derby were more than fifty. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes were first run for in 1809, when Mr. Wilson won with Wizard, a son of Sir Charles's Sorcerer. In 1811 another son of Sorcerer won the race for Mr. Andrews, and in 1813 yet another son of this sire, belonging to Sir Charles and named Smolensko, secured

the first place, the Sorcerer's progeny being thus credited with three races out of five. But Smolensko was to do more, for journeying southwards to Epsom, he won his master's third Derby. A handsome offer, by the way—£2,000, we believe—was made to the worthy baronet by a travelling showman to allow Smolensko to be exhibited up and down the country, but it was very properly rejected. This was the culminating year of Sir Charles's good fortune, for he never won another of the great three-year-old races. For the St. Leger, we believe, he never tried, and in the One Thousand he never succeeded. Although at this time in his seventy-third year, Sir Charles by no means abandoned the turf, and indeed kept up his stables until within a few months of his death, which took place on the 31st of March, 1821, at his house in Pall Mall, he being then in his eighty-first year. Sir Charles Bunbury's colours were pink and white stripes with a black cap, though at that period caps of all colours were used, as they are at the present time. Originally a black velvet cap, like that of a huntsman, was the only cap in use on the turf, and the costume was that of our own time. To Sir Charles the turf may be said to owe the introduction of the system of running horses at two years old—a system which was thought at the time to be fatal to the speed and stoutness of the breed of English racehorses. Hitherto the distance usually had been four miles, and never less than two, and the weights carried generally 12st., seldom under 9st. 12lbs. Sir Charles Bunbury may be said to have brought into vogue the fashion of riding short distances at light weights which prevails at the present day, and has been carried to extremes which this distinguished old sportsman would probably never have approved of. There are still some, *laudatores temporis acti*, who think we might go back with advantage to the old style, which Sir Charles Bunbury did his best to render obsolete, and would abolish two-year-old races altogether. But they are few, and the majority of turfmen are of opinion that the English racehorse has improved so greatly in speed and stamina, that Eclipse and Flying Childers would be nowhere in a modern Derby, and poor Diomed would be hardly ranked as a decent plater.

THE DUKES OF GRAFTON.

AMONG the honoured aristocratic names that have shed a lustre round the turf of past days, few stand higher or more truly deserve the veneration of the sportsman than that of Grafton. Three who bore that title have been famous supporters of our great national sport, and of these two have been winners of the Derby. The owner of Whalebone—one of the most notable sires in the Stud Book, whose blood is to be traced in the pedigrees of half the important winners of our own day—was the third duke, a nobleman

distinguished in many ways, but who is perhaps best known to modern readers as the Prime Minister, whose ill fortune it was to be denounced in terms of unsparing abuse by "Junius," in those memorable letters which created an unparalleled sensation at the time, and have ever since exercised the ingenuity of experts to discover their origin. Before coming to the racing career of the duke it will be not uninteresting to summarise briefly the principal points in his eventful history. Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton, was born in 1736, and was a great-grandson of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland. He was educated at that unrivalled nursery of learning, Westminster School, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. At the latter place his classical attainments acquired him some distinction, and his profligate conduct a disgraceful notoriety. In November, 1756, he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to George III., then Prince of Wales; towards the end of the same year he took his seat in Parliament as member for Bury St. Edmunds, and in May, 1757, having succeeded to his grandfather's honours, he was called up to the House of Lords. In the Ministry of the Marquis of Rockingham, in 1765, he became a Secretary of State, attacked the Cabinet of which he was a member, and his resignation caused its collapse. A new ministry was formed under his presidency, nominally, but in reality under the guidance of Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. "Junius," in a letter addressed to the duke, thus narrates and severely animadverts upon the circumstances of his grace's appointment to the Premiership:—"The spirit of the favourite (Lord Bute) had some apparent influence upon every administration, and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence; but there were certain services to be performed for the favourite's security or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections, and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord, for thou art the man! Lord Bute found no resources of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties, and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition and refinement of political chemistry, before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you became vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which have governed your whole administration." But unquestionably one of the most brilliant and bitter pieces of invective which "Junius" ever penned, was the following allusion to the duke's descent from Charles II.:—"The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it impossible for their

descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite; Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live, like Charles II., without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr."

In July, 1769, the duke was installed Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. At the latter end of the same year he caused proceedings to be instituted against a person named Vaughan, who had attempted to corrupt his integrity by an offer of £5,000 for a patent place in Jamaica. The duke's virtue and patriotism on this occasion, in having exposed the bribe and prosecuted the offender, were vaunted and extolled in all quarters by his party and their adherents until, to their deep confusion and the utter dismay of his grace, "Junius" unexpectedly charged him with having some time before sold a patent place in the Customs to a Mr. Hone for the sum of £3,500. There must have been some truth in the charge, for the prosecution against Vaughan was forthwith abandoned.

Although the duke's administration towards the close of his official career is said to have been exceedingly unpopular, yet the invectives of his anonymous foe were, it is supposed, more instrumental in driving him from power than the angry murmurs of the people, or the coolness displayed towards him by the sovereign, with whom he had ceased to be a favourite. Nor is it surprising that a man even so daring in profligacy, public and private, as the Duke of Grafton is represented—though certainly not proved—to have been by the author of the letters of "Junius," should abandon that conspicuous station which exposed him to the constant repetition of attacks, almost unequalled in severity. The duke passed the remainder of his long life, after his final resignation of office, in comparative retirement. He occasionally attended the House of Lords to deliver his sentiments on important questions, and generally voted with the Whigs, but avoided taking any conspicuous part in politics. Early in life he had been suspected of a tendency towards the principles of the Dissenters, and his heterodoxy is said to have become more and more confirmed as he advanced in years. He was fond of field sports and had some relish for literary enjoyment; but it does not

appear that he ever patronised any author except the poet Bloomfield, who was born near his country residence. The duke died on the 14th of March, 1811, aged 76. He was married on the 29th of January, 1756, to Anne, heiress of Henry Liddell, Lord Ravensworth, who, after she had been twelve years his wife, and had borne him four children, eloped with John, Earl of Upper Ossory. Having obtained a Parliamentary divorce in March, 1769, the duke, in the following May, married Elizabeth Wrottesley, daughter of the Dean of Windsor, and a near relative of Lord Ossory, who had previously been united to the repudiated duchess. By his second wife the duke had twelve children. "Junius" did not fail to dwell severely upon his grace's indelicacy in marrying a first cousin of the man who fixed upon him that stigma of infamy which makes a husband at the same time unhappy and ridiculous. In manner and appearance it is said that the duke was equally disagreeable, his countenance being heavy and saturnine, and his deportment haughty, sullen, and repulsive. Altogether his grace does not seem to have been the sort of man whom a person at all particular would have chosen as a bosom friend, yet he was certainly popular in a way among sportsmen, and evidently, in spite of the sneers of "Junius," he was by no means ungenerous, but, on the contrary, in sporting matters especially, whether on the turf or in the hunting field, he showed himself open-handed and even profuse in his liberality. At Euston Hall he maintained a large breeding stud, and he was admitted to be an excellent judge both of breeding and training. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare, and therefore the history of her is worth recording. In 1756, Julia, by Blank, was bred by Mr. Panton, of great Newmarket fame (her pedigree running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Byerley Turk, but beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk, generally the *ne plus ultra* of pedigrees to the Taffolet Barb and a natural Barb mare), and at seven years old was put into the duke's stud, and produced Promise, by Snap. Promise produced Prunella, by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses, whose names (after the manner of foxhounds) all begin with the letter P, the first letter of the mare's name, and she is said to have realised to the Grafton family little short of £100,000. In fact all breeders of racehorses try for a strain of the justly-celebrated Prunella. At Euston Hall in 1799 was foaled the duke's first Derby winner Tyrant, by the curiously-named Pot-8-os, out of one of his grace's own mares. *Propos* of Pot-8-os, the question is constantly being asked where he derived his singular name? and we may as well give the traditional story here. It was originally intended to have given the chestnut son of Eclipse the name of Potatoes, which it must be admitted was not itself a high-sounding appellation for a thoroughbred, and when Lord Abingdon, who had bred him, happened to mention his intention to his trainer in the stable, a small stable lad was so much struck with the absurdity of the name that he involuntarily burst

into a hearty laugh. His lordship good-humouredly turned to him, and saying, "So you don't like the name, my boy, eh?" picked up a piece of chalk, and handing it to the lad added, "Nevertheless we shall have it, and if you can write it up over his corn bin I will give you this crown-piece." The boy took the chalk and wrote "Pot-8-os," and his lordship was so tickled with the lad's ingenious version that he retained this spelling of the word. But to return to the duke. In 1802 Tyrant, ridden by the famous jockey, Buckle, the rival and contemporary of Singleton, Clift and the Arnalls, carried off, from a field of eight, the Derby Stakes, to which there were in that year but thirty subscribers. From this time forth his grace cared for none but the Pot-8-os blood, and he spared neither money nor trouble to obtain the best specimens of the strain. One of the best sons, perhaps the very best son, of this sire was Waxy, the winner of the Derby in 1793 for Sir F. Poole, and this splendid horse having been secured by the duke, did magnificent service both for him and for his successor in the title. Passing over his grace's triumph in the Oaks in 1804 with Pelisse, a daughter of Whisky, we come to 1809, in which year Pope, a son of Waxy, won the Derby with Goodison on his back, and the following year, which was fated to be the last anniversary of the great race he lived to see, the duke again won the Derby with Whalebone, another son of the same sire (Waxy); but this year, with seeming capriciousness, his grace had another change of jockeys, the winner being ridden by Clift. How good a horse Pot-8-os was is shown by the fact that very nearly half the winners of the Derby claim descent from him. Among the more famous of his descendants may be named Whisky, Moses, Lapdog, Spaniel, Touchstone, Cotherstone, Orlando, Surplice, Teddington, Newminster, Muzjid, Stockwell, Lord Lyon, Blair Athol, Hermit, Pretender, Doncaster, Gladiateur, Kingston, Caractacus, Silvio, and others. It must be admitted, then, that the British turf owes much to the blood which the Duke of Grafton did so much to improve, and his services in this respect may be set off as a balance against some of the offences with which he has been charged by "Junius." That he was an enthusiastic sportsman is unquestionable, and in this respect he was well imitated by his son, as we shall now proceed to show.

George Henry Fitzroy, fourth Duke of Grafton, was born in 1760, the year of George III.'s accession, and lived all through that monarch's long reign, the reigns of his two sons, and until his granddaughter, our present Sovereign, had been seven years on the throne, dying in 1844 at the ripe and patriarchal age of 84—a pretty convincing proof of the salutary effects of an ardent devotion to field sports. When he was twenty-four years of age he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the University of Cambridge, with William Pitt as his colleague, and, in spite of a long series of most formidable attacks that were made upon the seat by the Opposition, he continued to represent that constituency for twenty-seven years,

until, in fact, he was summoned to the House of Peers on the death of his father in 1811. The third duke, his father, as has been seen, was an exceptionally fortunate and successful turfman, winning the Derby three times in nine years with one son and two grandsons of Pot-8-os. During the lifetime of the old duke, George Henry Fitzroy seems to have been content to share the reflected honour of his father's stable, as we find no record of horses run in his own name. But on his succession to the dukedom he continued to maintain the training stables at Newmarket, and the stud farm and paddocks at Euston Hall, near Thetford, in Suffolk, and showed throughout his marvellously-successful racing career the same love for the Pot-8-os blood that his father had done. The fourth duke, however, owed some of his success to his brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing was equal to that of any man living. With the assistance of Lord Henry, the training of Robson, and the good riding of Frank Buckle, John Day, William Clift, and others, his grace did very well indeed, although after the retirement of Robson from the training of his horses the honours of the turf did not pour in so thickly upon him. The duke, however, had no reason to complain, for he won the Derby once, the Two Thousand Guineas five times, and the Oaks six, besides most of the good things at Newmarket for some years in succession. In the year 1825 his grace pocketed what was then thought the immense sum of £13,000 in public stakes alone. But to return to the stud at Euston Hall, of which, as has been said, Lord Henry Fitzroy was the presiding genius. Waxy, we have seen, was bought by the third Duke of Grafton, and after winning the Derby and many other important races himself, commenced well by getting two Derby winners in succession—Pope and Whalebone. In 1811 he got Blucher, who won the Derby in 1814 for Lord Stowell, and the following year produced an own brother to Whalebone for the fourth Duke of Grafton. This foal was the famous Whisker, who won the Derby in the memorable Waterloo year, 1815. Whisker was by Waxy out of Penelope, by Trumpator out of Prunella, by Highflyer, and this union of the Darley, Byerley and Godolphin strains, may be looked upon as almost the foundation of the superlative excellence of the English thoroughbred, for nearly every modern racehorse of special quality claims descent from either Whalebone or Whisker. The sire of these two is described as having been a very beautiful—but one-eyed—lengthy style of horse, with a great deal of the Arab in his appearance. His quality was superb. He was secured for Euston Hall by Lord Henry Fitzroy. The fourth duke had not to wait long before securing one very tangible success, as in 1813 with Music, one of Waxy's daughters, he won the Oaks, there being in that year forty-four subscribers, the highest number that had yet been reached. Nine started, and Dick Goodison, who this year won his first Oaks, was Music's jockey. Two years later the duke was more fortunate still, for with Whisker he won the

Derby from fifty-one subscribers and thirteen starters, and with Mineral, another daughter of Waxy's, he took the Oaks, eleven out of the forty-eight subscribers starting, and Goodison piloting the winner in both cases. Whisker was as near perfection, according to that able and accomplished writer, "The Druid," as a horse could be, having all the excellences of his sire, of whom the same turf authority remarks that "high quality, so to speak, came into English bloodstock very much with Waxy." Before speaking further of Whisker and his elder brother, it will be as well to record briefly some more of the Duke of Grafton's principal turf successes. In 1819 he won the One Thousand Guineas with Catgut, and thenceforward seemed for a time to have secured the fee-simple of the race, for he actually won it five times in succession. In 1824 he lost, but in the following year made up for his defeat by being allowed to walk over with Fortune, and then won also in 1826 and 1827 with Problem and Arab. To win a great weight-for-age race eight years out of nine in this fashion must be considered the most remarkable run of luck in the entire history of the turf. In 1820, besides winning the One Thousand with Rowena, he had a colt good enough to win the Two Thousand, Pindarrie to wit; in 1821 he secured the same race with Reginald, and in 1822, when Whizzgig carried off the One Thousand she was only his second string, his best filly being Pastille, who won both the Two Thousand and Oaks. In 1826 and 1827 the duke was again credited with the Two Thousand by the aid of Dervise and Turcoman. In 1828 he won the Oaks with Turquoise, and again, for the last time, in 1831 with Oxygen.

That is a wonderful list of triumphs, but from the illustrious roll there is wanting the name of one great race which is second only, if even second, to the Derby itself. It will hardly fail to strike the modern reader that there is in this long catalogue of successes no mention of the St. Leger, which neither of the racing Dukes of Grafton ever won, if indeed they ever tried to win it. For in the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, the racing circuits had little to do with one another, and there must have been some very great end in view to tempt the horses of the North to Epsom, or those of the South to York or Doncaster. Newmarket was, to some extent, neutral ground on which both schools met, for the Northern men would make their way to the famous heath, either by a weary post or a long jolt with their saddle-bags through the fens of Lincolnshire or the Isle of Ely. One of these North-countrymen, by the way, managed to persuade the Duke of Grafton to part with Whisker, and when they had got him among them truly the Yorkshire and Durham breeders gave him plenty of employment. And no wonder, when one reads "The Druid's" ecstatic description of him: "He was," says that graphic writer, "as near perfection as could be, with the exception of being a little calf-kneed, and he seemed equally likely to get a racer, hunter, machiner, or hack. If a departed horse-dealer I wot of had seen him he would once more

have dictated to his daughter as she sat pen in hand, ‘The shadow of him on the wall is worth all the money I axes for him. He can put up his feet and go and catch a bird.’” His brother, Whalebone, on the other hand, was as shabby to the eye as old Prunella herself. He had rather a Turkish-pony look, and was broad and strong, with a shortish neck. His own feet grew very puniced, and his mares lost their speed early. Unlike Whisker, it was on his sons he had to rely, and Moses, Camel, Lapdog, Spaniel, Waverley, Sir Hercules and Defence sufficiently proved his excellence as a sire. But both sons of Waxy did rare service to the State in their time, and for that reason, if for no other, the British turf has cause to be profoundly and everlastingly grateful to the Dukes of Grafton.

We may appropriately close our sketch of the fourth Duke of Grafton with two anecdotes, which admirably illustrate his character. It is told of him, that on one occasion, when out hunting, he was thrown from his horse and fell into a ditch, at the same moment a hard-riding young curate was taking the fence, and roaring out, “Lie still, your grace, and I’ll clear you!” leapt over the prostrate nobleman, and, without looking back, galloped after the hounds. Some of those who witnessed the incident were disposed to severely censure the curate for his want of feeling. Not so the duke, for, on being assisted to remount, he remarked, “That young man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal: had he stopped to take care of me I would never have patronised him.” His grace was delighted with an ardour for sport similar to his own; and, perhaps, also with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter. It is pleasant to know that the duke kept his resolution, and presented the young clergyman to the first of the Grafton livings that fell vacant.

One more anecdote, and we have done. We have already alluded to the duke’s connection with old John Day; and, perhaps, the greatest triumph the Hampshire patriarch ever had was winning the Oaks on Oxygen for his good old master, the Duke of Grafton. Every judge of riding who saw it vowed that John ought to have been created Lord Danebury, in his “all scarlet,” on the spot. His fortunes were made when, in 1826, the duke, who was the first to see what stuff he was made of, put him up, though but a mere raw country lad in the opinion of the Newmarket *connoisseurs*, to ride Dervise for the Two Thousand and Problem for the One Thousand. Buckle was then in the height of his fame, and the young country jockey thought that it was only hoping against hope to dream of beating the favourite with that splendid horseman in the saddle. “I saw Buckle,” old John used to say, when telling the story in after days, “preparing to go; and it seemed as if something told me that if I went first I should beat him. And I did—I got the first run and I beat him. Then I won both races for his grace. He sent for me, and I came to the door, with my hat in my hand. ‘Come in, John Day.’ So I did, and I stood on the mat. ‘John Day, I’m going

to make you a present for the manner in which you have ridden my horses this week: I am about to give you £20, in bank notes of Messrs. ——— bank, at Bury St. Edmunds, most highly respectable bankers.' 'Thank you, my lord, for your great kindness.' It was a great present in those times. After that I got £500 for winning one race."

The connection between John Day and the old duke was never weakened on the duke's side, and but for one instant on John's; and well it might, when his grace thus broke on his astonished ears, after a race, with "You're a thief, John Day; you're a thief!" "Your grace, what have I done to displease you?" "You stole that race, John Day, stole that race!" John's thefts after this fashion were perpetual; in fact he was, perhaps, never quite so great as in the colours of Whittlebury.

THE EARLS OF DERBY.

NOT least among the famous turf worthies of the past stands the honoured name of Stanley, for two who have borne that patronymic and succeeded to that historic earldom have won for themselves on the race-course and in the breeding-stable a reputation almost as world-wide as that which they have attained in the Senate. As far back as the seventeenth century, when the Earls of Derby were Lords of Man, their title was associated with horse-racing, and the first Derby Stakes ever instituted were run for on the narrow strip of turf which separates the bays of Derbyhaven and Castletown in the Isle of Man. But to come to more modern days, we owe the institution of the two greatest three-year-old races in the Calendar, the Derby and the Oaks, to a member of this famous house, and it is with him that we shall deal first.

Edward Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, the great grandfather of the present noble owner of the title and estates, was a century ago one of the most successful as he was also one of the most honourable and upright supporters of horse-racing in Great Britain. Before succeeding to the title he had married Lady Jane Hamilton, sister to the then Duke of Hamilton, but their married life was a very unhappy one; in the course of a few years after the marriage, when a son and two daughters had been born, the countess was suspected, tried, and found guilty of gross adultery with the Duke of Dorset. The Earl of Derby, however, never sued for a divorce, in consequence, it is said, of the following unfeeling observation of Queen Charlotte, to whom the countess had been maid of honour. Her Majesty remarked, when she heard of the circumstance, that she "had long been aware that Lady Derby was more attached to Dorset than to Derby, and a divorce would now enable them to marry." His lordship, highly offended at this inconsiderate expression, resolved

that his faithless spouse and her paramour should not be united in the bonds of wedlock, and therefore, although he recovered heavy damages, he never sued for a legal sentence of separation. The countess died on the 14th of March, 1797, and on the 1st of May following his lordship married the celebrated actress, Miss Farren, who brought him a fortune of £20,000, and with whom he had a happy life for upwards of thirty years. It is said that the Earl was fascinated by the wit, vivacity, and beauty of Miss Farren on seeing her play the character of *Lady Teazle* in the "School for Scandal," at the Haymarket, and that he named his famous horse, Sir Peter Teazle, in honour of his wife, and in commemoration of the occasion on which he had first seen her and become enamoured of her charms. Lord Derby became a conspicuous ornament of the turf in early life. He was, as we have said, mainly instrumental in originating two of the most important events in the annual racing-list, namely, the Derby and the Oaks. The former, established in 1780 derives its name from himself, and the latter, instituted in 1779, from the valley of Lambert's Oaks, attached to his residence at Banstead, Surrey. His lordship became a sort of perpetual steward of Epsom races, relinquishing the office only a few years before his death. He owned several good horses, and always ran them, as the phrase runs, "on the square," nor was he ever known to scratch a horse merely because the public had so far backed it as to prevent him from "standing in," as the racing slang hath it. The horse, however, which will always be chiefly associated with the earl's name was the famous Sir Peter Teazle, bred by the earl himself, and not less renowned for his extraordinary speed than for the superiority of his stock. Sir Peter Teazle was foaled in 1784, and was by Highflyer, dam Papillon, by Snap, granddam by Regulus, whose sire was the famous Godolphin Arabian. It will thus be seen that he came of the purest blood in England. At three and four years old he was the best horse of his time, beating every opponent and winning stakes to a very large amount, amongst other feats securing for the earl his first and only Derby in 1787. Weight, however, will tell, especially upon young horses, and so we find that, carrying extra for his extraordinary performances, he broke down at the first October Meeting at Newmarket, at four years old, when running, with the odds in his favour, against Cardwell, Driver, Schoolboy and Gunpowder. But it is only fair to say that he had got pricked in shoeing three days before the race, and had to be stopped in his work. Sir Peter Teazle was then withdrawn by his noble owner from the turf, and retired to the stud at the modest fee of 10 guineas. He stood at Knowsley, while Pot-8-os was at Eaton, and his stock, like himself, were nearly all fine rich browns. They had great constitutions, but required such strong work for the post that comparatively few were brought there. Sir Solomon was one of the stoutest of them, and with John Shepherd to "measure" for him won against Cockfighter the best four-mile race that was

ever run over Doncaster course. Sir Peter's daughters generally bred well, and the cross between one of them and her sire resulted in "an excellent Yorkshire whip's horse." The earl's old groom, Storey, by the way, was quite a character, and a legend still lingers at Knowsley that when he was told that the Prince of Wales had come to the paddock he sturdily replied, "*Then he may wait until I've done my dinner!*" The portrait of this "Down-right Shippon" is preserved in the picture in the Knowsley dining-room, which is now matched by Longbow and his groom, from Mr. Harry Hall's hand, and a plain flat stone, near the boxes, with the simple words, "Sir Peter," marks where the earl's old favourite lies.

Sir Peter Teazle was the sire of more winners than any other horse on the turf, and so rapidly did his reputation increase that his fee was increased to 30 guineas. In 1794 his stock began to show its superlative excellence, and the sporting world rang with his fame. Even across the Atlantic breeders were roused into enthusiasm by the record of his successes. American turfites were anxious to secure so successful a sire, and the American Consul, through the late Dr. Brandreth, offered the Earl 7,000 guineas for Sir Peter, but his lordship with a smile declined the offer, saying, "Had I been disposed to part with Sir Peter I have already been offered 10,000 guineas for him." Unfortunately, however, for the reputation of this famous horse he was continued as a stallion until too far advanced in years, for whilst his early stock were in the first-class of racers, the progeny of his later days were sadly deficient in all that goes to make a good racehorse. And no wonder, for he was thirty years old when he died, and "served" to the last. It has been said that Lord Derby's triumphant turf superiority began and ended with Sir Peter Teazle, but this can hardly be accepted as a true statement. The earl won many good races with other horses. He made his *début* on the turf at Manchester in 1776, and followed the sport keenly for nearly sixty years, being a liberal supporter of all the Lancashire race-meetings, and especially Preston, which he always attended with a numerous and imposing retinue, the most prominent feature being a large family coach drawn by six superb horses. At Epsom his lordship was successful at the first time of trying, and had the satisfaction of seeing his filly, Bridget, by King Herod, defeat a field of eleven, and enrol her name at the head of what has since become the long list of winners of the Oaks. His lordship won the Oaks a second time with Heroine, in 1794, but, as we have already stated, he only once succeeded in winning the great race which bears his name. At the time of his death, and for some years before that event, Lord Derby was the Father of the Jockey Club, at whose councils he had been a regular attendant for something like fifty-eight years. The earl's colours before the year 1787 were green and white, but as there were two other noblemen using the same badge, he changed his to the black and white cap, in which his horses ever afterwards ran.

Lord Derby kept for many years a splendid stag-hunting establishment at the Oaks, in Surrey, and gave it up only when advanced years rendered him incapable of riding to hounds. He would, however, have continued the pack, though unable to carry on the sport himself, but for the gross insults which he received at the hands of certain Radical farmers in the neighbourhood, whose determined opposition gave him so much annoyance that he resolved to break up his hunting establishment. There was yet another sport of which the earl was a conspicuous patron. Fond as he was of seeing his home-bred horses carry the black and white to victory, if it were possible for him to love anything better than a thoroughbred horse it was a thoroughbred game-cock. Under his care and superintendence the Knowsley breed of black-breasted reds was brought to perfection, and at Chester and Lancaster the north-country earl was well nigh invincible. It may be truly said of him that he was the greatest cocker that ever lived; and in saying this it must be recollected that since his time opinion has changed very much as to the humane treatment of animals; in his day cocking was considered as respectable a sporting taste as a gentleman could have. Nobody had thought of writing it down, far less of legislating against it, and it was as reputable to fight a main of cocks as to hunt the fox. Many will doubtless remember Admiral Rous's letter to the *Times* shortly before his death, some eight or nine years ago, in which he cleverly and enthusiastically defended the old pastime of cock-fighting, which, after all, was one of the least brutal of the sports of our ancestors, and has far more to be said in its favour than, for example, the aristocratic pastime of pigeon shooting. It is a curious instance of the irony of fate that the cockpit which the earl erected at his own expense at Preston, has now been converted into a temperance hall. But it is time to close our sketch of this famous racing man and all-round sportsman. None of his contemporaries lived more esteemed or died more universally regretted. He was born on a great day in the sportsman's calendar—the festival of St. Partridge, 1752—and died at Knowsley, October 21st, 1834, in the eighty-second year of his age. *Sans changer*—the motto of his illustrious race—may well be applied to his untiring devotion to all manly sports. “He was English, sir, from top to toe.”

They say that gout usually skips a generation, and it seems to be also the same with the hereditary taste for sport. The thirteenth Earl of Derby was not a sportsman, but devoted himself almost exclusively to zoology and ornithology. The maintenance of his menagerie and aviary, which necessitated the occupation of one hundred acres of land within Knowsley Park, in addition to a water space of seventy acres, is said to have cost him upwards of £15,000 a-year, and the probability is that this statement is under rather than over the truth, for he had agents in almost every known country, who were constantly purchasing for him living, as well as dead,

specimens of all kinds and species, which they forwarded to him at Knowsley, to be added to his already enormous collection there. But the old sporting instinct, dormant in himself, cropped up again in his son, Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby, known to the present generation as a great orator and statesman, "the Rupert of Debate." The late Lord Derby, the father of the present Earl, was born at Knowsley, near Preston, on the 29th of March, 1799. He was educated at Eton, whence he went to Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1819, he carried off the Chancellor's Prize for Latin Verse. Great as his abilities were known to be at that time, he left the University without taking a degree, evidently having made up his mind to pursue a political career, for which he was eminently fitted. In the year 1822, two years after he had attained his majority, he was elected member for Stockbridge, as an adherent of those high Whig principles which his family had so long held and maintained. His career in the House of Commons was one unbroken success, and he filled in succession most of the great offices of State. In 1851 he became Earl of Derby by the death of his father, and in the following year found himself First Lord of the Treasury, through the downfall of Lord John Russell, a consummation which he had been mainly instrumental in bringing about. Twice afterwards he was Prime Minister of England; but as it is more with his career as a sportsman than as a statesman that we are concerned here, we will pass on to the consideration of his connection with the turf, of which, during the greater part of his life, he was a warm patron and a distinguished ornament. It was in 1842 that Lord Derby first began to keep horses on his own account, and formed his connection with Mr. John Scott as trainer, which lasted unbroken for one-and-twenty years. Before that period, indeed, he had had something to do with his father's horses, which were trained by Bloss, at Delamere Forest, but this was merely because the then earl did not care to look after his thoroughbreds, and deputed his son to do so for him; the passion for racing, however, was strong in him from his earliest years. Here is a sketch of him in 1833, given by Charles Greville in his "Memoirs":—"I went to the Oaks on Wednesday, where Lord Stanley kept house for the first and probably (as the house is for sale) the last time. It is a very agreeable place, with an odd sort of house, built at different times and by different people; but the outside is covered with ivy and creepers, which is pretty, and there are two good living rooms in it; besides this there is an abundance of grass and shade. It has been for thirty or forty years the resort of all our old jockeys, and is now occupied by the sporting portion of the Government. We had Lord Grey and his daughter, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Errol, Althorp, Graham, Uxbridge, Charles Grey, Duke of Grafton, Lichfield, and Stanley's brothers. It passed off very well—racing all the morning, an excellent dinner, and whist and blind hookey in the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the

orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the turf, full of the horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good humoured, *has meditans nugas et totus in illis*; at night equally devoted to the play, as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts." And again, a few months later, under date November 13th, 1833, Greville writes:—"Dined yesterday with Stanley, who gave me a commission to bet a hundred for him on Bentley against Berbastes for the Derby, and talked of racing after dinner with as much zest as if he was on the turf. Who (to see him and hear him thus) would take him for the greatest orator and statesman of the day?" When the earl's connection with John Scott commenced, the number of horses he owned was comparatively small, and during the twenty-one years his stud was under Scott's care the number varied considerably—the total for the whole period amounting to 243, of which 54 were winners; the aggregate amount of their winnings being £94,003. This sum of money, extending over twenty-one years, would give an average in round numbers of £4,476 per annum on the credit side of Lord Derby's racing-book. The number of horses would average something more than eleven in each year, and the average cost of each horse would be about £407 in Mr. Scott's hands. So that Lord Derby, racing purely for his own pleasure and for the propagation of first-class stock, at any rate was not a loser in the long run. There have been very few owners of horses who could show such a result. At first Lord Derby was by no means successful, but he was not to be diverted from his purpose; he really loved his horses, and felt much pleasure in their success, and so his stud grew by degrees in numbers as well as in merit. His best years, so far as winnings were concerned, were 1853 and 1854, and he had the largest stud between 1847 and 1858. It was only natural that a high-spirited honourable gentleman, breeding horses on the most disinterested principles, should be disgusted at the rise of a class of turfmen with whom we are unfortunately too familiar nowadays, who keep horses simply as instruments of gambling, and this brought from him an indignant appeal to the Jockey Club, which was published in the form of a letter to the *Times* on the 11th of July, 1857. A scandalous case had just come before the law courts, in which a Mr. James Adkins, the keeper of a gambling house known as the Berkeley Club, in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, was sued by a Mr. John Sidebottom, a wealthy but foolish young Manchester cotton-spinner, for £6,525, which the plaintiff had lost at the aforesaid gambling house. If the money had been lost fairly the plaintiff said he would never have sought to recover it, but after he had lost nearly £25,000 it came to his knowledge that the money had been won from him by cheating and false play. He learned that loaded dice had been used, and while he, a young man, was primed with wine his money was won from him by

men who were termed "bonnets," by cheating and fraud. Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., and the present Mr. Justice Hawkins were for the plaintiff, and his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present during the trial, which created much interest among sporting men. The jury found for the plaintiff to the full amount claimed with costs, and it was satisfactorily proved that loaded dice had been used on the occasion. Now this man Adkins was a well-known turfite and owner of racehorses, and Lord Derby appealed to the Jockey Club to warn the said Adkins off the Heath at Newmarket, and allow no horses of which he might be in whole or in part owner to run on any ground over which the Jockey Club exercised jurisdiction. The Stewards were roused for once to a sense of their responsibility by this stirring appeal, and Adkins was dealt with as Lord Derby advised. This protest of the noble earl's, too, bore good fruit in other ways, and for a time, at any rate, stemmed the influx of blackguardism which was beginning to contaminate the turf.

But let us turn for a moment to Lord Derby as a breeder of horses. Some of his home-bred stock, such as Fazzaletto, Longbow, Acrobat, Iris, Cape Flyaway, &c., were certainly animals of which any owner or breeder might be proud; but it is an undoubted fact that the best horse (or at least the greatest winner) that his lordship ever possessed he did not breed; that was the famous mare Canezou, which he purchased from the late Mr. Allen, of Malton, by the advice of John Scott. It is said that the mare and her sons, Paletot, Fazzaletto, and Cape Flyaway, won as much as £24,780 between them. Of course the value of such a mare to such an owner as Lord Derby cannot be estimated by the mere thousands she won for him so much as by the strain of excellent blood which he thus dispersed through the country. One of Lord Derby's earliest winners and most famous horses was Ithuriel, whose beauty was so remarkable that it has been perpetuated in an admirable statuette modelled in silver by Mr. Cotterell for the Goodwood Cup of 1845. Strange to say this cup was won by Psalm-singer, a horse which Lord Derby bought from John Scott for a mere trifle when a two-year-old, but was an animal of no special note. Although he owned several good horses, the earl never won either the Derby or the St. Leger, and was only once successful for the Oaks, with Iris, in 1851. Canezou was second to Surplice for the St. Leger, and Meteora had a near thing of it for the Oaks in 1854. The Dutchman's Handicap in 1862, which he won with Cape Flyaway, was the last race in which the Derby colours—black jacket and white cap—were in front, and the last prize any of his horses ever ran for was the Union Cup at Manchester, in 1863, which, however, he did not win. His lordship after this relinquished the turf and devoted his declining years to politics and literature—figuring in the one as Prime Minister and leader of the Tories, and in the other as the graceful translator of Homer into spirited English verse. He died on October 23rd, 1869, and his death was looked upon by men of all shades of opinion as a national loss.

A sketch of this description would not be complete without special reference to the relations which existed for so many years between Lord Derby and his trainer, John Scott. It is related that during the period the latter trained for the earl there was the most perfect understanding between them. No sort of disagreement ever seemed to mar the harmony of their intercourse, a fact which must, we think, have been due in a great measure to the success which attended the undertaking in which they were jointly concerned. The utmost confidence prevailed on both sides. There was none of that undue familiarity which is sometimes seen between owner and trainer; for Lord Derby, though he was one of the most affable of men, had somewhat of an imperious and haughty style about him which repelled familiarity; whilst John Scott had too much sterling good sense to step beyond the due boundary of proper respect. Lord Derby, too, was, in every relation of life, not only a just but a generous man. He knew that Scott's opinions were worth listening to, and that his suggestions were based upon long experience and mature judgment. So it came to pass that the noble owner and his trainer remained for so many years upon the best possible terms. It must be recollected also that Lord Derby was scarcely what may be called a betting man; he certainly backed his horses for sums which he could well afford to lose, but he was no "plunger;" indeed there was nothing he more cordially detested than the making of reckless bets, and therefore, when he lost, had no reason to fall foul of his trainer, as is sometimes the case. His visits to Whitewall were among the most gratifying of his recreations. He delighted in his walk over Langton Wold, and the inspection of his stables afterwards has been described as the enjoyment of a schoolboy released from the restraints and tasks of the pedagogue. Here he was free from the turmoil and clamour of political life; here no hard and dry arguments upon Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Laws troubled his mind. He was no longer here the "Rupert of Debate," fiery and furious, chivalrously ready to do battle for the cause he had espoused against all comers and any odds. At Whitewall politics did not enter into the conversation; John Scott had nothing of the politician about him, and the two could talk peacefully about colts and fillies, Derbys and St. Legers, as though neither had any other business in life to attend to. Despite his many other and most onerous duties, the late earl was a very frequent visitor at English race-courses, and no one apparently enjoyed a good race more than the noble owner of Knowsley, in which respect he very much resembled his friend and co-politician, Lord George Bentinck. We have said that the "most perfect understanding" existed between Lord Derby and John Scott. It appears, however, that there was at least a chance of that understanding being broken had it not been for the calm good sense of the one and the sterling honesty of the other. Lord Derby had a horse named Acrobat, which won for him altogether £5,530, and in 1854, after the race for the Doncaster Stakes, an attack was made upon

John Scott, insinuating that Acrobat "ought to have won the St. Leger." The attack was not confined to mere insinuation, for letters were written to Lord Derby, in which Scott's conduct in the affair was strongly denounced, and a determined effort was made by the writers to poison the earl's mind against his trainer. They had reckoned, however, without their host, for his lordship's intimate knowledge of Scott had then extended over twelve years, and as the earl was never known to desert a friend unless very sufficient reasons were put before him for doing so, he not only refused to listen to the charges made, but with characteristic chivalry undertook to defend the cause of his maligned trainer. Lord Derby did not take this course without ample justification; he knew and properly valued the worth of the master of Whitewall, and he at once publicly expressed his unbounded confidence in the integrity of Scott. Not content with doing this, his lordship openly rebuked the calumniators of his trainer, and the steps which were taken by Scott with the entire concurrence of Lord Derby, led to an ample apology and a full retraction of the calumnious insinuations. It would be impossible to give a better illustration of the chivalrous, manly, and honourable character of the Earl of Derby than this anecdote affords. And whilst the Conservative party in England will long cherish his political virtues in fond and grateful remembrance, and revere him as the honest statesman and the brilliant orator, sportsmen, too, will hold his name in veneration as one of the purest and most disinterested lovers of the great national sport that England has ever seen.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

"OLD Q."

THERE was no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, about whom more scandal was talked a hundred years ago than James Douglas, fourth and last Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q," as he was called, or "The Star of Piccadilly." And during the first decade of the present century country cousins when they came up to town and were being chaperoned over the sights of the West End by their Cockney relations, were certain, as they passed down Piccadilly, to have their attention directed to the "wicked old nobleman," as, seated on the balcony in his cane chair, dressed in blue coat and yellow breeches, and wearing a curious little brown chip hat, lined with green, he ogled with his glasses all the petticoats that passed within range of his vision. Then, with bated breath, were told the awful stories which were in circulation respecting the wild pranks and unspeakable orgies in which this inveterate *roué* and debauchee indulged to the very last—and how he sustained his flagging energies and braced up his worn-out constitution with all kinds of wonderful restoratives, notably milk baths and copious



GENERAL PEEL. (*See page 123.*)



draughts of that famous old Tokay, the remnants of which sold for 100 guineas a-dozen after his death. It is not, however, with his amatory, but with his sporting exploits that we have here to deal, and whatever "Old Q's" character may have been in other phases of life, there can be no doubt that he was a generous and enthusiastic sportsman, whose name was never associated with anything that was not straightforward and creditable. His career on the turf was a long and honourable one, and presents many features of interest which are worth recording. Born in 1725, he began at an early age to excite the attention of the sporting and fashionable folk in London and Newmarket. His name was first entered in the racing calendar in 1748. At the July Meeting of that year he rode two races on his own horses, Whipper-in and Smoker, winning both. His figure was at that time, and indeed for years afterwards, thin, agile, and admirably adapted for riding. From his first appearance he was acknowledged to be the best amateur jockey of his time, and rode his own horses in most of his principal matches. He was an indefatigable match-maker, and had a tower of strength to back him up in his jockey, the famous Dick Goodison. In 1750, being then Earl of March, he won the first of the many eccentric matches with which his name is associated. He and the Earl of Eglinton laid a wager of 1,000 guineas with Count Theobald O'Taaffe and Mr. Andrew Sprowle, "that the two former would produce a carriage with four running wheels and with a man in it, to be drawn by four horses nineteen miles in one hour." Wright, the then famous coachbuilder of Long Acre, was deputed to manufacture the "carriage." It was of the lightest possible construction; the harness was made of the thinnest leather, covered with silk, the man sat on a seat of leathern straps, cased in velvet, the boxes of the wheels were provided with tins of oil, to drop slowly on the axle-trees for one hour. By an ingenious contrivance the traces ran into boxes with springs when any of them hung back, thereby preventing the traces from getting under the horses' legs. The race was begun at seven o'clock on the morning of the 29th of August, 1750, near the Six-mile House on Newmarket Heath. The course lay between the Warren and Rubbing-houses, through the Running Gap, where, turning to the right, the vehicle was drawn three times round a corded piece of ground of four miles in circumference, and then back to the starting-post. The carriage and harness altogether only weighed $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt., and the backers of the horses won easily, the nineteen miles being covered in 53min. 27secs. An immense amount of money depended on the result, for it was an age of wagering when men were in the habit of betting recklessly on even the commonest events of every-day life, and thousands of people assembled to witness the match. In 1757, at the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting, the Earl of March (he did not succeed to the dukedom till 1778) rode the memorable match with the Duke of Hamilton

for 1,000 guineas, each riding his own horse, and won. His jockeyship on that occasion was superb, and it was admitted after this that he had no equal as a cool and resolute horseman Across the Flat, as he had long since proved in the hunting-field that he had no superior over a country.

It was about this time that an incident happened to him which probably affected the whole of his after life, and made of him the cynical *roué* that he subsequently became. He fell deeply in love with Miss Pelham, the daughter of Mr. Pelham, then Secretary of State, and niece of the Duke of Newcastle. The lady reciprocated his affection, and the young earl proposed for her hand; but to his astonishment, and indeed to the general astonishment of society, his suit was rejected by Miss Pelham's parents; whether on account of his not being at that time in possession of the immense fortune to which he afterwards succeeded, or because of the "gaiety" of his private life, it is now impossible to decide. The affair created what would in the present day be called "the sensation of the season" among the "Upper Ten Thousand," and it is a noteworthy fact that both the lady and her rejected suitor remained single to the day of their deaths. Had they been allowed to marry who can doubt but that the unquestionable talents and the vast wealth of the future Duke of Queensberry would have been devoted to worthier objects and have procured him a more reputable fame?

But to return to the sporting career of our hero. Probably most persons have heard of his famous bet that he would have a letter conveyed fifty miles within an hour, and how he won it by the ingenious device of enclosing the missive in a cricket-ball which was thrown round a circle from hand to hand by twenty-four expert throwers. But another incident in his turf career is, we fancy, less generally known. Shortly after the carriage feat, to which we have just referred, Lord March matched a bay colt of his own against the celebrated Pot-8-os, then the property of an Irish nobleman, who was one of the most notorious fire-eaters and successful duellists of his time, and of whom it was told that he once flung an impudent waiter through a window, and when remonstrated with by the landlord, coolly said, "D——n your eyes, sir, charge for the fellow in the bill." In the course of the race Lord March's jockey contrived to slip his weights off, and they were picked up by a confederate and slipped back before returning to weigh in. The owner of Pot-8-os, however, had keen eyes; he detected the little game, seized Lord March's jockey by the shoulder, and swore he would horsewhip him within an inch of his life if he did not confess at whose instigation the fraud had been practised. The terrified jockey mumbled out something which seemed to implicate his master, whereupon the owner of Pot-8-os taxed Lord March with the offence. His lordship made a haughty and contemptuous reply, which irritated the hot-tempered Irishman, and the result was a challenge from the latter. A hostile meeting was duly arranged for the 10th

of June, and soon after sunrise on the morning of that day both parties appeared upon the ground. Whilst the seconds were loading the pistols, to the amazement of Lord March and his friend, a man appeared, carrying a black coffin, which he solemnly placed in front of that nobleman. His feelings may be imagined when on looking at the coffin he saw this inscription on the plate: "James Douglas, Earl of March, born November 5th, 1725, died June 10th, 1750." Lord March turned pale, and asked what this ill-timed jest meant. His opponent cheerfully replied, "Why, my dear fellow, you are of course aware that I never miss my man, and as I find myself in excellent trim for sport to-day, I have not a shadow of doubt upon my mind that you will want this oaken cloak before ten minutes are over." The *nonchalance* with which this explanation was made was too much for Lord March's nerves; he refused to fight, and made an ample apology, nor could any insult afterwards ever induce him to send or accept a challenge.

Shortly after this occurrence his lordship was mixed up in another affair, out of which he can hardly be said to have come with flying colours. He was one evening at Renny's gaming-house in St. James's Street, when there was present that odious ruffian, "Savage" Roche, who gained his nickname from his having once pinned to the table with a fork the hand of an officer whom he suspected of foul play at cards. Roche and Lord March had some dispute, in the course of which the nobleman gave the "savage" the lie. The latter, who was a very powerful man, rose calmly from his seat, laid hold of Lord March by the ears, lifted him by those appendages from the ground, and, turning to the bystanders, said, with supreme contempt, "You see, gentlemen, how I treat this despicable little cock-sparrow. As a man he is too much beneath me, or I would treat him as a gentleman." Lord March had to bear the affront as meekly as he could, and swallow his resentment, for he was a mere infant in the grasp of his muscular assailant, and, as we have seen, he had already foresworn the *duello*.

In 1778, by the death of his father, Lord March succeeded to the Dukedom of Queensberry, and he still maintained his reputation as one of the leading turfites of the day. Moreover, he was as dangerous as he was distinguished on the turf, for no one could touch him in judgment, stable-cunning, and jockey-craft. He was too wide-awake for the most accomplished legs of that day, and once floored them all by riding his own horse in a race after allowing his jockey, Dick Goodison, who had privately informed his master of the contemplated fraud, to accept a large sum to "throw the duke over." The "legs" were beguiled into the belief that they had "squared" Dick Goodison, and laid heavily against the duke's horse, when, at the very last moment, just as the horses were saddled, his grace stepped up to Goodison, who was about to mount, and said, "Stop a minute." Then coolly throwing off his overcoat, he revealed himself arrayed in full racing costume, and added,

“Stop Dick! this is a nice handy nag to ride; I’ll get up myself, just for the fun of the thing,” which he did, and won in a canter, to the dismay, consternation and dire loss of the “legs.” The year 1789 was “old Q’s” luckiest year, and witnessed his greatest triumphs on the turf. He matched his horse, Dash, by Florizel, against Lord Derby’s celebrated Sir Peter Teazle for 1,000 guineas over the Six-mile Course at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting of that year. Lord Derby tried to back out of the match and offered half forfeit, but the offer was refused and the race came off, Dash, who carried 6st. 7lb. against Sir Peter’s 9st., winning easily. At the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting of the same year, with the same horse, Dash, he beat Mr. Hallam’s brown horse, High-flyer, over the Beacon Course for 1,000 guineas, each carrying 8st. 7lb. In the Second October Meeting of 1789, Dash won his third match against the Prince of Wales’s Don Quixote, 8st. 7lbs. each, over the Six-mile Course, for 900 guineas; and on the following Tuesday week this good horse won for his grace a fourth match against Lord Barrymore’s Highlander, at the same weight, 8st. 7lbs., three times round the “Round Course,” or very nearly twelve miles—thus winning for his noble owner 3,700 guineas in matches alone within five months.

After this *annus mirabilis* in his turf fortunes the Duke of Queensberry slackened somewhat in his devotion to racing, though he continued to run and breed horses till the year 1806, when he sold off his stud, being then in his 82nd year. In his later days he became more and more of a voluptuary, and lost his taste for manlier pleasures. His country pastimes were mainly confined to his villa at Richmond, which was a marvel of sumptuous splendour. Being a bachelor and a cynic he conceived that he was not bound to trouble himself about decorum, and therefore resolved to live just as he pleased, without caring what the world thought or said of him. Popular divines preached at him; satirists launched their keenest shafts of ridicule at him; caricaturists portrayed him as the hero of a thousand ludicrous and disreputable scenes. But “Old Q” never troubled his head about them; he lived solely for enjoyment, and so long as he had his amusement, like Master Christopher Sly, he “let the world slide.” But for all that he was not an uncharitable or selfish man. He gave one of his estates to a number of superannuated Roman Catholic devotees, who had sought refuge in England from the horrors of the French Revolution; he made a present of a very large sum of money to Lloyd’s for the relief of disabled seamen; and his conduct to all who had in any way ministered to his pleasures was singularly generous. Dick Goodison, at any rate, who had won his way into “Old Q’s” good graces by his flash-of-lightning style at the post, never had any cause to complain of his master’s liberality. They were only parted once, for three weeks, and then his grace was the first to make it up, by asking him to go and see a horse sweat. And in

his will the duke left Dick a legacy of £2,000. Old reprobate that he was, he had yet a good heart. He was, at any rate, one of the foremost sportsmen of his age, and kept his honour unsullied on the turf when an honest and upright sportsman was by no means common even in the highest circles. He was 86 years of age when he died, on the 23rd of December, 1810, bequeathing his immense fortune to Lord and Lady Yarmouth, but the dukedom died with him.

COLONEL MELLISH.

ONE of the most startling, sensational and at the same time melancholy careers on the turf, was that of Colonel Mellish. He burst like a meteor upon the sporting world at the beginning of the present century, and like that starry phenomenon, his course was as brief as it was brilliant, ending, too, in that utter darkness into which all shooting stars rush and disappear from ken. The subject of our sketch came of a good old Yorkshire family, the Mellishes of Blythe, near Doncaster, and was born in the year 1780. At a very early age he was sent to school, at Eton we believe, but proved himself of such uncontrollable temperament, that he soon ran away, and nothing could ever induce him to put himself again under scholastic discipline. Yet, like Jack Mytton, he was of such good natural parts, that he acquired a better knowledge of the classics than nine-tenths of his contemporaries at Eton, who supplemented their studies there by a University *curriculum*. At the age of seventeen he obtained a commission in the 18th Light Dragoons, but soon afterwards exchanged into *the* crack cavalry regiment of the day, the 10th Hussars, of which the Prince Regent was colonel, and in course of time was gazetted captain of the "Prince's German troop"—the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable soldiering. His expenditure even then was so reckless that the prince gave him permanent leave of absence lest his example should ruin half the officers of the regiment. Unfortunately, young Mellish, owing to the death of his father during his minority, came into full and uncontrolled possession of his large property immediately upon attaining his twenty-first year. And then he went the pace with a vengeance. His first appearance on the turf was at Durham races, in the year 1801, when his Welshman, by Sir Peter Teazle, with that wily jockey, Billy Peirse, in the saddle, won for him a match of 50 guineas. From that time forward he was an ardent patron of horse-racing, and, had he confined himself to that sport, would have added to rather than diminished his splendid patrimony, for he was admitted on all sides to be the cleverest man of his day, both in the theory and practice of racing. In matching and handicapping he had no equal. Nor was he less conspicuous in other sports. He was one of the first whips of his age, and there were veterans living

a few years since who remembered well his driving on the course at Brighton just before the great race between his Sancho and the Duke of Cleveland's Pavilion, of which more anon, and raising his white hat ironically to his friends in the Grand Stand, as he sat behind his matchless team of four browns, saying, "If Sancho's beat, I hope some of you will take me for a coachman." As a horseman he was equally eminent, and for three or four seasons he led all the light weights of Leicestershire, Rutlandshire and Yorkshire, when he himself was riding 14st. But, as one of his friends said of him, "he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders, and he accustomed them, like himself, *to go at everything*." He was also an enthusiastic patron of the Prize Ring, which at that time was an even more popular sport than horse-racing, and was supported by all the best sportsmen in the land. He made the great match between Pearce ("The Game Chicken") and John Gully, afterwards M.P. for Pontefract, and, to his honour be it said, compelled Gully, much against that hero's will, to give in after he had been terribly punished by "The Chicken," although he (Colonel Mellish) thereby lost a very large sum of money. All such drains upon his purse, however, he could have easily borne and been little the worse had he been contented to stop at these. But, in addition to his great personal expenditure, he must needs "flirt with the elephant's tooth." In other words, he gambled heavily and recklessly. It is reported of him that he played for £40,000 at a sitting, nay, that he once staked that sum upon a single throw, and *lost!* The wealth of Cræsus could not have stood such mad extravagance. His establishment, whilst he was at the zenith of his splendour, was terrific! He had thirty-eight racehorses in training, seventeen carriage horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four chargers at Brighton, with hacks innumerable, and, of course, a whole brigade of retainers in his pay. In fact, the colonel made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career, in a way never yet imitated or approached. Driving four white horses "in hand," with "outriders" on steeds to match, ridden with harness bridles and holsters at the saddle-bow, his barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as whirling up to the Grand Stand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending, as though no one were looking, in the quietest manner in life, he mounted one of the thoroughbred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited like the rest of his people in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the Rubbing Houses or Warren. His personal appearance, too, was singularly striking. His figure was erect and stalwart—a real Yorkshireman, with the thews and sinews of a mighty athlete. In his dress he was unique. He wore a neat white hat, white trousers, and white silk stockings; his handsome face, too, was white, and, in fact, there was nothing black about him save his curly hair and his

long drooping moustache, which he wore by virtue of his cavalry commission. Such was the dashing Colonel Mellish, who electrified the sporting world by winning the St. Leger in two consecutive years, 1804 and 1805, with Sancho and Staveley respectively. Then came the famous match against the Duke of Cleveland's horse, Pavilion, in 1806. The duke, by the way, who was called the "Jesuit of the Turf," had, as they say in Yorkshire, "money for ever," and so did nearly as he pleased on the turf. He gave enormous prices for horses, paying £12,000 for four—namely, Swiss, Snob, Barefoot and Memnon, having previously given 3,500 guineas for Liverpool and Trustee. But his grace was wily and astute, and had none of the recklessness nor the generosity of poor Mellish. But to return to the great match. The colonel's Sancho had been beaten by the Duke's Pavilion at Newmarket, and the former, believing that his St. Leger winner had not shown his true form on that occasion, made the match, the issue of which we shall allow that charming writer, "The Druid," to describe in his own happy style. "Brighton and all its Steyne joys were made still more delightful on that July afternoon when he (Mellish) appealed for the second time against the result of the New Claret Stakes, in the 3,000 guinea-a-side match over Lewes. Sir John Lade, whose cook-bride had once challenged a fair rival to drive four horses eight miles at Newmarket for 500 p.p., sat behind six greys on the royal barouche, and the colonel followed with his four to match, in charge of the Countess of Barrymore, who might or might not have been cognizant of the fact that her whip was to act as second to her husband at daybreak. Pavilion, with Sam Chifney up, was the first to cauter, and then Buckle, in his white and crimson sleeves, on the lengthy yellow-bay, Sancho; but even the knowledge that his owner, who led him down the course, had backed him to win £20,000, did not dispirit the layers of 6 to 4 on his old Raby conqueror. The result of the first match over Lewes had made them equally wild to back Sancho; but he had hit his leg at exercise a few days before, and this was the only chance of saving their money. The odds, however, quickly fell to 5 to 1 as Sancho went up to his opponent's quarters in the last mile, and commanded him from that point till his leg gave way within the distance. Such trifles did not weigh long upon a philosophic mind like the colonel's. He lunched at "The Star" with the Royal party as calmly as if he had been losing mere three-penny points at whist, and at daybreak was seen entreating Mr. Howarth (Lord Barrymore's opponent in the duel), who had stripped to the buff, to prevent his clothes getting into the wound, to shake hands after one shot and dress himself once more."

The colonel, too, had some little experience in duelling himself, for he fought Martin Hawke in a field by the roadside, as they were returning in their drags from the Yorkshire election. On this occasion, Mellish was wounded near the elbow-joint, and on perceiving it, he immediately ran up to his opponent and said, "Hang

it, Hawke, you've winged me ; but give me your hand." They were great rival whips, and some ill-blood on that point, as well as on election matters, brought about this impromptu appeal to arms.

About this culminating period of his fortunes, we are told that Colonel Mellish never opened his mouth under £500 in the ring, and the southern division caught the betting infection. Even old Elwes, the miser, was known to eat nothing all day but a piece of crushed pancake (which had been made at Marcham two months before, and which he would persist in declaring to be "as good as new"), and yet to stand £2,000 for Lord Abingdon in a match ; and the *Sporting Magazine* could write two months previous to the Fyldener St. Leger, "There is little doubt that upwards of one million of guineas have been *already* laid." That fatal Leger gave the final blow to Colonel Mellish's career. In the following December his stud was sold, and he himself left England and went as aide-de-camp to Sir Rowland Ferguson during the Peninsula War. There he distinguished himself by his gallantry and intelligence, so much so, indeed, as to win the high approval of the Duke of Wellington himself, who, in one of his dispatches, specially praised Colonel Mellish for the undaunted manner in which he encountered danger, the quickness with which he rode, and the precision with which he delivered his orders, never making the slightest mistake in any moment of hurry or confusion. Unfortunately, however, Mellish could not restrain his passion for gambling, a vice to which the duke was especially opposed during a campaign, and the consequence was he was advised to throw up his post and return home. During his absence his uncles had undertaken the management of his terribly embarrassed affairs. His fine ancestral estate of Blythe was sold to Mr. Walker, the great iron-founder of Rotherham. Out of his splendid property only one small farm was left to him, Hodsack Priory, to which he retired, and thenceforward lived the quiet life of a country gentleman, accepting his altered fortunes with an equanimity which Warren Hastings himself could scarcely have surpassed. Fortunately for him, his wife, one of the daughters of the Marquis of Lansdowne, had a comfortable income of her own settled upon herself, and they were enabled to live in the enjoyment of such rustic amusements as befit the position of a country squire and his wife. The colonel was a man of intellectual and artistic resources. He was an accomplished artist and musician, and in the cultivation of these refined tastes he found solace for his misfortunes. But, perhaps, his greatest delight was in the pursuits of the farmer and the sportsman. He became an enthusiastic coursing man and a scientific breeder of cattle. In these harmless and unexciting pursuits it might have been expected that he would have attained a green old age. But the excesses of his early life had impaired his constitution, and he died in the year 1817, at the early age of thirty-seven. His fate was certainly less melancholy than that of some "plungers" before and since his time ; but, nevertheless, it was sad to see a noble

estate squandered and lost, and a life of great promise wasted in the gratification of an insane passion for gambling. Legitimate patronage of the great national sport could have done, and, in fact, did him no harm, and had he been content to be a successful racing-man his career might have been a long and honourable one. But the dice ruined him, and the only extenuating circumstance which leads the moralist to deal tenderly with his reputation is that he was never guilty of any act that was mean, disgraceful, or dishonourable.

ROYALTY ON THE TURF.

CHARLES II., as we have already stated, is credited with being an ardent patron of the turf; but as horse-racing was only in its infancy in his days there is not much interest attaching to the "Merry Monarch's" connection with it. Of his immediate successors on the throne, neither James II. nor William III. evinced the slightest partiality for the sport; but, strange to say, in heavy, dull, plethoric, prudish Queen Anne, horse-racing found a sincere and constant supporter. It was she who first started the Royal Gold Cups in the north; and not only did her Majesty give these handsome prizes, she was also very eager in running her own horses for them. But the Royal stable was not fortunate. The Queen, indeed, had a pretty good horse in her grey gelding, Pepper, who was placed for the York Gold Cup in 1712; and another grey horse of hers (she had a fancy for that colour), Mustard, ran well there in 1713, but neither was good enough to win his Royal mistress a Gold Cup. She was destined, however, at last to win a triumph at York, though it was one of which she was never conscious, for on the very morning on which her brown horse, Star, won for her her first great victory on the turf, Friday, July 30th, 1714, the Queen was seized with apoplexy, and remained in a state of insensibility until Sunday, August 1st, when she died. Neither George I. nor George II. understood or appreciated the attractions of horse-racing; and although George III. was fond of hunting, and kept two packs of hounds, he had no affection for the turf; and his annual visit with his family to Ascot Heath was all the encouragement he gave the sport, if we except a plate of a hundred guineas to be run for by horses that had been regularly hunted with the Royal Hounds during the preceding winter. His son, George IV., however, atoned for all the shortcomings of his ancestors in this respect, and both before and after his accession to the throne, was passionately devoted to racing. As his career on the turf presents many curious and interesting features, we shall give a brief sketch of it here.

It was in the year 1784 that George IV., then Prince of Wales,

made his first appearance on the course, in the character of an owner of race-horses. For seven seasons he continued to patronise the game ardently, amongst other successes winning the Derby in 1788, with Sir Thomas, until the notorious Escape scandal, in 1791, caused him abruptly to sever his connection with the turf—an event that was keenly regretted by lovers of the sport throughout the kingdom. The facts were briefly these: On the 20th of October, 1791, a horse named Escape, the property of the Prince, ran at Newmarket in a race for which it was first favourite, but finished absolutely last. On the following day, with 6 to 1 betted against him, Escape won easily a race in which two of the horses which had distanced him on the previous day also ran. In both cases Sam Chifney had ridden Escape, and a rumour at once spread that the jockey, with or without the connivance of his master, had “pulled” the horse for the first race, and had thereby netted several hundreds of pounds. The matter was brought before the Jockey Club, Sir Charles Bunbury, and Messrs. Ralph Dutton and Thomas Panton being the stewards appointed to investigate the affair. They were not satisfied with Chifney’s explanation, and Sir Charles Bunbury went so far as to say, that if Chifney were suffered to ride the Prince’s horses no gentleman would start against him. It was a bitter pill to swallow; but the Prince behaved like a man, and gave up his favourite amusement rather than sacrifice his servant. His Royal Highness told Chifney he should not be likely to keep horses again. “But if ever I do,” he added, “Sam Chifney, you shall train and manage them. You shall have your two hundred guineas a-year all the same. I cannot give it you for your life, I can only give it for my own. You have been an honest and good servant to me.” Early in 1792 the Prince’s stud was brought to the hammer, but though he ceased to run horses of his own, he did not by any means lose his zest for the sport. Newmarket Heath, indeed, he had sworn never to visit again, and he kept his word, for from that time till his death he only once viewed its white, ghost-like posts and venerable Rubbing-Houses, as he swept along the London Road, after sleeping all night at the Palace, in Mr. Douglas’s time, on his return from a visit to Holkham. But he enjoyed the pastime on other courses, and especially at Brighton. The well-known Tom Raikes, in his diary, has left us a graphic picture of Brighton on a race morning when the Prince was in his meridian, and the ground was covered with “tandems, beautiful women, and light hussars.” “In those days,” writes the diarist, “the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scene of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests, and the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London. The ‘legs’ and bettors, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble on the Steyne at an early hour, to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish,

the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued to await the opening of their books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysteriously, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Cloves would say, 'Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle and set us a-going?' Then, if the master of Buckle would say, 'I'll take 3 to 1 about Sir Solomon,' the whole pack opened, and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half-an-hour before the departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd. I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person. He was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley, Brummell, M. Day, Churchill, and oh!—extraordinary anomaly!—the little old Jew, Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of Royalty. The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and gliding up the green ascent was stationed close to the Grand Stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner-time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was furnished to a large party; while those who were not included in that invitation found a dinner, with every luxury, at the Club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brooke's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's were not forgotten."

In 1826 George IV. returned to the turf, and faithful to his promise renewed his acquaintance with the Chifneys, whom he retained to ride and train for him. Once fairly on the turf again, the King entered into it with as great interest as ever. He cared but little what price he gave for his racers—1,500 or 3,000 guineas was all the same to him. The Colonel was his most expensive purchase; but 4,000 guineas did not stand in his way when he was determined to win the Ascot Cup and present it to the pride of his Court. Zinganee was, however, destined to foil him, and Lord Chesterfield, who had made an offer for the horse after he had won the Oatlands on the Tuesday, not only mentioned the negotiation to the King that evening, but gracefully expressed his readiness to break it off and not be in any way the instrument of depriving his Majesty of a trophy on which he had evidently set his heart. "My dear Chesterfield," was the frank jovial answer, "buy the Chifney's horse by all means; if you don't beat me with him Gully will; I don't mind being beaten by you!" The purchase was made, and Zinganee bore off the Cup from Royalty's representative, the Colonel. Then his Majesty could not rest until he

had bought Zinganee, for whom he gave 2,500 guineas. But the horse was past his prime and no good afterwards, though he ran for the Ascot Cup under the Royal colours in 1830, when he came in a "bad last." At that time the King was on his death-bed. Yet, ill as he was, he felt so anxious about the result that he sent his factotum, Jack Ratford, specially over to Ascot charging him to come back express with the news, the instant the horses had passed the post. The love of the sport was with him to the very last, and hence, despite all his faults, turfites still retain an affection for his memory. Indeed his connexion with the turf is the only relationship in which the character of George IV. stands out framed in a bright and pleasant setting, for there he was always seen at his best, jovial, frank, good-natured, fascinating—a kind master and a true sportsman.

The King's brother, his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was almost as keen a lover of the turf as his Majesty himself. "Jolly, cursing, courageous Frederick," as Thackeray calls him, was indeed, on the whole, a far more manly character than George, and certainly superior to him as an all-round sportsman. He began his racing career in 1800, and, though his stud was a small one, he was exceedingly lucky, for he carried off the Derby twice—with Prince Leopold in 1816 and with Moses in 1822. He was the patron of the old Bibury Club, where only gentlemen riders were allowed; and strange tales are still told of the wild doings which went on at the seat of Lord Sherborne when his Royal Highness came down for the Bibury races, and foregathered there with Colonel Mellish, Sir Charles Bumbury and other choice spirits. He was the prince of *bon vivants*, and was seen to perfection at the head of the table. "The quaint old toast of 'I drink to Cardinal Puff,'" says "The Druid," "may be said to have died with him, and perhaps there is hardly a man alive who would know how to propose it with all its intricate but graceful honours." There is extant a somewhat elaborate description of this once celebrated toast, which is, however, too long for quotation here. It must suffice to say that the words were few, as in Caleb Plummer's famous song, "We'll drown it in a bowl, my boys;" and that the duke's art consisted in giving the peculiar turns and twists to the glass he held in his hand when proposing his historic toast of "Cardinal Puff." "The duke's stud," says the writer already quoted, "of thirty-two animals, including seven hacks and ten grey ponies, was brought to the hammer on February 5th, 1827, just one month from the date of his death. The Duke of Richmond gave 1,100 guineas for Moses, who was very beautiful in every point except his feet, which were sadly infirm; while Mr. Payne bought Figaro, who had run Moses in for the Derby, at 200 guineas more. The King also gave 560 guineas for Rachael; but racers, hacks, carriages, and dogs only produced 8,804 guineas—a mere mole-hill, compared with the Skiddaw-like pile of debts which he left behind him. Rundell and Bridge, his jewellers,

had such an account that Cape Breton was ceded to them in lieu of it by the Government of the day, and his taste in their line may be judged of by the fact that his rifle, which brought 50 guineas, had a gold pan and touch-hole.

The Duke of Clarence, too, afterwards William IV., kept race-horses, but that he had not much knowledge of the sport may be gathered from the following characteristic anecdote of him. When his trainer asked him what he should send down to run at Ascot, our sailor King replied: "Why the whole squad, first-rates and gunboats; some of them, I suppose, must win." From that time until the present Prince of Wales began his modest racing career, we have seen nothing of Royalty on the turf.

MR. JOHN MYTTON.

AMONG the many strange and eccentric characters that from time to time have, by their whimsical freaks, created a sensation in the sporting world, there has been none more remarkable and unique than the extraordinary man popularly spoken of as "Jack Mytton," whose name is still a household word at Newmarket and Malton, and for ever associated with the extinct glories of "Limmer's." The incidents of his romantic and eventful life have been narrated with tolerable fidelity but questionable taste by his friend, C. J. Apperley (the famous "Nimrod"), whose attempt to palliate the follies and extenuate the faults of the mad squire of Halston has not been altogether crowned with success—there being a mawkish and canting tone about the book which disgusted all manly sportsmen. But enough of that, let us proceed to give briefly a few of the more notable incidents in the life of one, who, with all his faults, did much to popularise the national sport of horse-racing.

John Mytton was born on the 30th of September, 1796, at the family seat of Halston, in Shropshire, three miles from Oswestry, and was left fatherless at two years of age. His mother spoiled him, and by the time he was ten years of age the young heir was what is called a regular pickle. He was expelled from Westminster and Harrow in succession. At the former school he spent £800 a-year, exactly double his allowance, and wrote, when he was only fourteen years of age, to Lord Eldon, the then Lord Chancellor, requesting an increase of income, as he was going to be married. The Lord Chancellor replied—"Sir, if you cannot live on your income you may starve, and if you marry I will commit you to prison." At the age of nineteen he entered, as a cornet, the 7th Hussars, and joined that regiment in France with the army of occupation. But as there was no more fighting, Cornet Mytton was at leisure to enter into all kinds of youthful mischief. One of his feats was borrowing £3,000 of a banker at St. Omer one day and losing half of it at an E. O. table

in Calais the next. He also lost 16,000 napoleons to a certain captain at billiards, which sum he was unable to pay at the moment. But this score was wiped off in a more agreeable manner. The whole thing was suspected of being a cross, which it no doubt was, consequently the colonel of Mytton's regiment, the then Earl of Uxbridge, forbade his paying the money, and the captain in question was afterwards implicated in a transaction which went far to prove that Lord Uxbridge was morally right. When Mytton came of age he found himself possessed of an estate of about £10,000 a-year and £60,000 of accumulated cash, but a large portion of the latter had to go towards liquidating his already numerous debts. Quitting the army, he married, at the age of twenty-three, Harriet, the eldest daughter of the then lately deceased Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., of Stanley Hall, Shropshire. The bridegroom was attended by the Earl of Uxbridge and the Earl of Denbigh, K.G., and the wedding was one of the events of the season. The issue of their union was only one daughter. Mrs. Mytton died a few years after her marriage, and there can be no doubt that her death was accelerated, if not actually caused, by her husband's insane conduct and cruel neglect.

John Mytton was physically a fine animal: in height about 5ft. 9in., in weight 12st., with magnificent shoulders, a splendid chest, and an arm the biceps muscle of which was larger than that of Jackson's, the celebrated pugilist, who was believed to be the most powerful man of his time in England. He was fond of displaying his strength, but it was perhaps fortunate that he steadily refused to learn boxing. As it was, in a "turn-up" he was what is called a very awkward customer, and knocked down his man, when he could get at him, as if he had been a ninepin. But he was nearly ignorant of the science of self-defence and never attempted to attain it. His bull-dog courage, however, added to his tremendous blow, enabled him to beat any ordinary man; and so well was his prowess known that few ventured to encounter him. In dress Mytton was peculiar, not to say eccentric. He never wore any but the thinnest and finest silk stockings, with very thin boots or shoes, so that in winter he very rarely had dry feet. To flannel he was a stranger from the time he left off petticoats. Even his hunting-breeches were without lining; he wore one small waistcoat, always open in the front from the second of the lower buttons, and about home he was as often without a hat as with one. His winter shooting gear was a light jacket, white linen trousers without lining or drawers; and in frost and snow he waded through all water that came in his way. These, however, are not exceptional marks of hardihood, we know men of the present day who go as lightly clad through all the seasons. But Mytton went further than this. He would sometimes strip to his shirt to follow wildfowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down in the snow with absolutely not a stitch on him but his shirt to await the arrival of the ducks at dusk. He would ride several days a week to coverts nearly fifty miles distant from Halston, and return thither



SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY, BART. (See page 95.)

to his dinner, at which meal his appetite and digestion, until his stomach was weakened by excessive indulgence in wine, were something astounding. His escapes were marvellous, and, so to speak, miraculous. He was run away with by horses in gigs and upset times without number; left struggling in deep water without the faintest knowledge of swimming; nearly torn to pieces in street brawls and rows in gambling houses, yet he came out of all unscathed. Curiously enough, in a duelling age he never issued a challenge or received one. In his management of horses he was extraordinarily reckless. Driving tandem once, he wished, he said, to see if the leader were a good timber-jumper, and actually put the horses at a closed turnpike gate; the leader took the gate in beautiful style, but of course left the wheeler on his nose with the shafts snapped in two. Neither horse nor man, however, was hurt. In the saddle, too, he ran prodigious risks of his life, not only in riding at apparently impracticable fences with hounds, but in falling from his horse when intoxicated. He once actually galloped at full speed over a rabbit warren to try whether or not his horse would fall, which of course it did, and rolled over him. His perfect contempt of danger was truly characteristic of himself; but not content with the possession of it, he endeavoured to impart it to his friends. As he was one day driving in a gig a gentleman who expressed a strong regard for his neck, and hinted that he considered it in some danger from the recklessness of his charioteer, Mytton asked, "Were you ever much hurt then by being upset in a gig?" "No, thank God," said his companion, "for I never was upset in one." "What!" replied Mytton, "*never* upset in a gig? What a d—d slow fellow you must have been all your life!" And running his near wheel up the bank, over they both went, fortunately without either being much injured. There are many stories of his pretending to rob his friends in the character of an amateur highwayman, but they are of the ordinary type of such practical jokes. Once he disguised himself as a beggar and begged at his own house, when he was roughly used by the servants and would probably have been torn to pieces by his own dogs, a modern Actæon, had he not fled for protection to his tame bear, Nell, who at once recognised her master, and, raising herself on her haunches, kept both dogs and men at bay. With reference to this bear there is another story. Once hearing that George Underhill, the celebrated Shropshire horse dealer, was in the house on his road from Chester fair, Mytton sent for that worthy, had him conducted into the dining room, made him excessively drunk, and put him to bed with two bulldogs and the said bear. He also once rode into the dining-room mounted on the bear in full hunting costume, to the disnay of the guests. The animal carried him very quietly for a certain time, but on being pricked by the spur she bit her rider through the calf of the leg, inflicting a severe wound. On another occasion Mr. Mytton fought a savage yard dog with his fists and beat it. So much for his courage and recklessness.

Curiously enough, extravagant though he was in other respects, Mr. Mytton made no great show in his establishment at Halston. There was every comfort but no display, and had he conducted all his affairs with the same regularity and simplicity as his *ménage* at his ancestral seat he would never have run through upwards of half-a-million of money in less than fifteen years as he did. But it was not difficult to find where the screw was loose in his expenditure. His foxhounds were kept by himself and upon a very extensive scale, with the additional expenses of hunting two countries. His racing establishment was on a still larger scale, for he often had from fifteen to twenty horses in training at the same time, and seldom less than eight. His average number, indeed, of thoroughbred stock at home and from home, including brood mares and yearlings, was about thirty-six, which probably cost him something like £6,000 a-year. His game preserves, too, were a severe drain upon his income; for besides such items as £1,500 in one bill to a London dealer for pheasants and foxes alone, there was the formation of miles of plantations which this game went in part to stock, and which he employed a staff of fifty labourers to keep in order. He was a great friend, too, to the tailors, having frequently in his wardrobes as many as a hundred and fifty pairs of breeches and trousers, with a proportionate number of coats and waistcoats. In his cellars there were "hogsheads of ale, standing like soldiers in close column, and wine enough in wood and bottle for a Roman emperor." He made his own malt, and "JOHN MYTTON, LICENSED MALTSTER," was painted in large letters over the malt house door. How much he spent on post horses it is impossible to guess; but almost every post boy in England knew "Squire Mytton" and lamented his fall. He never stayed at an inn without giving the waiter a guinea, and he would never pay a tradesman's bill until he had received a writ. A strange unaccountable creature he was, who though always making a great pretence of "enjoying life," seems really never to have derived enjoyment from anything.

Mr. Mytton's family associations, his dashing personal character, his extreme and unaffected good humour, the fact that he was a kind master and a considerate landlord, an enthusiastic sportsman, and the most lavishly liberal of hosts, rendered him extremely popular in Shropshire, and if he had been but possessed of even a moderate sense of propriety he might have represented the county of Salop in Parliament as long as he cared to do so. But the nearly constant state of intoxication in which he lived became insufferable to his neighbours of all classes, and even to his oldest friends. And this was not the worst. He fell into the habit of associating with low types of sporting men, like the unfortunate Lord Barrymore, of Wargrave. This was all the greater pity because his natural talents were excellent; and if instead of being clouded and debilitated by the excess of wine and its concomitant dissipation, they had been cultivated and improved to the utmost, they might have

enabled him to shine as a senator and a scholar. He read with unusual rapidity and evidently retained what he read; for his literary acquisitions were surprising, considering the life of tumult and restlessness he had led. He had always a quotation at hand from a Greek or Latin author, and there was a conscious feeling of ability about him which he was rather apt to display. His off-hand addresses to his constituents during his first contest for Shrewsbury in 1819, were particularly neat, appropriate and spirited, though they were composed on the spur of the moment and sent to the press before the ink with which they were written was dry. As to his politics it is difficult to express an opinion, as he never uttered a word on the subject. It was, however, rather a mad thing for him to spend, as he actually did, £10,000 to obtain a seat in Parliament, in which he is said to have sat but half-an-hour, and for the duties of which he was and must have known himself to be wholly unfitted. Without appearing to care about it, Mr. Mytton was the best farmer in his part of the country, where he tilled between three and four hundred acres of land; indeed, at one of the Shropshire agricultural meetings he gained every prize for clean crops save one, a field of barley, his claim for which was rejected from a cause highly typical of the man—it was found to contain wild oats.

But we have given a sufficient number of anecdotes in illustration of John Mytton's eccentricity, we might almost say madness, for the most lenient view to take of his character is that he was insane and not responsible for his actions. We will conclude with a brief *résumé* of his career as a sportsman. He commenced hunting the Shropshire and Shifnal (now called the Albrighton) countries five days a-week in 1817, and continued to do so until the close of the season of 1821 inclusive; making five seasons in all. He appears to have been as eccentric in his hunting arrangements as in others, frequently having out horses not fit to run, and allowing his packs to become a queer mixture of foxhounds, harriers or staghounds. As a horseman, however, he had not many equals, and could ride over a course as well as a country, whilst, making allowance for the seemingly impracticable fences he would ride at, he got but few falls. As a specimen of his prowess we may mention that when returning home from hunting one day with his friend, "Nimrod," he, on his horse, Baronet, in cold blood, leaped a brook which considerably exceeded nine yards in width; and on another occasion he cleared a gate seven feet high. As a shot, both with gun and rifle, he had probably no superior, some of his feats with the latter, indeed, are so marvellous as to be almost, if not quite, incredible. As a game shot he had plenty of scope for his talents. The average annual slaughter at Halston was twelve hundred brace of pheasants, partridges unlimited and numberless, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand hares. The pheasants in the preserves were as thick as sparrows at the barn-door, and the hares were running about like rabbits. Mr. Mytton always made a point of killing fifty brace of

partridges on the first day to his own gun; and he and his brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Griffin, have been known to kill six hundred head of game in a single forenoon. Barring Scotland there were few moors to be found anywhere better than Mr. Mytton's; and when it is said that the annual value of his Merionethshire estate was £800, and that it consisted of little else than a sheep walk, its great extent may be imagined. Thirty brace of grouse were the average daily amount bagged during his annual visit to Mowddy, where he had comfortable accommodation for himself and three or four friends. But, devoted though he was to these sports, the grand passion of Mytton's life was for racing. He had the courage to purchase good horses—for example, he gave 3,000 guineas for Longwaist (though the horse's owner, the well-known Fulwar Craven, did not believe the animal was worth the sum), and his never-failing memory enabled him to measure their ability by others in a manner that turned to his account. Previously, indeed, to the loss of his trainer and rider, William Dunn, who was killed by a fall in riding one of his horses at Chester, Mr. Mytton had his full share of success; but fortune appeared to forsake him gradually after that period. The fact was, Dunn was not only an excellent trainer and rider, but he had some power over his master to restrain his running his horses to a standstill, which he would do if left to his own discretion, and more for the sake of showing sport than from a desire to win money. The side-board at Halston exhibited thirteen gold cups, besides two silver ones, several of which were the trophies of one horse—the celebrated Euphrates, who like one of the old sort (now become scarce) continued running and winning to his thirteenth year. The expenses of Mytton's stud, however, must have been enormous; not only by reason of its number, but owing to the immense annual sum which he disbursed in subscriptions. Of the science of breeding racehorses he knew little or nothing, and the richness of the land at Halston proved fatal to success. His old friend, "Nimrod," from whose biography of Jack Mytton these facts are mainly condensed, says of him, "His good nature and kind heartedness accompanied him everywhere. He often started his horses without a prospect of their winning for the purpose of affording sport, overruling the objections of his trainer by saying, "'Tis a pity the country people should come so far from home and not have some fun.' In fact that class of persons always built on diversion when 'Squire Mytton's' horses were on the turf, and consequently with them the popularity of their owner had no bounds. 'Which is *he*?' they would cry out to one of their friends who knew him. 'That's *he*! that's *Mytton*!' the friend would reply. 'Dang it!' you would hear a Staffordshire potter or a Walsall nailer exclaim, 'ha looks loike a good un; they tells me ha can foight 'nation well!'"

A summary of Mr. Mytton's actual racing career may be comprised in a few words. He had too many horses in the first place, and too many of them not good enough to pay their way. It is

evident he was anxious to have good ones from the prices he paid; but he bought several of that sort after their day had gone by; for example, Comte d'Artois, Banker, Longwaist, &c. He had, however, several good winners, old Euphrates at their head, and Whittington, Oswestry and Halston were esteemed very "smart" horses in the racing world. Indeed, it is believed that in some hands they would have proved trump cards. As for himself as a racing man he was too severe upon his horses: they rarely came out fresh after Chester and one or two other places. He seldom backed his horses to any serious amount, generally not at all. His stables were upon Delamere Forest, in Cheshire; his home-stud groom, Tinkler, was a careful nurser of young racing stock, but do what he would, Mr. Mytton was never able to breed a good racehorse.

It would be out of place to discuss here Mr. Mytton's conduct towards his wives, of whom the second fared no better than the first. His brutality was inexcusable, and the most charitable supposition is that it was the result of a morbid insanity. For the last twelve years of his life it may safely be stated that he was never sober. His daily quantum of port wine was from four to six bottles; but even in spite of this excess he would probably have lived far longer than he did had he not in an evil hour discarded port for brandy. Even his adamant constitution, "perhaps the hardest ever bestowed upon man," as "Nimrod" says, was not proof against that. He went from bad to worse, till in the year 1830 the world heard without surprise that "it was all up with Jack Mytton." Everything that could be sold was sold, and he retired to Calais with just a small pittance sufficient to keep body and soul together. There he completed the wreck of his magnificent physique by drinking brandy till he really was a raving lunatic. On partially recovering his senses, he came over to England, when he was arrested and thrown into the King's Bench Prison, beyond the gates of which he was destined never to pass alive. For there he died in misery and squalor in the thirty-eighth year of his age. And so ended the mournfullest, the maddest, the most utterly wasted career of which the annals of the turf contain any record.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

THE fascination which Lord George Bentinck exercised over his contemporaries has not yet wholly faded away, and his name still awakens feelings of admiration which probably succeeding generations will find it difficult to understand. In his day he was regarded with a species of awe by sportsmen of all grades, as a superior being, a born king of men, whose autocratic will no one had the temerity to dispute. The present generation only knows him through the traditions of its elders; but it is impossible, even now, to hear

veterans speak of Lord George without being impressed with the conviction that he was a man of no ordinary calibre, who might have succeeded in any career had he thrown his whole soul into it, but whose misfortune it was to vacillate between politics and sport, and consequently become nothing more than a brilliant failure in both. The brief sketch of his life, which we purpose giving here, will, we think, thoroughly bear out this estimate of his career, both as a statesman and a sportsman.

Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, who was always known as "Lord George" on the turf, was born on the 27th of February, 1802, at Welbeck, and was the second son of the Duke of Portland, himself an excellent sportsman. His mother was Henrietta, daughter of Major General Scott, and sister of the Dowager Lady Canning. Lord George Bentinck early chose the profession of arms, and about the year 1819 entered the army as a cornet in the 10th Hussars. During his short service as a cavalry officer, Lord George had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his superior, Captain Kerr, which led to the cashiering of the latter, and brought considerable odium upon his lordship, for the captain was an extremely gallant and popular officer. It seems that Kerr imagined Lord George to be deficient alike in his duty as a subaltern and in due respect to his colonel, and said on parade, publicly, "If you do not make this young gentleman behave himself, colonel, I will." His Lordship retorted just as audibly, that "Captain Kerr ventured to say on parade that which he dared not repeat off." On this a challenge was sent from the captain to the cornet. The former, a Yorkshireman, and as brave as he was cool, suggested Calais as the trysting-place; but, on Lord George failing to meet him, Kerr "posted" his lordship, and received sentence of dismissal from His Majesty's service in consequence. Poor Kerr stood, as he expressed himself, "between two fires," being liable to be "sent to Coventry" by his brother officers if he hesitated in sending the message, after receiving the retort on parade already mentioned; and being, on the other hand, in danger of being cashiered by court-martial if he demanded an appeal to arms. Lord George always had a deep detestation of the code of honour which sanctioned duelling, and openly expressed his feelings on the subject, declaring that nothing would ever induce him to fight a duel. This was his excuse for not accepting Kerr's challenge, and the latter considered himself ill-used in having been made to suffer so severely through adopting the only course then open to a military man by reason of the mistaken conventional rules of the service. Not long afterwards Captain Kerr died in Paris, stricken down by the cholera; and it is said that, on hearing of his death, Lord George expressed remorse and regret for the part he himself had taken in the matter; for had he withdrawn the offensive word "dared" a reconciliation might have been effected. Upon the appointment of Mr. Canning (his uncle by marriage) as Governor-General of India, Lord George received the nomination of military

secretary. But Castlereagh died suddenly, Canning became Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons, and Lord George Bentinck was appointed private secretary to his relative, instead of undertaking the office of military secretary, as he had expected. After discharging the duties of this honorary appointment for three years with great zeal and ability, his attention was directed once more to his first choice among professions. The change came about in this way: Lord George was riding off Newmarket Heath on his cob, in company with the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, who loved horse-racing as much as the young officer by his side, when, after a little pleasant chat, he made his companion a presentation to an unattached majority, then vacant. But Lord George Bentinck's connection with the army was not destined to last, for two years later he was elected to Parliament by the Borough of Lynn, and shortly afterwards his name ceased to appear in the Army List. It was only natural that the son of his father should take kindly to racing (the Duke of Portland won the Derby in 1819 with Tiresias), and we find Lord George early courting the honours of the cap and jacket, though he was not precisely the build of man from which the ablest jockeys spring. In 1824 he rode a winning race over his favourite course, Goodwood, on Mr. Poyntz's Olive; and it seems to have been a terrible tussle, for there were two dead-heats between Olive and Swindon, and then "a jealous who shall?" for the third. When, moreover, we learn that the beaten man on this occasion was the Hon. F. Berkeley, a first-rate performer in the pig-skin, it may be fairly taken for granted that Lord George had become quite as good a horseman across the flat as he had already proved himself over a country. His last appearance in public, as an amateur jockey, was also at Goodwood, in the year 1844, when he rode his Cup Course match on Captain Cook against Lord Maidstone on Larry McHale. On this occasion both the noble riders, who, by the way, had gone through a regular course of "wasting" for the event, were fined five pounds for being late in going to scale; and Lord George, who had always been terribly severe upon professionals for such irregularities, was mercilessly chaffed by his friends for not acting up to his principles, and setting a good example. Lord George won the match, but apparently more by good luck than good horsemanship, for "The Druid" says, "Many a jockey-boy grinned derisively when he saw his lordship making all the running, and shaking and punishing his roarer, Captain Cook, right furiously, long after the colt had hung out signals of distress." About the year 1833 Lord George started a small racing stud of his own, but ran his horses at first under the name of John Day, who trained for him. He was the first who put into practice the system of "vaning" racehorses from one meeting to another; and, although the innovation was derided and laughed at, owners and trainers soon found the advantage of following suit, for walking horses long distances by road took a good deal out of them. In 1836 Lord George won his first great triumph with Elis, who secured for him the St.

Leger; and two years later Grey Momus placed the Two Thousand to his lordship's credit. That year Lord George felt certain that his turf ambition was to receive its crowning glory in the winning of the much-coveted "Blue Riband." But it was not to be. Grey Momus could get no nearer than third in the great race, though he afterwards retrieved his laurels somewhat by winning the Ascot Cup. But what may be called the "Bentinck era" comprised the seasons of 1839-45, when the hoister of "the sky-blue and white cap" banner ruled the destinies of his much loved turf with all the genius and energy of a Napoleon. Even Westminster Hall acknowledged the polished skill with which he welded together all the links of evidence in the Running Rein case; and considering how often (unless rumour be a sad liar) five and six-year-olds were broken twice, that they might bear a hand in two or three-year-old races, it was well that he then arose in his might to give such knavish times a wrench. During one of those years, 1844, he had forty horses in Kent's hand, all running in public, and upwards of a hundred altogether in his racing stud. A notion that the stock of his Bay Middleton must take the turf by storm led him into playing a deep game with them, which would have ruined half-a-dozen less clever turfites twice over. Farintosh, for example, had no less than 33 engagements in the 1842 calendar, for which the forfeits alone amounted to £2,590; and his lordship's loss in stakes and expenses on this colt alone must have exceeded £3,000. He had his brilliant successes, however, and it is probably with the name of his celebrated mare, Crucifix, that his fame as a winning turfite will be principally associated. This daughter of Old Priam was undoubtedly the best and most profitable animal Lord George ever possessed. She won for him, in 1840, the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thousand, and the Oaks, besides eleven good races as a two-year-old; and in stakes alone netted upwards of £12,000 for her owner. Her great achievement, however, was winning the Oaks, not so much because of the calibre of the mares opposed to her as from the difficulties with which she had to contend. It was a memorable Epsom Meeting, for the Queen and the Prince Consort attended, both on the Derby and Oaks days; and the crowd was, of course, immense. The field for the Oaks was unusually large, as many as fifteen starters appearing at the post. The race, so the knowing ones said, was a foregone conclusion for Lord George's clipper, Crucifix, the odds on her being as much as 3 to 1, Colonel Anson's Black Bess being next in favour. The start was appointed for two o'clock, and shortly after that time the horses were saddled, but *an hour* elapsed before the race began, for fillies are notoriously fractious, and on this occasion they were worse than usual in this respect. There were no less than sixteen false starts; but, notwithstanding every fresh disappointment in getting off, Lord George quietly remarked, "She *could* not lose; but, on the contrary, could afford to flirt with the best of them, if for half a day." And well he knew his mare: for fifty yards' start up that hill, round that turn, and down the straight run in, was of no more

moment to Crucifix, with the animals against which she had to contend, than granting five minutes' start would be to Edward Hanlan against any sculler now living. In fact, it would have been almost impossible to have handicapped Crucifix on that day with any mare of her age, so superlative was her superiority over all her contemporaries. Lord George won £20,000 over this race, and about three times that amount altogether upon his renowned mare. But this was but a drop in the ocean to his enormous expenses. His nominations, as we have said, were legion, and his forfeits consequently immense. When congratulated once upon having won £6,000 upon the St. Leger, he said, "And the forfeits, eh? what do they amount to? Winning £6,000, do you call it?" The Racing Calendar alone can furnish a true statement of the heavy engagements in the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, Goodwood, Chester, Liverpool and York entries, into which Lord George Bentinck plunged during his turf career; nor can any other authority give a notion of the innumerable matches made and contended for by his lordship, whose consummate judgment and unrivalled "stable science" were more conspicuously displayed in match-making than, perhaps, in any other department of the great sport to which he was so passionately attached. Great as his outgoings were—and his average outlay for nearly twenty years was £10,000 per annum—it has been calculated that his winnings just balanced them. The one great triumph, however, for which he toiled and schemed, was denied him. Lord George never won the Derby. In 1843 he was fairly convinced that in Gaper he had a horse equal to the task of securing for him at last the great "Olympian Prize;" and on Gaper his lordship, it is said, stood to win £150,000. But though Lord George entertained the most sanguine belief that Gaper would win, he was too good a judge to lose sight of Cotherstone, in whom he considered that he had a most formidable opponent; consequently, he backed the latter to win him a great stake, £30,000; and thus, although Gaper was not even placed, his owner made a good Derby of that eventful year. At the Goodwood Meeting of 1846, when Lord George was at the zenith of his fame as a turfite, the sporting world was astounded to hear that he had parted with the whole of his racing stud, at an almost nominal price. He disposed of it, in fact, *at a word*.

"The lot, Payne," said he to George Payne, at Goodwood, "from Bay Middleton to Little Kitchener" (his "feather-weight" jockey), "for 10,000? Yes or no?"

"I will give £300 till breakfast-time to-morrow to consider the matter, Bentinck," replied George Payne. "Give me till then, and I will say yes or no."

"With pleasure, my dear fellow," said his lordship, with nonchalant acquiescence, apparently not giving the matter a second thought, till reminded of the circumstance by Payne handing him a cheque for £300 over his muffin, refusing the offer with as much nonchalance as it was made, and returning to his morning paper

without further comment. Then Mr. Mostyn, seeing the negotiation concluded, said very quietly, from the lower end of the table, lifting his eyes for an instant from his letters—

“*I’ll take the lot, Bentinck, at 10,000 ; and will give you a cheque before you go to the course.*”

“*If you please,*” replied Lord George, and the bargain was concluded.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his biography of Lord George Bentinck, thus refers to this sudden and startling abandonment of his favourite sport :—

“*The world has hardly done justice to the great sacrifice which he made on this occasion to a high sense of duty. He had not only parted with the finest racing stud in England, but he parted with it at a moment when its prospects were never so brilliant, and he knew this well. He could scarcely have quitted the turf that day without a pang. He had become the lord paramount of that strange world so difficult to sway, and which requires for its government both a stern resolve and a courtly breeding. He had them both : and though the black-leg might quail before the awful scrutiny of his piercing eye, there never was a man so scrupulously polite to his inferiors as Lord George Bentinck. The turf, too, was not merely the scene of the triumphs of his stud and his betting-book. He had purified its practice and had elevated its character, and he was prouder of this achievement than of any other connected with his sporting life. Notwithstanding his mighty stakes and the keenness with which he backed his opinion, no one, perhaps, ever cared less for money. His habits were severely simple, and he was the most generous of men. He valued the acquisition of money on the turf because there it was a test of success. He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners.*”

Among the stud thus abruptly and strangely disposed of was *Surplice*, the winner of the Derby and *St. Leger* of 1848 ! It was a cruel instance of the irony of fate that, after waiting and striving so long to crown his achievements on the turf with the highest honour which the “*sport of kings*” has to bestow, he should thus, at the last moment, in a fit of petulance, apparently, have thrown away, so to speak, the horse that would have enrolled his name on that immortal scroll of victors. How keenly he felt the blow when the triumph of *Surplice* came may be gathered from the following striking passage in Lord Beaconsfield’s biography :—

“*A few days before—it was the day after the Derby, May 25th, 1848—the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the bookshelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd and on the 24th ; his horse, *Surplice*, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue, without distraction, his labours on*

behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympic stake, to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart, which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan—

“‘All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it!’ he murmured.

“‘It was in vain to offer solace.

“‘You do not know what the Derby is,’ he moaned out.

“‘Yes, I do; it is the Blue Riband of the turf.’

“‘It is the Blue Riband of the turf,’ he slowly repeated to himself, and sitting down at the table buried himself in a folio of statistics.

“But on Monday, the 29th, when the resolution in favour of a 10s. differential duty for the colonies had, at the last moment, been carried, and carried by his casting vote, ‘the Blue Ribands of the turf’ were all forgotten. Not for all the honours and successes of all the meetings, spring or autumn, Newmarket, Epsom, Goodwood, Doncaster, would he have exchanged that hour of rapture. His eyes sparkled with fire, his nostrils dilated with triumph, his brow was elate like a conqueror, his sanguine spirit saw a future of continued and illimitable success.

“‘We have saved the colonies,’ he said, ‘saved the colonies. I knew it must be so. It is the knell of free trade.’”

Four months later, on the 21st of September, 1848, seven days after Surplice had won the St. Leger, Lord George Bentinck was found dead in a meadow on his father’s estate of Welbeck. He had risen that morning, apparently in his usual health and spirits, and after writing letters for several hours, about four o’clock in the afternoon set out to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, about six miles from Welbeck, where he had been invited to spend a couple of days. Lord George’s valet had driven over to Thoresby in order to meet his master on his arrival. But the master never came. Hours passed on, and still there was no sign of his lordship. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck, and called up the groom who had driven him over to Thoresby, and enquired whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back, as his lordship had never reached Thoresby. The groom got up, and, accompanied by the valet and two others, took lanterns and followed the footpath which they had seen Lord George pursuing as they themselves drove to Thoresby. About a mile from the Abbey, on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water-meadow from the deer-park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face; his arms were under his body, and in one hand he grasped his walking-stick; his hat was a yard or two before him, having evidently been thrown off in falling; the body was cold and stiff—he had been long dead. The verdict of the coroner’s jury, at the inquest, was, “Died by the visitation of God—to wit, a spasm of the heart.” The news of his

sudden and premature death caused a most painful sensation through the country, and may indeed be said to have cast a gloom over men of all ranks and opinions—for Lord George was but forty-seven years of age, and from his striking talents and the influence of his remarkable personal character, it was thought that he had a singularly brilliant political career before him. But it was not to be, and we can only say of him, that Fate ruthlessly cut him off in his prime, before promise had time to ripen into performance.

One who knew him well has left the following graphic portrait of Lord George's personal appearance when he was at the height of his fame as a sportsman. "A tall, high-bred man, with an air peculiarly his own, so distinguished yet so essentially of the country did he seem, even amongst the galaxy of patrician sportsmen with whom he was congregated. He had all the eye and complexion of the pure Saxon, and the indescribable boon of the *air noble* to perfection. His dress at this time greatly added to the charms of his appearance. Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West Riding imitations, but in the hides of his own stags—with exquisitely made boots of the true orthodox length and antique colouring in top; a buff waistcoat and reddish brown double-breasted coat, ornamented with the buttons of the Jockey Club; a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet a left, but in the *juste milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour; a starting-flag in his hand, and followed by eight-and-twenty racehorses, stepping like a troop of old Franconi's bearing a tulip-bed aloft—so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes, Lord George Bentinck, as steward of the races, undertook to start the immense field for the 'Great Yorkshire Handicap' on a plan of his own special invention. . . . His lordship's plan for starting horses in a race was as simple as effectual, and was carried out in this wise. In the first place, it needed a starter whom the jocks, instead of daring to disobey, had, as in their feelings towards Lord George, an enthusiastic desire to please: hence he undertook to illustrate his own mode of securing the horses and the public from the ever-occurring disappointment of a false start, and, flag in hand, marched in the van of the quivering phalanx, quite unattended, to the starting-place on the noble course of Doncaster, in full view of the tens of thousands, regarding him with admiration from the Grand Stand and the rising part of the ground. Hitherto, the functionary who had performed the office of starter, after doing his best, or rather his worst, to put the horses in line, simply ordered the jockeys to 'go!' as frequently having to recall them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three parts of the distance, by reason of some obstinate brute—man or horse—refusing to obey the order and remaining *fresh* for the next essay. Lord George rectified this very inefficient plan by an *equestrian trigger* of his own invention, viz., the posting a man with a flag directly in view of all the jocks—on whom they

were to fix their undivided attention and to 'go!' without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine, on seeing the colour dropped in front. The main duty rested with the noble chief in getting the horses in line, a manœuvre he accomplished by great patience and occasionally walking them backwards and forwards, till assured on his own part that they were so, when he, standing on their flank—unseen by horse or rider—suddenly lowered his flag, in signal to the man ahead to do the same; when, if the jockeys were disposed to act at all fairly, or a horse was not especially restive, a false start was next to impossible. On this occasion the immense field bounded off at the first signal, notwithstanding it was Lord George's first essay, like a charge of veteran Mamelukes. The countless throng cheered the gallant starter with deafening shouts of delight and admiration; and cheered again, as, taking off his hat and bowing in acknowledgment, the handsome fellow mounted his hack and cantered down the course."

The foregoing sketch, it will be observed, presents Lord George also in his character of turf reformer, which constitutes his strongest claim upon the gratitude of racing men. We have already referred to his services in the Running Rein case, full particulars of which will be found in our sketch of General Peel; and we need only add that, after the trial, a large sum was subscribed by gentlemen connected with the turf to present Lord George with a piece of plate, "in token of the high sense entertained of his indefatigable and successful exertions, not only in the Running Rein affair, but for the services which he had rendered in promoting the stability and prosperity of racing in general." Indeed, his is the greatest name among turf reformers; and in his measures he always had chiefly an eye to the comfort and happiness of the sight-seers who flocked to the race-course for an afternoon's amusement. "Lord George," says a writer, in 1847, "made it his great care to provide for the masses—a portion of the company that previously had little thought or attention bestowed on their wants. He forced stewards, trainers and jockeys to come out punctual to that time they had never hitherto professed to keep. He heralded, for the benefit of every spectator within sight, the names, by numbers, of the field preparing to start; and, to perfect this part of his design, suggested that fine treat—the saddling, walking and cantering the horses before the stands. Previous to these admirable arrangements, many a man, wearied of waiting, left the course ere the race he came to see was run; or, thanks to an indifferent card and one transient view, without a glance at the horse he had pinned his faith to. But, useful as were the improvements introduced by Lord George Bentinck for the benefit of the public, they were put into the shade by his reform of turf abuses. He cleared the race-courses of England of defaulters by his stringent code of laws; he suppressed the prevalent system of false starts, and he was constantly ready and active to put down swindling in whatever form it reared its hydra head. The memory of the great reformer of turf abuses and race-course monopoly will live as

long as an Englishman has any taste for the amusement, or any sympathy and admiration for one who alone effected what a whole body allowed themselves unequal to attempt."

Two characteristic anecdotes of Lord George may well serve to close this sketch of his career as a racing man. A person who owed him £4,000 for bets, called upon him, and having explained his utter inability to pay in full, tendered ten shillings in the pound down, promising to pay the remaining moiety of the debt by instalments. "Sir," replied Lord George, "no man has a right to bet if he cannot pay should he lose. The sum I want of you is £4,000; and, until that is paid, you are in the list of defaulters in the ring and on the course."

We alluded, in the early part of our sketch, to Lord George's detestation of duelling. Nevertheless, he was once obliged to go out, and his opponent was none other than the redoubtable Squire Osbaldeston. The quarrel originated in a betting transaction between the parties at Heaton Park. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting Mr. Osbaldeston, riding up to Lord George Bentinck, said, "Lord George, I want £400, won of you at Heaton Park." To this the reply was, "You want £400 that you swindled me out of at Heaton Park." Such a rejoinder hardly admitted of an apology; and, after the usual preliminary arrangements, they met to fight a duel. It fell to Lord George Bentinck's lot to fire first. His pistol missed fire, whereupon, without any appearance of excitement, he said to his adversary, "Now, Squire, it is 2 to 1 in your favour." "Is it?" said his opponent; "why, then, the bet's off," and discharged the contents of his pistol in the air.

JOHN GULLY.

WHEN Martin Chuzzlewitt, on his memorable voyage to Eden, was perpetually told that almost every other person he met was "one of the most remarkable men in the country," he grew so tired with what Falstaff would have called "the damnable iteration," that he longed to be brought in contact with "the most remarkable man in the country," and so make a blessed end. It is with something of the same feeling that, after giving sketches of a number of strange and remarkable characters on the turf, we come at length to John Gully, whom we may perhaps fairly describe as *the* most remarkable man the sporting world has seen—at any rate in the present century. Butcher, prizefighter, publican, hell-keeper, bookmaker, owner of race-horses, *member of Parliament*, and fine old English country gentleman—all these heterogeneous elements were combined in the person of John Gully, winner of two Derbys and a St. Leger, and sometime Radical M.P. for Pontefract. A brief sketch of his extraordinary career cannot fail, therefore, to be interesting to all who

are attracted by the success of men who have risen from the humblest circumstances to positions of affluence and honour. John Gully was born at Bristol, that "Nursery of British Boxers," from which came the mighty Cribb, the two accomplished Belchers, the chivalrous Henry Pearce ("The Game Chicken"), and many another famous hero of the Prize Ring—men who earned respect as well as admiration by their courage, hardihood, and honesty—a grand race of athletes, immeasurably superior to the gladiators of Rome or the bull-fighters of Spain. We speak of the English pugilism of the first portion of this century, before the gold of Jews and blacklegs had corrupted its honour; when men of chivalry and character, like William Windham and Harvey Coombe and Lord Althorp, were not ashamed to patronise it; and men of genius, like Byron, Tom Moore, and Hazlitt thought it no degradation to sing its praises and fraternise with its heroes. Among this fine old race of bruisers John Gully held a high and honourable place, though not the highest. His introduction to the "roped arena" came about in a very singular manner. At the age of two or three-and-twenty he left Bristol and came up to London. That he did not reach the metropolis in that penniless condition which is usually supposed to lead to the Lord Mayoralty of London is pretty evident from the fact that he had not been very long in Town before he was locked up in the Fleet for debt. From what we know of his subsequent career, we may be pretty sure that he was not one of the usual inhabitants of that strange hostelry. The cleaned-out gambler, the dissipated spendthrift, the debauchee, the extravagant, dishonest fashionable tradesman, the pretended merchant, the pettifogging lawyer, the fraudulent bankrupt, the bold smuggler, the broken-down captain, the rogue, the fool, the schemer, the swindler, the hypocrite, the well-meaning but unfortunate gentleman, to none of these, we imagine, did John Gully belong, though how or why he found his way among them history tells not. How long he might have languished there it is impossible to say, but doubtless very long, had it not happened that the kindly-hearted pugilist, Henry Pearce, heard that a fellow-townsmen was in trouble, and resolved to visit and assist him to the utmost of his power. This Pearce was a noble fellow, and we well remember how the late George Borrow's face used to light up and his eyes flash as he told the stories of Pearce's gallantry and chivalry. How, singlehanded, he rescued a helpless woman from the hands of six brutal ruffians, and how he lost his life, like another famous boxer, Isaac Perrins, through his exertions in carrying women and children in his Herculean arms from a building in flames. Pearce found Gully to be a man just after his own heart—brave, courteous, sturdy, intelligent, and racked his brains to hit upon some device to extricate him from his incarceration. At last a brilliant idea struck "The Game Chicken." He brought a set of boxing gloves with him and got young Gully to try a bout with him. The latter proved himself such an adept that Pearce at once suggested

to him a means of getting out of his difficulties which startled the young countryman considerably. "I can get some friends of mine," said Pearce, "to back you against me for a good round sum. You will lose the battle and get a good thrashing; but in the first place your backer will at once fetch you out of this place to put you in training, and you will be sure to gain the esteem of many useful acquaintances." This is a specimen of the spirit which animated the professional boxers of that time. They looked upon it as an act of true friendship when a man consented to fight his dearest "pal." And one eminent bruiser was once heard to say to another, "Why won't thou fight me lad? I have never done aught to give thee offence." Gully finally accepted the offer, and a match was made between the two men for 1,000 guineas, "The Chicken," or his backer for him, staking 600 against Gully's 400. On the 8th of October, 1805, just outside the pretty little village of Hailsham, in Sussex, that memorable battle was fought, and all the sporting world of London, from the peer to the pork butcher, crowded to witness the exciting event. It was a desperate fight. Fifty-nine sanguinary rounds were fought in seventy minutes, and then Gully, frightfully bruised, was forced to acknowledge that his opponent was the better man, and resign to him the stakes. Nevertheless, though defeated, John was not disgraced; on the contrary, it was thought a marvellous thing that he, a novice, should have stood up for so long against the finest boxer in England, and not only did Gully become a great and general favourite, but on the retirement of Pearce he was offered the title of Champion of England. It was two years after his battle with "The Game Chicken" before Gully was called upon to defend his title to the Championship, and then it was Bob Gregson, the future Poet Laureate of the Ring, who challenged him to fistic combat. The challenger was from Lancashire, a man standing 6ft. 2in. in height, of prodigious strength, who had signalled his prowess by several pugilistic contests in his native county with great success. The fight, which had been most anxiously looked forward to, took place on the 14th of October, 1801, in a valley called the Six-mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket; and for miles round this part of the country was thronged with horse, and foot, and carriage folks, eager to witness the battle. It was a combat of giants, for Gully was 6ft. in height, and of very powerful frame, though not such a Titan as his opponent. The hitting was something terrific. The fortunes of war fluctuated, inclining now to one side, now to the other, and victory hung in the balance, until in the thirty-sixth round Gully summoned up all his remaining strength and knocked his antagonist senseless. But it was so near a thing that Gregson's backers made bold to match their man against Gully again, and once more the two pugilists met and fought out the question of supremacy in Sir John Sebright's park, in Hertfordshire, on the morning of May 8th, 1808. So vast were the crowds which assembled to witness the contest that the Dunstable Volunteers

were called out and placed under arms, and the country folks generally thought that "Boney" and the French had landed at last! For fifty-eight minutes Gregson made gallant but unavailing attempts to turn the tables on his quondam conqueror; but it was useless. Gully proved beyond doubt that he was the better man, and delighted lovers of the noble art by the coolness, the judgment, and the science which he displayed, whilst the severity of his hitting was something frightful to behold. With that decisive victory John Gully's career as a pugilist ended. He retired from the Ring, and like most of his brother pugs, took a public-house—the Plough Tavern, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields—where, at the age of twenty-five, we find him enthroned as hero, landlord, and, above all, shrewd, observant man of the world. *Apropos* of Gully's great fights with Gregson, before we leave the subject we may give an amusing anecdote, which proves how deep was the interest taken in these combats, even by the highest personages in the State. Tom Moore, the poet, writing to a friend on Wednesday, November 4th, 1811, says, "I suppose you have heard that during the 'Talents' administration" (*i.e.*, the famous "Government of all the Talents") "Windham received an express from Lord Grey, which made a great sensation in every town it passed through, but which turned out, upon opening the gilt despatch box, to be the *announce* of a battle between Gully and Gregson, sent by the Foreign Secretary to the War Secretary *upon public service*."

But John Gully had talents which required a wider sphere than that of tavern-keeping for their development. He saw that there was a fortune to be made by judicious betting, and accordingly he became a professional betting man. His success was extraordinary, and within three or four years of his taking up this career he had racehorses of his own, Cordenio being the first that ever ran in his name. He worked on gradually as a layer of odds—a "bettor round," or "leg," as he was called in those days—at one period residing at Newmarket with such tackle as Brutus, Truth, Rigmarole, Forfeit, Cock Robin, and others. The turf then was in a very different condition from what it is at the present day; for, although not a quarter of the number of horses was kept in training, still the betting on them was far heavier; and as the bookmakers were scanty in proportion, so the profits they made out of the large wagers of such notorious speculators as the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Foley, Lord Abingdon, Colonel Mellish, and others of that kidney, must have been remunerative in no ordinary degree. Men of such distinguished mark as these were not likely to let so promising a beginner as Gully go unnoticed. The best commissions were given him, and he executed them so well that in 1827 he could afford to give Lord Jersey 4,000 guineas for the ever famous Mameluke, the winner of the Derby of that year.

The purchase was made on the first day of the Ascot Meeting, with the condition that the bargain should not be made known for

four-and-twenty hours, in order that Gully might get 10,000 to 1,000 about him for the St. Leger, which he obtained. At the same time he laid Mr. Crockford 10,000 that Mameluke beat ten different horses, and 10,000 that he beat nine, and by a rare stroke of ill luck for Gully, Matilda, the winner of the St. Leger, was in both lots! It was a terrible upset for his hopes, that great Doncaster race of 1827. It was boldly stated at the time that the backer of Matilda had "got at" the starter, who by the way was subsequently discharged, and that to help him in his iniquitous design to stop Mameluke, whose temper was not the sweetest in the world, half-a-dozen half-trained and half-broken brutes, two of which had gaiters on, were sent to the post with instructions to their jockeys never to go when Mameluke was in action. In accordance with their orders (so the story goes) they resisted every attempt to get off when Mameluke was in front, and at last the Derby winner became so fretful and fractious that he would scarcely go near the flag. Seizing an unlucky moment when Chifney (Mameluke's jockey) was turning his horse's head round and Matilda was seventy yards ahead, the starter dropped his flag and despatched them. Yet, so great was Mameluke's speed, that, though left far in the rear at the start, he made his way through all his horses till he had only four out of the twenty-six in front of him at the Red House, and had Tommy Nicholson pulled on one side for him, as Chifney asked him to do, Gully's horse would still have won; but on Tommy's refusing to do so, Chifney had to take Mameluke round his horses, thereby losing four lengths, which, when he went after Matilda, he was unable to make up, and in the run home was beaten by just half-a-length. Mr. Petre, the owner of Matilda, won about £15,000, Gully lost about thrice that amount. But the first man at the rooms and the last to leave—never thinking of going, indeed, till every claim had been satisfied—was Mr. Gully. So convinced was Mr. Gully of the superiority of Mameluke over Matilda, and that his defeat was owing to foul play, that he challenged Mr. Petre for a match on the Friday, offering him a 7lb. pull in the weights. But John Scott, Matilda's trainer, would not hear of it, telling Mr. Petre that he had won a St. Leger by a fluke, and advising him in strong terms to let well alone. Two years later, in the autumn of 1829, Mr. Gully sold Mameluke to Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, but almost immediately repented of what he had done, and tried all in his power to get the horse back, placing before Mr. Theobald a signed cheque, and telling him to fill it up for any sum in reason. But "Old Leather-breeches" was as immovable as an attorney, although Mr. Gully pleaded hard that his wife wanted the horse, and was much vexed at his having sold him without her consent. "Then you must make up your tiff without the horse," was the reply, "for no money will induce me to part with him," and for some time Mameluke was the chief ornament of the stud at Stockwell, until he was sold to an American breeder and shipped across the Atlantic like Diomed, to aid in bringing about the future discomfiture of his country upon the turf.

After this Mr. Gully became confederate with the ill-fated "Bobby" Ridsdale, a man of the Mellish and Mytton type, the gallant-hearted, generous owner of Merton, where at one time he kept a hundred head of blood-stock, besides hunters and farm horses. With Little Red Rover, of whom he had first the half and then the whole, Gully ran second to Priam for the Derby. Thus step by step did he mount the ladder of his ambition, and having purchased Upper Hare Park from that lover of athletic sports, the late Lord Rivers, who refused, out of respect for Gully's character, to take anything for the stock and implements upon it, our hero removed to Newmarket. As yet, although Mr. Gully was one of the heaviest bettors on the turf, he had won very few of the great races, and was obliged to content himself with the distinction of having run second for the Derby and the St. Leger; his perseverance and knowledge, however, shortly met with their due reward, inasmuch as he won the Derby in 1832 with his confederate's horse, St. Giles, and the St. Leger the same year with his own, Margrave. Gully's fame at "The Corner" was now at its zenith, whilst he and Mr. Ridsdale were betting partners. Rumour averred that they won £60,000 between them on St. Giles for the Derby, and £45,000 on Margrave for the St. Leger, and it was in consequence of a dispute about the Margrave winnings that the Siamese link between them was abruptly severed. Their joint books also showed a balance of £80,000 if Little Red Rover could only have brought Priam to grief for the Derby. There was a joke, too, soon after this time, that Mr. Gully and his friend, Justice, descended upon Cheltenham, and so completely cleaned out the local betting ring that the two did not even think it worth while stopping for the second race day. One of the lesser lights was found wandering moodily about the ring on the next day, and remarked to a sympathiser, "that he was looking for the few half-crowns that Gully and Justice had condescended to leave!"

It was in this year, too, that Mr. Gully was returned to the first Reform Parliament as Member for Pontefract. Writing from Brighton on the 17th of December, 1832, in his "Memoirs," caustic Greville, who has seldom a good word for any one, thus alludes to this episode in Gully's career:—"The borough elections are nearly over and have satisfied the Government. They do not seem to be bad on the whole Some very bad characters, however, have been returned; among the worst, Faithful, here" (Brighton); "Gronow at Stafford; Gully, Pontefract; Cobbett, Oldham—though I am glad that Cobbett is in Parliament. Gully's history is extraordinary Having become rich he embarked in a great coal speculation, which answered beyond his hopes, and his shares soon yielded immense profits. His wife, who was a coarse vulgar woman, in the meantime died, and he afterwards married the daughter of an inn-keeper, who proved as gentlewoman-like as the other had been the reverse, and who is very pretty besides. At the Reform dissolution he was pressed to come forward as candidate for Pontefract, but after some hesitation he declined. Latterly he has taken great interest

in politics, and has been an ardent Reformer and a liberal subscriber for the advancement of the cause. When Parliament was about to be dissolved, he was again invited to stand for Pontefract by a numerous deputation; he again hesitated, but finally accepted. Lord Mexborough withdrew, and he was elected without opposition. In person he is tall and finely-formed, full of strength and grace, with delicate hands and feet, his face coarse and with a bad expression, his head set well on his shoulders, and remarkably graceful and even dignified in his actions and manners; totally without education, he has strong sense, discretion, reserve, and a species of good taste which has prevented, in the height of his fortunes, his behaviour from ever transgressing the bounds of modesty and respect, and he has gradually separated himself from the rabble of bettors and blackguards of whom he was once the most conspicuous, steadily asserted his own independence, and acquired gentility, without even presuming towards those whom he had been accustomed to regard with deference. His position is now more anomalous than ever, for a Member of Parliament is a great man, though there appear no reasons why the suffrages of the blackguards of Pontefract should place him in different social relations towards us from those in which we mutually stood before."

"Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed!" and there must have been something distinguished and attractive about the ex-prizefighter to have won for him so much commendation from the bitter pen of Charles Greville. In Parliament Mr. Gully acquired the goodwill and respect of all with whom he came in contact, and although he did not take part, properly speaking, in the debates of the House of Commons, he made several very vigorous byespeeches, notably in the year 1836. On the 17th of May, in that year, in the course of a discussion on the alleged ejection of peasantry at Carlow on account of votes given by them at the last election, Mr. Hardy, the member for Bradford, made serious allegations of bribery against several members, upon which John Gully raised his burly form and stentorian voice, and denounced Mr. Hardy in no measured terms as having himself been guilty of the same offence. After premising that it was very seldom that he claimed the indulgence of the House, "it was quite impossible," continued the honourable member for Pontefract, "that he could refrain from making a few observations, inasmuch as he had himself in some degree calumniated the hon. and learned gentleman, if what the hon. and learned gentleman said was a fact. He certainly heard Mr. O'Connell accuse the hon. and learned gentleman on one occasion in this House of spending £7,040 by bribing electors in the borough of Pontefract, to the amount of £23 for a single vote. Within the last three days he had received a letter from one of his constituents, in which it was stated that he had a great mind to send to Mr. O'Connell a letter which he had received from the hon. and learned member for Bradford when he was a candidate for Pontefract, stating exactly the

sum he should receive on that occasion. He had not got the letter with him, but would very readily produce it to the hon. and learned member if he desired it. He certainly at the time thought it was very extraordinary, when the hon. and learned member was making an accusation against Mr. O'Connell, and after being himself twice accused of bribing electors, that he did not instantly inquire into the subject himself."

This, it must be admitted, was hard-hitting on the part of a man who had really been quite unaccustomed to public speaking. It is only fair to Mr. Hardy to say that he "came up to time" and demanded the production of the said letter. Accordingly on June 22nd, 1836, John Gully rose to call the attention of the House to a circumstance which occurred in a previous debate, and said "that although an apology might be due to that House, he had none to make to the hon. and learned member for Bradford." He thereupon produced a letter from a gentleman who had seconded Mr. Hardy in his election at Pontefract, which could leave no doubt that Mr. Hardy had been guilty of bribery. The matter was of course the subject of a long and angry debate, but was eventually hushed up, there being very few members of the honourable and reformed House of Commons to whom discussion on such a subject was not extremely distasteful. During the whole course of the debate, however, it is noteworthy that Gully was always calm and dignified; always at home, whether for attack or defence. In the course of the affair he observed that the hon. and learned gentleman had asked him whether or not he (Gully) had himself paid any head money. "He would answer the hon. and learned gentleman that if he had paid head-money and had afterwards declared that he never had been guilty of bribery in any shape whatever, he should consider himself unworthy of a seat in that House." A retort which completely shut up Mr. Hardy. Gully, however, did not much care for senatorial honours, in fact he would not have offered himself as a candidate had he not been piqued to beard the Mexborough influence at Pontefract. He was anxious to assert a principle and give pleasure to his fellow-townfolk, and, when the first purpose was secured, he retired, to their deep regret, from what would infallibly have been a seat for life. He only sat during two sessions, and resigned on the ground that the late hours had proved injurious to his health. In which excuse most people thought they detected a touch of ironical humour.

But to return to Mr. Gully's turf career. The success with which he and Mr. Ridsdale met did not cement their friendship, and their quarrel came at last to its climax in a personal encounter in the hunting-field, when Gully mercilessly thrashed his former partner, after which Mr. Ridsdale brought an action for assault, that terminated in a verdict with £500 damages for the plaintiff, a decision which met with so much approval from the bulk of the spectators in the crowded court, most of them hunting men, with whom "Bobby"

was very popular, that they gave a rattling view-halloo, in which the learned brethren of the bar and the ermined judge himself were maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined. This was not the only serious altercation in which Gully was engaged, for he and Mr. Osbaldeston had words on one occasion. The "Squire" challenged Gully, had him "out," and sent a ball through his hat; "But better through my hat than my head," said the ex-prizefighter, as he picked up his head-gear and coolly surveyed the bullet-hole. Sometimes, however, Gully was happier in his assaults, as for example in the following instance. Once at Newmarket an audacious young tout was standing near him as he sat on horseback, cigar in mouth, and book and card in hand at the cords, and hearing the great bookmaker offer odds against a horse, shouted to him, "I'll take you." Gully, of course, took no notice of the impertinence, but booked the bet with some one else, and lost it. To his surprise the tout came up and claimed the money, and not satisfied with Gully's curt disclaimer, kept dunning "Old England" at intervals during the meeting. At last Mr. Gully told him to come up to his rooms after the race, and he would settle with him. When the impudent impostor arrived, the stalwart bookmaker seized him by the collar and used his dog-whip with such stinging effect upon the poor wretch's shoulders that he howled out promises of the most hearty repentance, and went to another betting-market in future. However, the story got wind, and the tout, finding that he was universally called "Young Gully," put a good face upon his chastening and ever after reverentially alluded to the great bookmaker as "my father."

Hunting, too, was a sport which always had a charm for John Gully, and during Mr. Osbaldeston's mastership he spent a good deal of time with him at Quorn, for the little difference between them, to which we have alluded, was soon healed. His observation of everything was so keen that "The Druid," a competent authority, says that if John Gully had been required to take the horn for a season, he would have given a very good account of his foxes. During a long sojourn at Ackworth Park, near Pontefract, which he had purchased after selling his estate of Ware, in Hertfordshire, he figured as a fair man across country, and as one of the chief supporters of the Badsworth Hunt. At no time of his life, however, was he a hard rider, though he had once a narrow escape of being drowned when out with the Badsworth, owing to his horse falling with and upon him and rolling into a deep pond in a farm yard, the surface of the water being covered with chaff. But the turf, after all, was his ruling passion, and in 1834 he was heart and soul with the Chifneys in their vain endeavour to win the Derby with Shillelagh, Gully offering an extraordinary sum for Plenipotentiary as that horse was being saddled for the great race, which he won by a short head from Shillelagh. He changed his trainers later on, and for the last time, when he sent his horses to Danebury, where they did wonders for the rather failing fortunes of old John Day. In 1844 his racing star was very much

in the ascendant, for he then won with Ugly Buck, of which he was half proprietor, the Two Thousand, and also ran fourth with him for the Derby. In the following year he was formidable with Weatherbit and Old England, and in 1846 won the Derby with Pyrrhus the First, and the Oaks with Mendicant, an exploit which had only once been accomplished before, when Sir Charles Bunbury's Eleanor carried off both trophies. The victory of Pyrrhus must have been a bitter pill for old John Day, who had purchased him at Doncaster as a yearling, Mr. Gully agreeing to go halves with him. The horse never ran as a two-year-old, and John Day, being in want of money, valued his share of Pyrrhus at the end of the year, at £100, which Mr. Gully promptly gave him. Mendicant, the winner of the Oaks, was not a particularly good money-getting mare for her owner, as Lord George Bentinck and the public had taken such a violent fancy for her that the odds Gully could obtain were very small. In the Ascot week of that year Mendicant was sold to Sir Joseph Hawley for 4,000 guineas. But she ran nowhere in the Cup, and Sir Joseph's friends condoled with him on what seemed to be a dead loss, whereas in reality she was destined to prove a "gold mine," for ten years afterwards she brought her owner £80,000 through her famous son, Beadsman. But we need not dilate further upon Mr. Gully's turf successes. We have given sufficient details to establish his claim to be ranked among famous racing men; we have placed before the reader, as succinctly as possible, the leading incidents in his strange and chequered career; and we cannot more fitly close this sketch than with the following interesting passage from the pen of a sportsman who was a friend and contemporary of Gully's:—"It was the late Mr. Buckland, who, when on a visit to Lord Fitzwilliam, told me of the impression made on him by the appearance of a fine handsome gentleman coming up the staircase with a beautiful girl in green velvet on either arm—the member for Pontefract, with his two daughters. Poor 'Sylvanus,' too, thus portrayed Mr. Gully in the very zenith of his career:—'He had permanent lodgings at Newmarket, well and tastily furnished, and dispensed his hospitality to his friends with no sparing hand. An excellent cook, claret from Griffiths's, with an entertaining gentleman-like host, left but little to be desired at the dinner awaiting us. Mr. Gully is justly esteemed, having raised himself from the lowest paths of life not merely to a position of wealth, but to that intimacy amongst gentlemen on or off the turf, but still gentlemen in taste, which nought but the undeviating good manners, and entertaining, unpretending deportment of Gully could for a moment, or rather for any length of time beyond a moment, suffer them to tolerate. No man ever possessed these qualifications, gained through innate acuteness, great common sense and a plastic disposition to observe and benefit by the chance *rencontres* with the courtly patrons of his day, to a greater degree, taking the early disadvantages he had to contend with into

consideration, than John Gully. No man could be more above pretence or less shy at any allusions to his early and not very polished career than himself. When I dined with him at Newmarket, as well as upon subsequent occasions, I was most gratified by his manly openness and lack of all sensitive false shame on any occasional appeal being made to the bygone. He, on the contrary, entered freely into many entertaining portions of his history, answered all my questions *con amore*, and with perfect good nature, as to the mode of training, hitting so as not to injure the hand, wrestling, and other *minutiae* of the ring; passing the claret and slicing the pine all the while, as if foaled at Knowsley or Brethby. He had a quiet sly way of joking on any turf affair, on which, bear in mind, he was as *au fait* as Zamiel making a book on the Derby. The turbot came from Billingsgate by express, and the haunch from his own park. Moët purveyed the champagne, Marjoribanks the port, and, as I have before said, Griffiths the Lafitte. We had no skulking host, be assured, but the most entertaining and liberal one alive." There is a genial tone about this sketch that speaks at once for its truth and it would be difficult to give any a man a better character. Gully's position at every turn and phase of fortune was still a trying one, but no man more fairly earned the respect he gained. There is a very moral of good manners in such a man's history.

It only remains to add that John Gully died on the 9th of March, 1863, at his seat, Corkin Hall, near Durham, where he had extensive collieries, having attained the ripe age of 80. It was his wish to be buried at Ackworth, a village close to Pontefract, where he had resided for many years until he sold it and went to Marwell, not far from Winchester, in order to be near Danebury, where his horses were in training. When he broke up his stud he purchased Corkin Hall, where he breathed his last. His wishes with regard to his interment were carried out, and he was buried at Ackworth, on the 14th of March, 1863, the Mayor and Corporation of Pontefract and an immense concourse of gentry and tradesmen following him to the grave. Mr. Gully was, as we have said, twice married, and had a family of five sons and five daughters. We believe, however, that most, if not all, his children predeceased him, one son being killed in the Indian Mutiny, but there are grand-children living who bear his name and venerate his memory.

SIR TATTON SYKES.

THERE is no name held in higher respect or deeper veneration by the sportsmen of the north than that of the famous old Yorkshire baronet, Sir Tatton Sykes, of Sledmere, whose face was as familiar a sight at the great northern race-meetings half a century ago or more as the dome of St. Paul's is to Londoners. Sir

Tatton was born at Wheldrake, where his father, Sir Christopher, then resided, on the 22nd of August, 1772, and Tatton was sent with his brothers, Mark and Christopher, first to a tutor at Bishopsthorpe and afterwards to Westminster. This was their first introduction to London, and it was a cherished recollection with the three that, after often lingering for that purpose at their tailor's in Bolt Court, they once caught a glimpse of Dr. Johnson as he handed a visitor to her carriage. Schooldays over, the youth was sent to Brasenose, Oxford. He was then placed for a short time in London with a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Atkinson and Farrar, of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and when he was not indirectly fostering his future Holmepierrepont tastes among the sheep-skins in the office, as "The Druid" facetiously puts it (Sir Tatton was afterwards an enthusiastic sheep breeder), he was dutifully bearing the green bag after Mr. Farrar to Westminster Hall, or to consultations at chambers, in one of which Erskine and the two Scotts were engaged. Holroyd was then great as a special pleader, Kenyon and Buller were on the Bench, and Thurlow's tenure of the Great Seal was rapidly drawing to its close. Hullock and Bayley were still hard-working "stuffs," but it was Sir Tatton's lot in after years to meet them both in their ermine, when, as High Sheriff, it became his turn to drive them in state to open the Assizes at York. It was while he was articled to Messrs. Atkinson and Farrar that Sir Tatton walked from London to Epsom to see Eager's Derby, in 1791, starting at four on that June Thursday and landing back at Lamb's, Conduit Street, at eleven at night. Next year he rode down to see Buckle win it on John Bull, and he never went to Epsom afterwards. Soon after this he was set to learn the business of a country banker at Hull, and mightily astonished his fellow-clerks by walking thence to his father's seat at Sledmere, thirty-two miles, after the day's business was done, on his first Saturday there, and repeating the feat on Monday morning, arriving early at Hull, and perfectly fresh for the duties of the desk. But a year or two later he performed a more remarkable pedestrian feat than this. He had been smitten even at that early age with a desire to have some pure Bakewells from Mr. Sanday's flock, and after selecting half-a-score at 20 guineas a-piece, he met them subsequently at Lincoln, where they arrived from Holmepierrepont (Mr. Sanday's place) by waggon, and drove them home in person, a three days' journey, to Barton. He soon became a ram-letter, and September, 1861, was the 58th anniversary of his show, whilst until he was upwards of eighty he never missed his annual June ride into the Midlands to Burgess's, Buckley's, and Stone's. The love of Leicesters always fought hard for supremacy with that of thoroughbreds at Sledmere. It peeped out in the naming of the bay colt "Holmepierrepont," on which Sim Templeman, in his seven-stone days, was beaten in a canter at York by the dam of Charles XII.; and the following amusing

anecdote is told in connexion with this passion of Sir Tatton's. At Catterick Races, on one occasion, Mr. Baker, of Elemore, was beaten by Sir Tatton Sykes for a Hunters' Stake, owners up; as the baronet passed the Stand an easy winner, he gallantly raised his whip to the ladies—a simple act which Mr. Baker absurdly construed into an expression of triumph over himself, and resolved to be avenged upon the insolent victor. Accordingly at Mr. Robert Collings's great sheep sale, Mr. Baker made matters very hot for Sir Tatton by bidding up for every lot which he knew the baronet was anxious to purchase, and in this way the shearling, Ajax, on whom Sir Tatton had set his heart, was run up to 156 guineas.

It will be gathered from what we have already said that Sir Tatton was a man of great hardihood and of frugal habits. It was his custom all his life to be up with the lark in the summer and long before sunrise in the winter. His favourite breakfast was an apple tart and a hearty draught of new milk, and after he had partaken of that humble meal he has been often known to relieve a stonebreaker at his work by the roadside, and keep himself warm by breaking stones until the man, who had been sent to the manor house, to be served with a pint of home-brewed and a crust of bread, returned. A great deal of healthy exercise, on horse-back or on foot, always intervened between Sir Tatton's early breakfast and his luncheon. The latter meal was most often a crust of brown bread, Yorkshire cream cheese—of which he was very fond—and a pint of the Sledmere home-brewed. He had an enormous faith in a flagon of good ale, like the late George Borrow. His brewage was famous not only over the county of York, but throughout the north of England, and it was dispensed with a liberal hand. No one—even the poorest beggar—was ever known to leave that hospitable roof without at least a substantial "crust" and a pint of that "generous malt." In physique Sir Tatton was a splendid specimen of a stalwart Englishman. He stood quite six feet in height, and though he never in his prime, we believe, exceeded 11st., was very muscular, and as a boxer was renowned for his terrifically hard hitting. Indeed, neither "Gentleman" Jackson nor Jem Belcher ever had an apter or more formidable pupil. In proof of which we may adduce the following anecdote. Once, when Sir Tatton was out upon one of his sheep-buying expeditions, he ordered "a pitcher of ale" at the bar of an inn. There were a couple of huge truculent drovers lounging in the tap-room, and one of these ruffians coolly took up the ale and drank it. Sir Tatton said not a word, but in his mild, quiet voice ordered another draught, whereupon the second drover, with a brutal laugh, laid hands on it and tossed it off. A third supply was handed to the baronet, and when he had quaffed it, he quietly buttoned up his coat, told ruffian number one to stand up, thrashed him to his heart's content, and then, turning round to number two, who was somewhat amazed, but even more enraged at the discomfiture of his comrade, served him in precisely the same

manner; after which, bruised and bleeding, the two hulking bullies slunk away like whipped curs. His face was a singularly pleasing one—frank, open, honest, handsome. He was extremely plain in his dress, and was seldom seen without top boots and drab kersey-mere breeches. No one in his day could equal him in the saddle across country, and he invariably headed the field with his own hounds, which he hunted without subscription for years. His exploits as a jockey were numerous. He won his maiden race in “the orange body, blue sleeves and cap” of Sledmere, on his brother Mark’s Sir Pertinax, at Beverley. Sir Tatton had on that occasion to ride 13st., but eleven was his regular racing weight, and he scaled ten-and-a-half over Morpeth at a pinch. No one ever loved a mount better, and he rode until he was upwards of sixty for anyone who asked him, without a thought of fatigue or distance. On one occasion, after riding sixty-three miles from Sledmere that morning, he was second to Mr. Lindlow in the four-mile Macaroni Stakes at Pontefract, slept at Doncaster that night, and was beaten in another four-mile heat race against “Splitpost Douglas” at Lincoln next day. Another time, in 1817, he journeyed from Sledmere to Aberdeen with his racing jacket under his waistcoat, and a clean shirt and a razor in his pocket, for the sake of a mount on the Marquis of Huntley’s Kutosoff (in Sir Tatton’s opinion the best horse he ever mounted), when the Welter Stakes was the greatest race in Scotland, and without stopping to dine, went back to sleep that night at Brechin, eventually reaching Doncaster after a six days’ ride just in time to see Blacklock beaten for the St. Leger. The 720 miles were done principally in the forenoon on a little blood-mare, and, with the exception of a slight stiffness, she seemed none the worse for the feat. Caller Ou’s St. Leger in 1861 was the seventy-sixth Sir Tatton had seen, with only one break from illness, in 1839, when Charles XII. and Euclid ran their memorable dead-heat; and he lodged for forty years with a cow-keeper in Sheffield Lane, who offered him a bed by accident when he arrived late one night, and not another roosting-place was to be had in the town. When his old huntsman, Tom Carter, died in 1854, Sir Tatton ceased to ride to Doncaster; but when Tom was at his side, they used to meet at Pocklington, come through between four and five, and sleep at Booth Ferry on the “Cup” evening. The first of his rides to London was in 1805, when he sat for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence in the scarlet coat and black silk breeches, &c., which formed the evening costume of the Castle Howard Hunt. Sir Mark and Lady Sykes, who are also in the group, returned from the easel to the north with him. It was Christmas week, and his little blood-mare required “frosting” twice a day. The second ride, three-and-forty years later, to Sir Francis Grant’s studio was accomplished in June on his black horse, by Colwick, from Lord Chesterfield’s grey mare, Mad Moll, which, with its rider, numbered 108 years, when Sir Tatton was last on its back at the covert side. It is no doubt

more as a great agriculturist and foxhunter than as a turfite that the name of Sir Tatton Sykes will be principally remembered. We have already alluded to his passion for sheep-breeding, and observed how Leicesters divided the honours with thoroughbreds at Sledmere. But still, it must not be forgotten that Sir Tatton Sykes was one of the largest breeders of bloodstock in England. At the time of his death, which took place in his 91st year, on the 21st of March, 1863, his stud numbered upwards of 200 horses and mares, and it was no small feat for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby and Lecturer, to say nothing of a host of minor winners. His actual connection with the turf, however, as a racing man, was not extensive. His name first appears in the Racing Calendar as an owner of racehorses in 1803, when his *Telemachus* ran at Middleton. In 1805 he rode his own horse, *Hudibras*, at Malton, and won. In 1808 he matched his mare, *Theresa*, over a four-mile course at Doncaster for 500 guineas, owners up, and won. For twenty years after this date Sir Tatton, from time to time, kept a few horses in training at Malton, chiefly for the purpose of mounting them himself in races for gentleman riders. His colours were orange and purple, and the last time he wore them on a winning horse of his own was in 1829, when he won the *Welham Cup* at Malton. The name of the horse, as someone said at the time, suggested the quality of the owner, it was—All Heart and No Peel.

Some years before he succeeded to the baronetcy Sir Tatton became M.F.H., and continued master of a pack of foxhounds for forty years. Perhaps there never was a better master in England, and that is saying a great deal, when we recall such names as Forester, Farquharson, Meynell, and Assheton-Smith. He was in his 70th year when he gave up his hounds, and this only because of his determination not to continue the mastership. Sir Tatton's servants were always splendidly mounted, a fact which may readily be accounted for when the master's judgment in horseflesh and enormous breeding establishment are taken into consideration. He had, as we have said, a very large stud of thoroughbred horses, and among his 120 brood mares, all the best blood of the English "Stud Book" was represented. Sir Tatton, too, was well-known as a constant frequenter of the sales of bloodstock by Messrs. Tattersall at York and Doncaster. In September, 1862, he had bid 3,000 guineas for *Fandango*, but was so anxious to get the horse that he "sprang" another hundred, and when Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him that he had made the last bid as well, Sir Tatton merely pulled out his watch and said, "Knock him down, Mr. Tattersall, knock him down; we want to go to the races." And Sir Tatton did go, and sent for "The Druid" (Mr. Henry Hall Dixon) to introduce Tom Sayers to him, that famous bruiser having then all his blushing honours thick upon him. A ring was formed in the stand enclosure, and the people stood still to gaze at the interesting and suggestive sight of the octogenarian pupil

of "Gentleman" Jackson and Jem Belcher shaking hands with the gallant champion of England. Of the venerable baronet's pluck a good instance is recorded in connection with Mr. Tattersall, the father of the present head of the firm. The two went together to the theatre at Doncaster, and were sitting in the back row of the boxes, when a person came in with a cigar in his mouth. As there were ladies in the box he was asked to put it out. The man refused, and Mr. Tattersall, who though lame was very powerful, opened the door with one hand and swung the fellow out with the other. He stormed and blustered, but Sir Tatton immediately jumped up, buttoned his coat, and said in his mild way, "Leave him to me, sir, if he comes back, leave him to me." But the cad did not come back. Although mixing much among sporting men at a time when swearing was the fashion, the grand old Yorkshireman, like Admiral Pocock, of Havannah renown, was not only not addicted to the habit, but cordially disliked it. In illustration of this peculiarity, we may give the following anecdote. When that eccentric jockey, Will Scott, was mounted for the St. Leger of 1846, on the horse which bore Sir Tatton's honoured name, a noble lord, whose knowledge of the merits of Iago led him to think that Frank Buckle would do the trick upon the latter horse (as he very nearly did, by the way), said to Scott, "You won't win to-day, Bill." "You be d——d!" was the rude reply of the spoilt jockey. Sir Tatton was at hand, and called out in his own mild way, "Don't be rude, William, and don't swear, and I will lead your horse back if you win!" The horse did win, and how the Yorkshiremen cheered as the venerable baronet, then in his 75th year, led his namesake back to the weighing house! From that hour till the day of his death every jockey that rode a St. Leger winner claimed, as one of the rewards of winning, a shake of the hand and a kind word from the Yorkshire patriarch. It will be long before the name of Sir Tatton ceases to be familiar as a household word among the sportsmen of the shire of broad acres. He was the very type of man they best appreciate and admire. He loved a good horse, a good hound, a good shorthorn, a good sheep, and at Sledmere he gratified his taste for all of them on a princely scale. Indeed, the reverence felt for him in Yorkshire was akin to idolatry. To see him riding out of the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, returning right and left the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half-whispered "God bless him! how hearty he is—he'll put in for a hundred," reads to us like a chapter out of the *Spectator*. "How's Sir Tatton looking?" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting came round, and strangers would bustle their way in excitement through the mob to have a glimpse at the famous old sportsman as, umbrella in hand, he stood there dressed in the old garb of Yorkshire—the long, straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the drab

breeches, and the mahogany tops. To the last the old baronet was "a hardy Norseman;" and "The Druid" tells us that it was his habit to get up at five in the winter, shave himself with cold water, and wash his head. He would then go into the library on the side of the house looking into the park, with the church peeping out among the embosoming woods scarce a bow shot from the house, as pleasant a pastoral scene as any in England, and walk up and down in his dressing-gown, slippers, and breeches. The library is ninety feet in length, and he used to calculate how many miles he walked by filling his pocket with silver and depositing a piece of it on a table at one end every time he had finished the return journey. Sometimes "the ultimate array of monitors" would speak to a strong four-mile exercise before breakfast, and this, be it remembered, when he was almost a nonagenarian. He was suspected of a strong secret wish to reach the age of a hundred years, and it is possible that he might have done so but for an act of imprudence in his eighty-ninth year. The road between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt-sleeves at breaking stones. His faithful old servant, Richard, brought him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and Sir Tatton sat down on a tree-root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep; the draught brought on a chill which he never got over. Two years later, in the March of 1863, he had an attack of gout, which rather amused him than otherwise, seeing that his family had been subject to it and here was he, the premier sportsman in England, only caught by it after he had passed his ninetieth year. When it quitted him, eight days before his death, dropsy rapidly set in, and the sad whisper, scarcely believed at first, went over Yorkshire: "Sir Tatton is dying!" Some hoped he might rally as he had done before, but the once iron frame had found its conqueror. He lay almost insensible, but breathing heavily, from Tuesday to Saturday, and then his brave old heart went out with the dawn. "Keen and shrewd, yet in many aspects of his character a Sir Roger de Coverley," Sir Tatton Sykes had lived an ideal patriarchal life; he was everybody's adviser that wanted advice, everybody's friend that wanted help; he was his great county's pride; his name was a proverb and a household word over all the broad acres of Yorkshire; and at his funeral three thousand persons were present to pay the last tribute of respect to as fine an English gentleman as any age has seen.

THE EARL OF ZETLAND.

THOMAS DUNDAS, second Earl of Zetland, will long be remembered by all English sportsmen, and especially by horse-loving Yorkshiremen, as the owner of the ever-famous Voltigeur, whose name is familiar as a household word to all who are interested in equine annals. It is indeed mainly, if not entirely, as the fortunate

possessor of this great son of Voltaire—the rival of that other mighty hero, the Flying Dutchman—that Lord Zetland's claim to be considered as a famous racing man rests. The earl was a man of singularly unobtrusive character. Although an earnest politician and a strong supporter of the Whig party, he never took a prominent part in the debates of the Upper House. His hobby was social science, and his endeavours to encourage reformatory institutions in those places where the bulk of his property was situated were appreciated by all who take an interest in the amelioration of the lower classes. He succeeded his father in the earldom in 1839, being then in the 45th year of his age. For many years he was Lord-Lieutenant of



THE EARL OF ZETLAND.

the North Riding of Yorkshire, an office which he resigned shortly before his death in 1873, and on the demise of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in 1843, Lord Zetland succeeded him as Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, which important position he held until 1869. Although a thorough Yorkshireman and a liberal patron of the turf, the Earl could never be counted amongst the successful votaries of racing. He owned but very few good horses, and his fame depends, as we have said, almost solely on his possession of Voltigeur. This wonderful horse was bred in 1847 by Mr. Robert Stephenson, of Hart, and was got by Voltaire out of Martha Lynn by Mulatto. When first offered for sale at Doncaster, no one could be found to bid the reserved price of 350 guineas, but shortly afterwards Lord Zetland, at the instigation of his brother-in-law, Mr. Williamson,

purchased the colt. Robert Hill, his lordship's trainer, from the first moment he set eyes on Voltigeur, fell in love with him, and it is probable that never in the annals of man and beast did any human being entertain such an affection for a horse as Robert Hill did for the son of Voltaire. Everywhere the enthusiastic Yorkshireman trumpeted the fame of his idol; the canny "tykes" caught the infection, and so energetically backed him for the Derby that a more popular candidate for that race never left the north. "The tenantry," says that lively writer, "Argus," "on his lordship's estates, backed him to a man, and his domestics had anticipated their wages for months to come about him. Ladies'-maids could not sleep for dreaming of his success, and as, for a wonder, John Scott had no 'crack' that year, there was nothing to divide the affections of the Yorkshiremen with him. His arrival in London, accompanied by the famous Tubal Cain of Aske, was like that of a foreign sovereign, for a special train of North Riding farmers accompanied him, and an equally large body of his London backers greeted him and cheered him as the four posters whirled him on to Epsom." Few of those who witnessed the Derby of 1850 will have forgotten the deafening roar that went up from a myriad Yorkshire throats, when it was known that Lord Zetland's horse had conquered Mr. Hill's Pitsford, the hero of the Two Thousand, and carried the "red spots" of the earl triumphantly first past the post. For the St. Leger it need hardly be said that Voltigeur was made a tremendous favourite, and, indeed so great a certainty was it thought for him, that only eight animals faced the starter, and the seven were looked upon as a somewhat ragged lot, Bolingbroke being the only one who was thought to have even an outside chance. But to the horror and dismay of the Yorkshiremen, within a hundred yards of the goal, when all the other horses were hopelessly beaten, one unknown, despised outsider was seen to creep up, stick gallantly to the girths of Voltigeur and refuse to be shaken off. Neck and neck they came on together, and neck and neck they passed the judge's box. There was a moment of terrible suspense, and then it was known that an Irish horse, named Russborough, the rankest of outsiders, had made a dead-heat with the mighty Voltigeur. Amid intense excitement the dead-heat was run off. But Job Marson was not to be caught napping a second time, and Voltigeur added one more name to the then very short list of double-event winners. But the culminating triumph of that eventful week was yet to come. In the previous year, 1849, Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman had rivalled the achievements of Voltigeur and carried off both the Derby and the St Leger, and on the Friday after the Leger these two great champions of the northern and southern stables met to contend for the Doncaster Cup. Never has there been such a "Coop Day" before or since. The excitement was indescribable, and so high did party spirit run that fights innumerable took place over the merits of "Volti" and "The Dutchman."

The story of that magnificent race has been told over and over again in prose and verse, let it suffice to say here, that after a glorious struggle the Flying Dutchman, for the first time, was forced to strike his colours, and Voltigeur added one more brilliant triumph—the greatest he had yet won—to the roll of his victories. Still, the race had been a very close thing, and opinion was even yet divided as to the merits of the two horses. At last the two owners agreed to “fight their battle o’er again” at the York Spring Meeting of 1851, for 1,000 guineas a-side, two miles over the Old Course. It was “the race of the century,” throwing into the shade even the great historic match between Hambletonian and Diamond. “The pair,” says a well-known sportsman who witnessed the contest, “were at even betting almost from the period when the race was publicly announced up to the day on which it was run, and as they went to the post there was not a shade of odds on one side or the other. When the flag fell, Voltigeur went off with the running at the top of his pace, taking a lead of at least three lengths and making very severe play, the heavy state of the ground being taken into account. In this way they rounded the last turn, when Marlow called upon “The Dutchman,” with a request very pointedly urged. As they passed the Stand, it was stride for stride and a struggle of desperate effort. It was too much for the young one—he tired the sooner, and the Flying Dutchman passed the winning-chair first by a short length. Both horses showed marks of the keenness of the contest.” The next day Lord Eglinton declared that his horse was withdrawn from the turf for ever, having lost only one of the sixteen races in which he had been engaged. Voltigeur, too, quitted the scene of his triumphs for the stud, where his success as a sire was great, one of the best of his sons being Vedette, with whom Lord Zetland won the Two Thousand in 1857.

The earl’s subsequent successes on the turf are not of sufficient importance to enumerate. After a long, upright, and honourable, if not distinguished, career, Lord Zetland died at Aske, on the 6th of May, 1873, in the 79th year of his age. And the great horse, with which his name will be for ever associated, did not long survive his master. Nine months later, on the 21st of February, 1874, Voltigeur met his death. His thigh had been broken by a kick from a mare, and it was found necessary to shoot him. So died one of the most famous of modern racehorses full of years and honours, and leaving behind him descendants who will, without doubt, worthily perpetuate to generations yet to come the sterling qualities of their renowned ancestor.

THE EARL OF GLASGOW.

WITH all his eccentricities, and there was no man of his time had more of them, the touchy, crotchety, headstrong old Scotch nobleman, who forms the subject of our present sketch,

will always hold a warm place in the remembrance of all his contemporaries on the turf. His wayward and uncertain temper, and his rough tongue were condoned by the intrinsic worth of the man, who was an embodiment of honesty and honour, albeit in about the grimmest shape these admirable virtues have ever adopted. James Carr Boyle, fifth Earl of Glasgow—better known for many years as Viscount Kelburne—was born in Renfrewshire on the 10th of April, 1792. He went to sea at a tender age, and he never lost the salt flavour. To the last he was a true descendant of the old Norsemen, in his manner and in his blood. Grafton, Rutland, Exeter, and Jersey were courtly models to which he did not care to conform. Under the auspices of his one-armed tutor, "Sir Wolly,"—who for lack of more worlds to conquer, on his proud St. Leger eve thrust his walking stick through all the pier glasses of "The Reindeer," and expressed his regret there were no more to smash, as a relief to his feelings—the young lieutenant soon became seasoned to life ashore. They would sit at the window of the "Black Swan" at York with magnums of claret before them after midnight, and hand it out in tumblers to the passers by. Old racing men just remember the pupil jumping on the table at "The Star," in Stonegate, when Mr. Gully entered, and offering 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger, and repeating the offer in thousands. Having once begun to "plunge," he won £17,000 on Jerry, and lost £27,000 on Mameluke at Doncaster. There is a story told of how Lord George Bentinck looked in at Crockford's on the eve of the Derby of 1843, and expressed his readiness to take 3 to 1 about his horse Gaper.

"I'll lay it you," said Lord Glasgow.

"Yes," said Lord George, in his rather mincing way, "but then I want to do it to money."

"I'll lay you 90,000 to 30,000," immediately responded the other.

And, as many racing men will remember, there was something particularly determined in his style, as he would lean his back against a post in the stand or the rooms, rubbing his neck with his hand, apparently from some nervous habit, and ready to lay the odds almost to millions, when once in the vein. It was dangerous for a trainer or jockey to advise his lordship to put £100 on a horse, as he was sure to multiply the advice by 10, or 20, or even a 100. Very often he would take no advice; and, with a colt at least 2st. better in his stable, he characteristically enough backed Dare Devil to win £50,000, and put his first jockey on him in the St. Leger. But, be the issue what it might, no one could tell by his features whether he had won or lost.

As Lord Kelburne, when his racing aspirations did not often range further south than York and Doncaster, he lived a good deal in Scotland, at his seat of Hawkhead, near Paisley, devoting himself to hunting, racing and shooting, which his enormous fortune permitted him to enjoy to the highest degree. Surrounded by such congenial

spirits as the late Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Kennedy, Sir William and Sir John Heron Maxwell, and Sir James Boswell, "the *noctes ambrosianæ* of Blackwood were put in the shade, and claret enough drank to exhaust a chateau." That daring soul, Lord Kennedy, was then in his zenith, ready to shoot, or walk, or drive, or ride, against any mortal man for any conceivable sum, and his lordship found in his host, Lord Kelburne, a foeman with a long purse, ready for him at any hour of the day or night. The later the hour, the wilder the bet; and a biographer of Lord Glasgow's tells the following story of a mad wager, worthy of Jack Mytton. One night, after the "magnum" had been in strong force, a warm dispute arose between Lord Kelburne and Lord Kennedy as to the merits of their respective coachmanship. Of course, a match for £500 was the only means of testing the question; and, although it was "past twelve o'clock, and a stormy night," as the old Charlies would have said, two coaches and teams were ordered out from the neighbouring hotel, and the pair started on their journey. The night was dark as Erebus, but their lordships started off as though it were daylight. The vehicles swayed about as if they would topple over every minute, the road was barely wide enough to allow two waggons to pass; they had frequent collisions, but no upsets. Lord Kelburne (Glasgow) was winning easily when he arrived at the top of a hill where two roads met, one leading to the sea the other to the town of Ardrossan, where the match was to terminate. Unfortunately, with that ill-luck which followed him through life, he chose the wrong road, lost his wager, and with difficulty stopped the coach and horses from being upset into the bay.

As the master of the Renfrewshire Hounds, he distinguished himself by his liberal management; but if anything went wrong with the sport, he would immediately turn upon the huntsman, and chase that devoted man, thong in hand, half a league over hedge and fallow. But it was on the turf that Lord Glasgow was most familiar to the people of England. For upwards of fifty years he figured as an owner of horses. During that period he spent hundreds of thousands of pounds upon breeding and training racehorses, and yet not one of the three great events fell to his "white body, crimson sleeves and cap." The greatest victory of his life was in the York Subscription Purse, when Harry Edwards, on his lordship's Actæon, defeated by a head the terrific rush of Sam Chifney on Memnon. The best horse he ever possessed was General Peel, who, in 1864, won the Two Thousand Guineas, and ran second to Blair Athol, both for the Derby and the St. Leger. Lord Glasgow's fickleness was proverbial—he was perpetually changing his trainers and jockeys. No one was so wayward and difficult to please, or so munificent when he was pleased. His trainers "came and went like the simoom," till at last men of standing in the profession would not engage themselves to him without a guarantee for at least three years. When he had gone the round he would come back to the old ones, although he had

vowed by all his gods, that they had ruined his horses. Every trainer did that. Still his cheque was always there to the moment, and that was like balm of Gilead to the wounds which his tongue inflicted. He hated, above all things, naming his horses. He always said that a horse should not be named till he had earned a name by winning a race, and as his horses rarely, considering their number, achieved that distinction, they were for the most part shot unnamed. Half the evenings at the Jockey Club, when Lord Derby led the revels, with the Earl of Strafford, General Peel, Admiral Rous, Mr. Greville and Mr. George Payne—friends who could always touch the right chord in the testy old Scot—were spent in trying to name his horses for him. Once, and once only, they succeeded in getting his lordship to name three of his horses himself, and the result was the registration with Messrs. Weatherby of the following names—"He-has-a-name," "Give-him-a-name," and "He-isn't-worth-a-name." The last was too true of most of his stud, for no man probably in the history of the turf ever brought out so many bad horses. A strange, cross-grained character, he was not exactly, as Aytoun said of Lord Eglinton, "one of the heroic stamp of Montrose and Dundee," but still a grand turf patriarch, whom no defeat could quench; and when he died on the 11th March, 1869, at his Renfrewshire seat of Hawkhead, the sporting world missed and mourned him sincerely. Even in his very dress one could trace the prevailing eccentricity of his character—he never wore an overcoat in the wettest and coldest of weather until within a few years of his death. He never appeared in such modern innovations as knickerbockers. "To the last," says "The Druid," "he stood by the side of the cords with low shoes a world too wide, white trousers in which T. P. Cooke himself could have conscientiously danced a hornpipe, and not unfrequently in a blue coat with gilt buttons. See him when you might, there was the same nervous irritation, which ruined all natural rest, and made his span of nearly seventy-seven years, eked out as it was nightly by chloroform or laudanum, very little short of miraculous. . . . The more they jeered at his stud tribes, the more he stuck by them and the more assiduously he matched the produce. He cared nothing what he spent out of a reputed £60,000 a-year. If a privileged queen of the card-women hit him a little too hard with her chaff, he would rub his neck or back, as was his nervous way, a little more vigorously than usual, and throw her a sovereign to get rid of her. He liked having his racing blood to himself, and therefore he put the fees of his sires at a pretty prohibitive figure. In fact, he would rather lend than let, and infinitely sooner shoot than sell. He has been known to go down to Middleham out of the season, summon four or five resident jockeys overnight to ride a score or more trials for him the next morning, and finish up by shooting half-a-dozen of the worst twos and threes, without benefit of clergy. Stern of mood as he might be when crossed, 'his hand was ever open, his heart was ever warm.' It

was said that he once fed half Paisley in a time of distress, and that yet not even a baillie dared thank him on behalf of his brother-townsmen for fear of being assaulted. A ten-pound note or a 'pony' was the very least he would pull out of his pocket, if the hat went round, and good cause was shown for some turfite who had fallen behind the world. For forty years after their connexion had ceased he would send one of his earliest jockeys a £50 note if he had won a good event, simply 'for auld lang syne.' With all his foibles he was a glorious old landmark to the turf; and, while he was still among us, defying the roll of the ages, with his quaint garb and blunt speech, some may, perchance, have felt that his presence was a wholesome corrective to the modern spirit which has lowered 'the sport of kings' into a doubtful trade, a contest for honour into a lust for long odds."

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

THE subject of our present sketch may be fairly described as the most successful sportsman of his age, and his career offers an example well worthy of imitation by all who aspire to the precarious honours of the turf, for he won his success mainly by the self-reliance which induced him to act independently, and trust to his own judgment at important crises. The heir of one of those long-settled families for which Kent is famous, Sir Joseph Hawley, inheriting the paternal acres and title of baronet while yet a youth of seventeen, began life under the most favourable circumstances. Rich, well-looking, the head of a great county family, and possessing abilities of a high order, it might have been predicted with confidence that the young Joseph Hawley, of Leybourne Grange, would, as so many of his ancestors had done before him, represent the shire of hops in Parliament, and in all probability make a great mark in politics. At what period the Hawleys first obtained possession of Leybourne Grange history refuses to disclose, suffice it to say that they were there before the Norman Conquest, and although the Thane of Leybourne led his men to Hastings—we beg Mr. E. A. Freeman's pardon, Senlac—he contrived to escape confiscation. In the reign of Richard Cœur-de-Lion Sir Roger of Leybourne participated actively with the English King in his efforts to get rid of the Templars, and under him the family must have increased in wealth, as he built for himself, in place of the old English Grange, an extensive castellated mansion, some remains of which still exist. From that day to the present the family has continued to flourish and wax opulent. Its heads have more than once refused offers of a peerage, preferring to remain plain English squires; but, in 1795, Henry Hawley consented to be made a baronet, this dignity necessitating neither

a change of name, nor a removal of its owner from the ranks of that commonalty of which the old English families of Kent have always shown themselves so proud. It may be mentioned, by the way, that to the Hawleys is due the name of an important district, once a suburb, of north-western London. Kentish Town was so called because a Kentish squire of Leybourne happened to be wise enough to purchase there a large estate, and Hawley Road and Crescent, Leybourne Road and Street, Grange Road, and similar names suffice to tell whence is derived, probably, a larger portion of the rent-roll of the baronetcy than is furnished even by the broad acres of Leybourne and the adjacent parishes over which the Hawleys reign supreme.

The fates decreed, however, that Sir Joseph Hawley should not become a distinguished politician, and, to the disappointment of his neighbours and all old friends and admirers of the family, Sir Joseph studiously kept aloof from Parliamentary life, and struck out a path for himself—or rather, we may say, two paths; for Sir Joseph throughout his career led two curiously distinct lives, and, doubtless, many of those who knew him only on the turf and as the “lucky baronet,” will be surprised to hear that Sir Joseph Hawley was a man of profound learning, of great scientific acquirements, and with most undoubted capacity for attaining eminence in literature, had he but allowed himself to be tempted into the not always flowery paths of authorship. He was, too, a great bookworm, and the library he collected at Leybourne Grange was probably the largest, the most complete, and the most valuable in the county of Kent. But not as a man of letters or science does the name of Sir Joseph Hawley retain its hold on the memory of his countrymen: he is remembered as the owner of Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, Blue Gown, Aphrodite, of Mendicant too, and her splendid progeny, and it is with him in this character alone that we have here to deal.

Born in 1814, Sir Joseph entered the army at the age of seventeen and served for a short time as a lieutenant in the Lancers. The life of a soldier in a crack regiment, however, was not much to his taste, and quitting the service he devoted himself, like Lord Wilton, to yachting. In his schooner, the *Mischief*, he cruised for some time in the Mediterranean, visiting Greece, Sicily, Morocco, and finally taking up his abode in Italy, where he revelled in the cultivation of the fine arts and the *belles lettres*. It was in Italy, too, that his taste for the turf was developed, and whilst residing at Florence he formed a confederacy with Mr. J. M. Stanley to run a few platers against the Italian horses. On his return to England the confederacy was renewed, and in 1844 the famous “cherry and black cap” were registered in the Calendar. Little success, however, attended Sir Joseph’s venture until Sim Templeman, in 1847, secured him his first important prize by winning the Oaks on

Miami. It was at this time, too, that he was guilty of what all his friends declared to be the egregious folly of purchasing Mendicant for 3,000 guineas from John Gully, a mistake (!) which years afterwards put into his pockets the sum of £100,000 in a single year—for her son, Beadsman, in 1858, by his Derby victory, enabled Sir Joseph to net upwards of £80,000 in bets in addition to the unusually rich stakes. The Lord of Leybourne had not long to wait before securing a greater triumph than Miami's. None who were present are ever likely to forget the Derby of 1851, the year of the first Great Exhibition, and, take it altogether, the most brilliant anniversary of the great race on record. Never before had there been seen so vast a concourse on Epsom Downs, and though possibly the railways of late years may have conveyed larger numbers to the course, yet never has there been witnessed such a crush upon the road or such a splendid array of equipages on the classic race-ground. Every Englishman seemed determined to aid in adding to the imposing spectacle prepared for the myriads of foreigners from every corner of the globe who were bent upon assisting at our great national holiday. All the surrounding circumstances, too, were favourable. The weather was charming, and the field for the Derby was the largest then recorded, and, indeed, has been only once since surpassed, namely, in 1862—curiously enough the year of the next Exhibition when Caractacus stole his victory for Mr. Snewing from a field of thirty-four. In 1851 there were thirty-three starters, and the winner, as all the world knows, was that magnificent son of Orlando, Teddington, who, though run in Sir Joseph Hawley's name and colours, was really the property of his confederate, Mr. J. M. Stanley. It was one of the heaviest betting Derby's ever known, and Davis, the "leviathan" bookmaker, who was then in the height of his glory, received a blow that may be said to have struck him "between wind and water." He, however, took no more notice of it than he was wont to do of his washing bill, although his losses were estimated at £100,000, paying them with as much indifference as the London and Westminster bank would have done; and, to prevent any grounds for sinister gossip, without waiting for settling day, he gladdened Mr. Charles Greville's eyes with a cheque for £15,000 the day before the Oaks. On this occasion, to the horror and indignation of Admiral Rous, Sir Joseph and his confederate presented Job Marson, who rode Teddington, with two thousand pounds, whilst the other *douceurs* which the fortunate jockey received made the ride worth upwards of £3,000 to him.

Sir Joseph had already obtained the *sobriquet* of the "lucky baronet," and so strong was the public faith in his luck, that, in the following September, when he went to Doncaster to do battle with the powerful stables of the North, in the St. Leger, every owner, trainer, jockey, stable-boy, and backer hailing from south of the

Trent, confided his money to Job Marson and Aphrodite, the beautiful filly with which Sir Joseph had won the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. But with fierce glee the Yorkshiremen accepted the challenge. John Scott was then, indeed, the Wizard of the North, and the many-acred shire believed in him to a man. Never before had there been so exciting a contest between the equine champions of the North and South. But this time the North had it. Aphrodite went down before Newminster, who was subsequently to become the sire of one of Sir Joseph's Derby winners. But the master of Leybourne could not complain of his year's fortune. Besides the One Thousand and the Derby he had won the Great Metropolitan with The Ban, the Ascot Stakes with Vatican, the Great Yorkshire Handicap with The Confessor, the Doncaster Cup with The Ban, whilst Teddington pulled off his great match for a thousand guineas against Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Deer; in addition to which a multitude of minor races had been credited to Sir Joseph's account. Indeed, although not equal to Lord Falmouth's winnings in 1877, it is doubtful whether any turfite had ever previously won so large a sum in stakes as did Sir Joseph Hawley in 1851; and it must be remembered that, unlike the owner of Kingcraft and Silvio, the Kentish baronet betted heavily. Not to dwell at length on minor events, we will merely record that Teddington—whom Sir Joseph first saw at three months' old, and being wonderfully struck with his action, bought him, with the mare, from a blacksmith at Stamford, for £250, and a thousand contingency—wound up his racing career gloriously by winning the Emperor's Plate at Ascot as a five-year-old, and then we hasten on to 1858, which was another of Sir Joseph's lucky years. He opened the ball by winning the Two Thousand, with Fitz-Roland, another son of Orlando, and followed this up by carrying off the Derby with Beadsman, Wells in both cases being the jockey, and thus brilliantly inaugurating the long series of successes he was destined to achieve in the cherry and black. The following year Sir Joseph again won the Derby with Musjid, the son of Newminster already referred to. Just ten years later, namely, in 1867 and 1868, Sir Joseph again carried all before him. In the former year, among other successes, he was first and second in the Middle Park Plate with Green Sleeve and Rosierucian; won the Criterion Stakes with Rosierucian; ran a dead-heat for the Cambridgeshire with Wolsey; won the Clearwell with Blue Gown, the Prendergast with Green Sleeve, &c., and when he sent his horses to his winter quarters, must have felt that, in spite of the Marquis of Hastings, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Chaplin, he was really master of the situation for the coming year. He began badly, however, as Green Sleeve could only get fourth for the Two Thousand; but Blue Gown won the Derby as his father Beadsman had done before him, the son and grandson of Mendicant thus justifying Sir Joseph's derided purchase; and on this race the followers of the "lucky baronet" won so enormously as to pretty

well break the Marquis and the rest of the young plungers. Indeed, Blue Gown (who died not long since on his way over to America) is the horse with which Sir Joseph Hawley's name will always be most closely associated in the public mind and memory. For he was emphatically the public horse, though his owner preferred the chance of another of his string, and never appears to have appreciated the colt's merit, for he let him go in March 1870 for £5,000 to the Prussians. He ran the colt out of pure sportsmanlike feeling. When he knew in the winter, that the public were on Blue Gown to a man, he said, "Then they shall have a start;" but he never liked the horse, and did not win a shilling in bets by the success of his colt, though if Rosierucian or Green Sleeve had won he would have been a large winner. The entire stakes, not far short of £6,000, were presented to Wells the jockey! The Derby was called sensational, but the most exciting episode in Blue Gown's turf career was at Doncaster, when as a two-year-old he carried off the Champagne Stakes. There were twelve starters, Mr. Merry's horse was left at the post, and Sir Joseph Hawley's colt came in first, but did not get the stakes. Wells, no longer the "Tiny" of old days, could not ride the weight. Other jockeys knew this, and when he returned to scale he was watched. Watson seized the beam, and appealed to Mr. Chaplin one of the Stewards. That gentleman ordered Wells to sit in the scale till the Admiral could be summoned. Then followed a *mauvais quart d'heure*. The Admiral came and pronounced against the winner for overweight. Mr. Chaplin inquired what impost Blue Gown had carried. "No, no," replied the Dictator, "this is bad enough—the public need not know how much Hawley's horse really carried." As a matter of fact Blue Gown had won carrying as nearly as possible 9st., and this marvellous performance, the public who stuck to him through evil report and good report, never forgot. Among other races which Sir Joseph won in that eventful year 1868, were the Criterion and Middle Park Plate with Pero Gomez, the Royal Hunt Cup with Satyr, the Ascot Cup with Blue Gown, the Champagne Stakes with Morna, and the Liverpool Cup with The Palmer, while it should not be forgotten that Blue Gown struggled into second place in the Cambridgeshire, under the crushing penalty of 9st. In 1869 Pero Gomez only got second to Pretender for the Derby, but turned the tables on the Northern horse in the St Leger, this being another great fight between North and South, decided this time in favour of Sir Joseph and the Southrons.

"Dangerous Sir Joseph" he was now dubbed, and the epithet was not only true of his horses but of himself when provoked, as Dr. Shorthouse, of Carshalton, found to his cost. For that eccentric journalist, the first founder of the *Sporting Times*, which his successor, Mr. John Corlett, has transformed into one of the most popular of sporting journals, was convicted of libelling the Kentish baronet, and sent to prison, there to expiate his offences. Nor

would the prosecutor join in the request for a remission of the sentence, though asked to do so by many influential turfites. But imprisonment sat lightly on the shoulders of the doctor: his allowance of wine was one quart bottle of champagne per diem, and when that was consumed, he devoted the rest of his waking hours to his favourite subject of research, the Blacklock blood. He was liberated on the 12th of March, 1870, and found the sporting world busy in the discussion of Sir Joseph Hawley's proposals of 'Turf Reform'; for the "lucky baronet" was setting up for a reformer, advocating the abolition of two-year-old races, and preaching on the immorality of "plunging;" these two things together, he foretold, would infallibly destroy the turf if not nipped in the bud, a prophecy which, it must be admitted, came somewhat incongruously from a man who had won the Middle Park Plate twice in the first three years of its existence, and who had probably secured as much of the plungers' money as any half-dozen bookmakers put together. Nay, more, at the very time he was urging these reforms, the cherry and black was being carried at Northampton and other meetings by his two-year-olds; and Sir Joseph himself, in the winter, had taken £40,000 to £600 a-piece about his five fillies in the Derby. So much for consistency! Yet, despite the conflict between the practice and doctrine of the preacher, it must be admitted that there was much truth in his arguments, and that it would have been well if the heads of the Jockey Club had taken them into earnest consideration, for they are more or less the panacea prescribed by all genuine and honest turf reformers. In the Senate of the Turf, however, they were successfully opposed, and the general opinion was that the reforms suggested were either impracticable or inconvenient. That Sir Joseph was disappointed at the rejection of his proposals there can be no doubt, but there was nothing to show that his interest in the great sport, to which he had devoted so much of his life, abated on that account. He was, to the last, as keen a lover of the turf as when Miami first made him feel the pride of winning a great classical race. Sir Joseph Hawley died on the 20th April, 1875, in the 62nd year of his age; and, having no issue, was succeeded in the title and estates by his brother. Take him for all in all, though he was rather a fortunate than a scientific breeder, Sir Joseph Hawley was a man the turf could ill afford to lose; for, like Lord Falmouth, he spared no pains in the selection of his stud, and thus did much to improve the breed of horses throughout the country.

MR. JAMES MERRY.

FFIFTY years ago Scotland could boast of a gallant band of sportsmen to which she might have challenged the world to produce an equal. Men like Sir David Baird, the hardest rider, not barring even Assheton-Smith and Dick Christian, that ever

fought his unswerving way through the bull-finches of Leicestershire ; Lord Eglinton, the idol of his countrymen, of whom it was hard to say in which of the three kingdoms he was most popular, for he was equally beloved by Irish, English and Scotch ; Sir James Boswell, Mr. Meiklam, Lord Kelburne (afterwards Lord Glasgow), Mr. Ramsay, owner of Lanercost and Inheritor and ever famous Master of the Midlothian Hounds ; William Hope Johnstone, Mr. Robertson, of Lady-Kirk ; Lord Drumlanrig, " the doucest lad of them a'," and other good men and true, who taught Englishmen to respect the meaning of Scotland's national motto, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," on the race-course, in the hunting-field and on the coursing-ground. Those were the good old days when the Ayr Cup was regarded by Scotchmen as the first race in the world, and its winners—such heroes



MR. JAMES MERRY.

and heroines as Lanercost, Inheritor, the Doctor and Myrrha—were deemed to have acquired a more lasting and glorious fame than Epsom or Newmarket could confer. The obscure little town of Gullane, best known to Englishmen as the spot where the four Dawsons were born and bred, and William P'Anson, of Blink

Bonny and Blair Athol fame, had his home, was then the Malton of Scotland, where long strings of thoroughbreds might be seen every morning galloping over the crisp and springy turf. For the Lowlands teemed with owners of racehorses, and even the canny burghers of Glasgow and Paisley caught the contagion of the noble sport from their aristocratic neighbours. And among the "douce tradin' bodies" thus infected was the subject of our sketch, Mr. James Merry, the eldest son of a wealthy Glasgow merchant. Born in 1805, Mr. Merry was educated at the Glasgow University, or nominally educated, for his scholastic attainments were of the most meagre description, and following in the footsteps of his father he soon became a leading iron-master and proprietor of extensive works in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire. He had been early imbued with sporting tastes, but did not commence his racing career until he was three-and-thirty years of age, when he made his *début* at Stirling, not only as an owner but as a gentleman jockey—riding Patriot for the Hunter's Stakes, for which, along with four others, he was beaten by Mr. Laing on Birthday. It was not, however, until the year 1842 that he really went in for racing in earnest, and he then had several good horses in training at Gullane under old George Dawson, the father of the four brothers Dawson, who all attained high distinction in the same profession, and one of whom was destined to play so conspicuous a part in Mr. Merry's racing career. In the following year Mr. Merry's yellow jacket for the first time made its appearance on an English race-course at Liverpool, when he ran Cable for the Liverpool Cup, for which his three countrymen—Mr. Meiklam, Mr. Bell and Lord Eglinton—were first, second and third with Aristotle, Eboracum and Pompey. The year 1847 was an eventful one in Mr. Merry's life, for he then acquired two important possessions—an excellent wife and a first-rate horse. The former was Ann, daughter of Mr. J. M'Hardy, of Glenboig, Lanarkshire; the latter was Chanticleer, the gallant grey son of Birdecatcher, to whom Mr. Merry was largely indebted for his subsequent successes on the turf. In 1848 Chanticleer was certainly the most brilliant performer of the season—he won ten of the fourteen races in which he was engaged, among them the Northumberland Plate, the Goodwood Stakes, for which he carried the crushing weight of 9st. 2lbs., and the Doncaster Cup in which he won an easy victory over Van Tromp. In stakes alone Chanticleer won £3,460 for his owner that year, and what amount Mr. Merry netted besides in bets will probably never be known; but when it is borne in mind that the astute Mr. F. Swindells was his commissioner, and that 7 to 1 was betted against the grey for the Northumberland Plate, 6 to 1 for the Goodwood Stakes, and 3 to 1 for the Doncaster Cup, his winnings may be safely put down at £50,000. There were, by the way, strange doings in the turf market respecting that race for the

Goodwood Stakes, Chanticleer being the target against which such heavy shots had been fired that, to quote from a writer in *Baily's Magazine*, "his winning was an extraordinary piece of luck, as for weeks before he had been 'in the dead-meat market,' although all connected with him were most sanguine, and P'Anson was in a terrible state of mind for what he could not account. But to 'Lord Frederick,' who was then Mr. Merry's commissioner, and had not at that time been raised to the Peerage, the victory has been in a great measure attributed, for by his advice the jockey was changed—whether rightfully or not we do not presume to say. However, no sooner had Marlow's name been affixed to the telegraph for Chanticleer than it seemed like the writing on the wall to the Assyrian monarch; the 'legs' fell out in groups, and he was first favourite before the weigher had completed his duties; and the result was that an ex-member of the Jockey Club, now an exile, has never since recovered the blow." In the following year, 1849, Chanticleer only won two races out of nine, and in 1850 he was put to the stud, where his success was as brilliant as it had been on the turf; among his produce being Ellermire, dam of Ellington winner of the Derby in 1856; the massive Sunbeam, winner of the St. Leger in 1858; Ellen, the dam of the celebrated Formosa, and other winners too numerous to mention.

The year 1857 saw Mr. Merry in a new light—as candidate for the Parliamentary representation of the City of Glasgow. He was, however, unsuccessful, and at the general election which followed later in the same year he was scarcely more fortunate, for although returned for the Falkirk Burghs, he was in the following July unseated on petition by his opponent, Mr. George Baird, another millionaire iron-master. Mr. Merry, however, was compensated for his political reverses by the brilliant success which attended him on the turf. He had in the year 1852 begun to turn his attention to the great two and three-year-old races, and in that year he purchased from Lord John Scott the famous Hobbie Noble, for whom he gave the then unprecedented sum of 6,500 guineas after the horse had won the New Stakes at Ascot and the July at Newmarket in a canter. Many offers had before been made to Lord John for his colt, but he had refused them all. Hearing, however, that Mr. Merry was very anxious for him, and had a great stake on for Epsom, Lord John waived his objection, but on terms which made the purchase anything but a desirable one. Hobbie was trained by Saunders at Hednesford, and was for a long while first favourite for the Derby of 1852, but within a few days of the race had to play second fiddle to Little Harry. The Derby day of that year was perhaps the wettest and the most sensational on record, for the course was fetlock deep, and the issue was consequently left in the utmost uncertainty.

Daniel O'Rourke who perfectly revelled in the mud, under the able pilotage of Frank Butler, snatched the race from Hobbie when it really appeared to be at his mercy, and in the final rush for places, Barbarian and The Chief Baron Nicholson also got before him. In 1855 Mr. Merry achieved his first success in the great "classic" three-year-old races, winning the Two Thousand with Lord of the Isles, who though he failed to win the Derby was very lucky at the stud, for having been mated with Marmalade, in his very first year he got the flying Dundee. On removing his horses from Gullane in 1852, Mr. Merry had intrusted the training of them to William Day at Woodyeates, but having come to the conclusion that it would be better to have his horses privately trained, he took Russley on lease, and installed John Prince as his major-domo. Prince continued in sole charge there till Mr. Merry, by the advice of Matthew Dawson, purchased Lord John Scott's stud of six horses in 1857, for which he gave 6,000 guineas. Matthew Dawson was then associated with Prince in the management of the Russley stables, and their combined talent rendered the yellow jacket the most popular, as well as the most formidable, on the turf. The alliance was severed in 1859, when Prince resigned his situation in consequence of some remarks by Mr. Merry on the condition of Sunbeam (who had won the St. Leger in the previous year), when she was beaten by her old opponent, Toxophilite, for the Port Stakes at Newmarket. Thenceforward till 1870, when he became a public trainer and settled at Newmarket, Mat Dawson reigned alone at Russley. His many triumphs during that decade we have not space to enumerate here, but we must content ourselves with allusion to the exploits of the mighty Thormanby, who secured for Mr. Merry his first Derby, and with whom the name of the Scottish sportsman will be for ever identified in the annals of the turf. Strange to say, it was by a mere accident that Mr. Merry secured him, for he had been hawked about as a yearling during the Doncaster week without getting a bidder, when Mr. Plummer, his breeder, in despair sent for Mat Dawson to come and look at him. The moment Mat saw him he was smitten with him, and "Put him down to Mr. Merry" was the only reply he made to Mr. Plummer, when the latter somewhat diffidently named 350 guineas as his figure. Thormanby, who was a son of Windbound out of Alice Hawthorne, and perhaps the gamest and stoutest horse ever foaled, then entered on a career which for its laboriousness has had few parallels in modern times, for he ran in fourteen races as a two-year-old, and won no fewer than nine. In his third year, by the advice of Mat Dawson, he was reserved for the great contest at Epsom. And when brought out for the Derby, the fruits of Mat's temporary seclusion from the world—for like a University man reading for honours, he had gone into the strictest retirement—were visible, for never was a horse stripped in finer condition than Thormanby. "His coat," says "Argus," "was like

a mirror, his muscle as developed as that of Heenan at the battle of Farnborough; and when he galloped past the Stand he hardly seemed to touch the ground." Small wonder then that he won almost in a canter. Never was there a more popular victory, and Mr. Merry netted £40,000 in bets besides the stakes, which amounted to £6,200. Custance rode the winner, and received £1,000 for the cool and able manner in which he steered Thormanby through a field of thirty to the goal. Thormanby's triumph was celebrated with becoming rejoicings at Russley, the poor of the parish being regaled with a dinner, and amused with rustic games; whilst every labouring man in the three adjoining villages had half-a-crown given him to drink the health of the horse and owner. In 1861 Mr. Merry was within an ace of winning the Blue Riband for the second time with Dundee, an even better horse than Thormanby; but the gallant son of Lord of the Isles went wrong in his fore legs a week before the race, and though by careful management he was brought to the post, he broke down in the last few strides, and on two legs struggled in second, a short head behind Kettledrum, the winner of the fastest Derby then recorded. Another grand horse of Mr. Merry's was Buckstone, who, though he could only get third in the Derby to Caractacus and third in the St. Leger to The Marquis, was a finer horse than either of his conquerors, as he proved indeed in the following year in his dead-heat with Tim Whiffler for the Ascot Cup, and in his sensational match against Lord Glasgow's Knowsley for 500 guineas a side, the winning of which was but an exercise canter to him. In 1864 Scottish Chief, who could only secure the barren honours of a place in the Derby, was backed for money enough to sink a ship, for indeed by that time the yellow jacket had become so popular with the public that whenever Mr. Merry had a fairly good horse in any of the weight-for-age races, they piled their money on him with almost insane infatuation, and the animal was sure to be made so hot a favourite, and backed so heavily, that it used to be said Mr. Merry's victory would break the ring; and there is no doubt that more than once his horses did carry so much money that a financial catastrophe would have followed their winning, whilst it is almost equally certain that on these occasions, in spite of all the vigilance of owner and trainer, the favourites were "got at" in some manner, notably in the case of Macgregor and Sunshine. The former, who had won the Two Thousand in 1870 in the hollowest manner ever seen, was made a tremendously hot favourite for the Derby—the hottest on record probably. All the world piled their money on him. The colt went on faultlessly, and at starting 9 to 4 was laid on him, but to the intense surprise of owner, trainer, and jockey, he could not move, and the marvellous galloper finished fourth behind the three worst horses, probably, that ever monopolized the Derby "situations." It was a 1,000 to 1 he was poisoned for the day, and the bookmakers must have won

hundreds of thousands by Kingcraft's victory. Fortunately the scoundrels were satisfied to disable and not kill the horse, for the name of Macgregor has become famous as a sire, and there are not wanting those who swear by him as a second Stockwell. Sunshine, in the same year, was reckoned as great a certainty for the Oaks as Macgregor for the Derby, but she, it was believed, was also tampered with, and could only get second. Mr. Merry's fortunes on the turf culminated in 1873, when he won the Derby with Doncaster and the Oaks and St. Leger with Marie Stuart. Satisfied with thus crowning the long list of his triumphs with three such glorious victories, and finding his health failing, Mr. Merry determined to retire from the turf, and at the close of 1875 his stud was brought to the hammer. His horses in training realized 7,360 guineas at Tattersall's, but the two "cracks," Doncaster and Marie Stuart, were sold privately, the former to Robert Peck (who had three years previously been installed as trainer at Russley), for 10,000 guineas, and the latter to Mr. W. Stirling Crawford for 3,500 guineas. A fortnight later, Doncaster was sold to the Duke of Westminster for 14,000 guineas, which still, we believe, remains the largest price ever given for a racehorse.

Four years later, on the 3rd of February, 1877, Mr. Merry died at his town house in Eaton Square, in the seventy-second year of his age. In 1859 he had been returned without a contest as member for the Falkirk Burghs, and in spite of all efforts to oust him, kept his seat till he retired, a few months only before his death. It was, however, as "the Member for Thormanby" (as Lord Beaconsfield happily christened him) that he was best known both in and out of Parliament. Mr. Merry seldom addressed the House, in which he held an independent course, giving his support to any measure which he thought beneficial, irrespective of party. With his constituents, however, he was exceedingly popular, and had such a felicitous manner of addressing them that he was always well received. The following anecdotes will serve to illustrate his popularity in the Burghs. When he had to meet a number of his constituents at Hamilton in July, 1865, he was "heckled," as the Scotch say, by some of the electors, and among the questions put to him was this:—Mr. James Strang: "What is your opinion of the Derby?" (Laughter.) Mr. Merry: "In reply to that question I can only say, that in regard to the next Derby I will do my best to carry it off, as I have done on several other occasions, for the sake of old Scotland"—(applause)—"and I trust that by doing so I shall not displease my constituents." (Loud applause and laughter.) On another occasion a terrible rumour had gone abroad among the Falkirk people, that their member had allowed one of his racehorses to run in a race on the Sabbath on the Continent, and it was solemnly determined that he should be called upon for an explanation of such godless conduct. The day arrived. The largest hall was crowded, the "meenister"

himself put the question. Mr. Merry rose to answer. "It is quite true," he said, "that having sent a horse of mine to the Continent, I did so far forget myself as to conform to the customs of the country in which I was staying, and allow him to start for an important prize on the Sabbath-day." ("Oh, oh!" and loud groans all over the place). "But, gentlemen, I must add that before I thought about the day on which the race was to be run, I had backed my horse very heavily with the French, *and I won their money and brought it back to spend in auld Scotland.*" And straightway all true Scots in that room felt their hearts touched, and waving their bonnets exultantly over their heads, the assembly joined in three cheers for the canny Member and then dispersed, singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Merry, as we have already stated, was a singularly ill-informed man on all subjects, except the breeding and running of race horses, and many stories are told of his astounding ignorance. One of the best authenticated is the following: On one occasion he was "heckled" on the hustings as to his opinions on the vexed questions of Church Rates, the Law of Hypothec and sundry other abominations in Scottish eyes. He had been previously coached by his secretary as to the answers he ought to give, and was just opening his mouth to reply when a voice exclaimed, "An' hoo about the Decalogue, mon?" For a moment Mr. Merry looked perplexed, the word was unfamiliar to him, but supposing that it must be one of the questions as to which he had been duly instructed what to say, he boldly avowed in his broad Lowland Scotch dialect, "I'm for abolishin' them a'." And the late Lord Valentia, with whom Mr. Merry was intimate in his youth, used to relate that when "the Glasgae body," as he called himself, paid his first visit to London, "no workhouse child was ever more ignorant of the world and its ways." But he must have had a rich latent vein of shrewd north-country common sense in him even then, or he would never have developed into the sagacious and successful breeder of racehorses which he afterwards became, or have attained that high position among the worthies of the turf, which his contemporaries have assigned him, and which we doubt not posterity will endorse.

ADMIRAL ROUS.

SINCE the turf first became a national institution in England, no one man has exercised over it such a commanding influence as Admiral Rous. Lord George Bentinck, indeed, was great in his way, and we have already admitted his high claims to veneration as a sincere and successful reformer of the abuses which abounded in the racing world of his day, but much as sportsmen owe to him in that respect, the feeling with which he was regarded by his contemporaries

was mainly one of admiring awe, evoked by his daring speculations, his Napoleonic *coups*, and the splendid nonchalance of his aristocratic bearing. He dazzled the world of sport but he did not rule it. Now Admiral Rous, on the other hand, though as a mere racing man he never did anything brilliant or sensational, became nevertheless emphatically the Dictator of the Turf. It may be said of him that his word was law, and that for nearly forty years his sway was as undisputed as it was autocratic. A brief sketch of his career will serve to illustrate the qualities by which he attained this high position and kept it.

Admiral the Hon. Henry James Rous was the second son of the late Earl of Stradbroke, and was born on the 23rd of January, 1795, at Henham Hall, near Southwold, in Suffolk. He was from the first intended for the navy, and after a couple of years at Dr. Burney's naval school, at Gosport, entered the service in 1808 as a midshipman on board the *Republic*, and soon after joining he saw active service in the expedition to Flushing. He was next transferred to the *Bacchante*, commanded by that splendid sailor Sir William Hoste, and speedily showed what stuff he was made of in half-a-dozen boat actions and cutting out expeditions, where his coolness and courage attracted the notice and won the admiration of his superiors in command, so that on several occasions he obtained the high honour of a special mention in despatches, besides being presented with a medal for his gallantry. In September, 1812, young Rous had a narrow escape from drowning, owing to a prize vessel of which he had been placed in command springing a leak in mid-ocean, which the crew were not strong enough to keep under. In later days he used to say that this was, with one exception, the most trying and perilous situation in which it was ever his ill-fortune to be placed. However, by pluck and perseverance he brought his prize safely to shore, and was warmly congratulated by the Admiralty on the fine seamanship he had displayed. Subsequently the subject of our sketch served as a lieutenant on board the *Meander*, *Conqueror*, *Podargus*, *Mosquito*, *Sappho* and *Hind*, until the year 1822, when he received his captaincy. He had, however, to wait three years for his ship, for it was not till 1825 that he was appointed to the command of the *Rainbow*. The frigate was told off for service on the Indian and New Holland stations, and there Captain Rous remained for four years, during which he discharged his duties faithfully and well, and acquired a high reputation for seamanship. On his return home in 1830 he retired on the half-pay list, but in 1835 he again hoisted his pennant, and went on active service afloat. It was in that year, the last of his naval career, that Captain Rous crowned his many brilliant exploits by a feat of seamanship to which our maritime annals can show few parallels. He started from Quebec for England in command of the *Pique* in the autumn of 1835. The ship was driven north by contrary winds, and at last struck upon a sunken reef off the coast of Labrador. For

eleven hours she remained fast on the rocks, and when at last she floated off, it was with the loss of her keel and "forefoot," with a sprung mainmast and foremast, and what was worst of all, with a split rudder, scarcely a quarter of it being left with which to steer the vessel. In this fearfully crippled and dilapidated state Captain Rous sailed his ship home, and reached Spithead in twenty days, having run the 1,500 miles practically without a rudder, and with a leak which made two feet of water an hour. All through that terrible voyage the captain never once lost heart or hope, and by the splendid example of his own dauntless courage and indomitable spirits, inspired the crew with resolution and energy equal to the appalling task before them. It was strange that such a notable feat of seamanship should not have elicited some generous recognition from the Admiralty. But it did not, and there can be no doubt that the coldness with which Rous was treated by the authorities at Whitehall galled his proud spirit, and led him in the following year, 1836, to retire altogether from the Navy. From that moment the turf, to which he had always been passionately attached, claimed him for its own. It was really only a return to an old love, for, as early as 1821, the Admiral had evinced his partiality for racing by starting a small stud in company with his brother, the Earl of Stradbroke. His naval duties, however, prevented him from paying much attention to sport on land till 1830, though he still owned and ran a few horses; but from that year till the death of the Duke of Bedford, in 1844, his name appears off and on in the Calendar pretty frequently. There is nothing, however, in his racing career worthy of notice. He won a fair share of small races and a good many matches, but his name is not associated with any of the great prizes of the turf. In 1838 he was elected a steward of the Jockey Club, and in 1841 was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Westminster, as representative of which constituency he sat for five years in the House of Commons. In 1846 he retired definitely from politics, and devoted himself entirely to his duties as a steward of the Jockey Club, of which body he was from the first the ruling spirit. He found the club seriously embarrassed financially, and at once applied his keen and shrewd intelligence to putting the governing body of the turf right in its exchequer. How thoroughly he succeeded in that Augean labour may be gathered from the fact that the revenue of Newmarket, which, when he first took office, was barely £3,000 per annum, had in 1875 grown to £18,000! But it is as the great handicapper that he will be best remembered, and in that capacity his labours were something stupendous. How often was he to be seen, field-glass in hand, in the early morning watching the trainers' strings at Newmarket, to see if there were any shirking of work going on with a view to tempting him into bestowing a lenient impost! With what an eagle-eye he would detect the pulling of a horse in a race with the same end in view! And though occasionally some industrious owner succeeded in hoodwinking one who, from his own

high sense of honour, could not believe a gentleman capable of stating what was untrue, yet, as a rule, all attempts to throw dust in his eyes signally failed, and his remarkable astuteness and ceaseless vigilance did much to keep within bounds the undoubted scope for dishonesty and chicanery which the system of big handicaps affords.

In the year 1865 it was proposed by some of the leading sportsmen in the racing world to present a testimonial to one who had done such signal service to the turf. Mr. J. B. Morris started a subscription book at Salisbury races, and £1,000 was subscribed in the course of a few hours, a sum which was subsequently swelled to upwards of £3,000. The acting committee of the fund were Mr. Padwick, Mr. C. Weatherby, Mr. R. Tattersall, Mr. J. Weatherby, Mr. Edmund Tattersall, Mr. H. Hill, and Mr. J. B. Morris, and they decided that the testimonial should take the form of three magnificent silver candelabra, the execution of which was entrusted to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell and C. F. Hancock, in addition to which the admiral was requested to sit for his portrait to Mr. Henry Weigall. The testimonial was to have been presented on June 4th, 1866; but in consequence of the serious illness of the popular Earl of Chesterfield, who died during Ascot week, it was postponed to June 18th (Waterloo Day), when it was presented to Admiral Rous at a dinner held in Willis's Rooms, the chair being occupied by Earl Granville, who was supported right and left by the guest of the evening and the present Duke of Beaufort. Amongst those present were many bright ornaments of the world of sport, who long preceded the gallant admiral in their passage "over to the majority," for example, the Marquis of Anglesea, the ill-fated Marquis of Hastings, the Marquis of Annesley, the Earl of Cardigan, the Earl of Lonsdale (uncle of the young nobleman whose untimely death occurred but recently), Colonel Onseley Higgins, and last, but not least, Sam Rogers and William Butler, who were so long identified with Admiral Rous in the pursuit of the sport he loved so well, and did so much to elevate. To Earl Granville was entrusted the task of making the presentation speech, a task of which he acquitted himself in his usual happy and graceful style. "At an age," said the speaker, "when most landsmen are in the nursery, the admiral was hard at work, engaged in defending the honour and the interests of his country; at one time under fire in ships, at another commanding dangerous boat expeditions, often in dire peril of his life; and never, perhaps, more so than when left, as he once was, alone, hanging on the keel of a capsized boat, five miles from shore. By his retirement from the active duties of his profession, the racing world was undoubtedly an immense gainer; but it was still a moot point whether the navy had not lost more than the turf had gained; and he (Lord Granville), as an Englishman, was not sure that Admiral Rous had not had a more distinguished career before him on sea than on land." Passing on to the great sport with which the admiral had been for so many years identified, Lord Granville proceeded to say, "There are dark spots on the sun, and racing has its dark as well as

its bright side. On the one hand, it encourages the breed of horses and supplies enjoyment for thousands of all ranks of life; but, on the other hand, there are dangers connected with it which, if permitted to go to an unseemly length, threaten the vitality and well-being of our great national sport. Among the men of wealth, character and position whose patronage has done so much for the turf in modern times, our honoured guest of this evening holds a conspicuous place. He has always done his best to repress everything of a fraudulent or dishonourable nature. He has laboured to reconcile conflicting interests; and, though he may have made mistakes, as the best and greatest of human beings are liable to do, he has enjoyed the respect and affection of every class of the racing community. And I am sure there is but one feeling among all present this evening, and, indeed, among all true sportsmen throughout Great Britain, that, if Admiral Rous should retire, he will leave a void impossible to fill."

It is needless to say that Earl Granville's eloquent words expressed the sentiments of all genuine lovers of the turf wherever the English language is spoken: and when, on Tuesday, the 19th of June, 1877, after a long and fluctuating illness, chequered with gleams of hope to the very last, the sad news spread that the Dictator of the Turf was no more, the whole sporting world felt that it had lost

"A man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Among the peculiarities of the gallant old admiral we may notice two: his aversion to betting and to tobacco. On the latter point he and his old friend, George Payne, were at one, both holding the opinion that half the ills that modern flesh is heir to may be traced to the use of "that vile and pernicious weed." As to the former, his views were of the most strongly antagonistic character. In one of his impetuous letters to the *Times* he proposed that any person winning more than £30,000 over one race should forfeit his winnings, and that any member of the Jockey Club who won more than £50,000 upon a race should be expelled from that select body. He often declared that as a turf legislator it was his chief wish to provide for the best interests of those who, as he phrased it, were "in the £10 line of business." But against those who wagered—those who, like Mr. Merry, won £70,000 upon Thormanby; or, like Sir Joseph Hawley, netted £80,000 upon Beadsman; or, like Messrs. Naylor and Chaplin, landed respectively more than £100,000 apiece upon Macaroni and Hermit—against such delinquents, as he deemed them, the admiral's indignation was boundless. "The result," says the writer of the best biographical notice of Admiral Rous that has appeared, "of this often expressed objection to heavy betting was, that when a dispute arose between a gentleman and a bookmaker it was generally conceded that the admiral, if appealed to, unconsciously gave the preference to the latter. It cannot in justice be concealed that probably, without being aware of the weakness, he was disposed to court popularity with professional members

of the betting ring. He lent a ready ear to their complaints and grievances; nor can it be denied that in more than one instance he furnished the aggrieved bookmaker, if he chanced not to wield the pen of a ready writer, with a rough copy of the letter, stating his complaint, and addressed to the admiral himself. Upon this letter, his own composition, he then proceeded, with entire and unquestioned impartiality, to pronounce judgment in writing, with the certainty, or at least the vast probability, that both letters would ultimately find their way into print."

Another modern fashion against which the admiral lifted up his voice with much bitterness was the practice of giving extravagant fees to jockeys, and making pets of these precocious manikins. He was fond of contrasting the custom of such men as Sir Charles Bunbury and the Duke of Grafton, who thought a £10 or £20 note a handsome *douceur* for winning a Derby or Two Thousand, with that now in vogue of presenting a jockey with such sums as £1,000, or even £2,000 or £3,000; and we need hardly say the contrast was greatly to the disadvantage of the present system, a point on which all sensible men will agree with him. Moreover, with all his intense love for the turf, he never demeaned himself by admitting trainers or jockeys to mingle as equals in his society, or to sit at his table; he treated them with uniform consideration and courtesy in their place, but he sternly checked the slightest attempt at presumption or familiarity on their part. And his tall, commanding figure and determined mien had a sufficiently awe-inspiring effect upon his inferiors in social *status* to prevent the most impudent from daring to take a liberty with him. The admiral was even to the last an enthusiastic lover of the now obsolete pastime of cock fighting, and probably many readers will remember his vigorous and manly defence of that sport in a letter to the *Times* in 1872. In his manner he was often brusque, and his language and bearing sometimes savoured too strongly of the quarter-deck; but it must be borne in mind that he belonged to an age of stringent discipline in the service of which he was so distinguished an ornament: it was impossible to forget the traditions under which he had been trained, and amongst them came first and foremost unquestioning obedience to your superior officer. Yet, when not thwarted, Admiral Rous was a singularly cheery and gay companion. "Vivacious in disposition, fearless and impetuous in argument, abundantly gifted with what the French call 'the courage of his opinions,' the admiral, with his never-failing health and spirits, and with an eager and intense temperament, always seemed to fill the field of vision surveyed by those who surrounded him. Both at sea and upon land he brooked no rivalry upon the throne that he regarded as his own; and it was well said of him by a public writer that when adversaries arose across his path he resembled the bull in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, and

'Monarch-like, he ranged the tented field,
And some he trampled down, and some he killed.'

MR. GEORGE PAYNE.

FIVE years ago there was probably no man on the turf so widely known or so universally popular as Mr. George Payne. He was one of the few remaining links that bound the present generation to the days of the Earl of Derby, Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Greville, Lords Strathmore, Eglinton, and Zetland, the Earls of Jersey and Egremont, and the Duke of Bedford. For upwards of fifty years he had been an *habitué* of every racecourse in England, and not even Admiral Rous was better known by sight to the public attending the meetings than the gentleman in the drab trousers, black frock coat, and checked gingham neckerchief—



MR. GEORGE PAYNE.

“the Payne tartan”—who always had a few bets on every race, however small. Born of good old Northamptonshire stock, in the year 1804, George Payne was left an orphan at the early age of six years. There is little need now to slur over or conceal the story, for all affected by it have long since passed away. The elder Mr. George Payne fell in a duel, shot by the hand of Mr. Clarke, whose sister Payne had seduced. In those evil days of the early Regency such crimes seemed to be a part of the education of a man of fashion, and all that was required of the perpetrator was that he should be prepared to brave the consequences, a fact which may, perhaps, serve to remind some of the savage denouncers of modern vices that we are, after all, not much worse than our grandfathers. The elder Payne quitted

the world in a manner quite *comme il faut*. His last night was spent at a whist party, from which he arose at five o'clock in the morning with a graceful apology for leaving, as some very important business required his attention. The important business was to meet his adversary on Wimbledon Common. They were stationed at twelve paces, and as they took their places, Payne, who was a dead shot, whispered to his second that he should not return Clarke's fire. He kept his word; but his opponent's bullet passed through his groin, and at half-past four in the afternoon he died at the "Red Lion," Putney, leaving a widow, two sons, and two daughters to mourn his death and the manner of it. The eldest son was the subject of our sketch, who thus at once inherited Sulby Abbey, with a rent roll of £13,000 a-year, increased before he came of age to £17,000, and the large sum of £300,000 in ready money, which, with his rents, gave him an income of £30,000 per annum. One of his guardians was his uncle, Mr. John Payne, a great patron of the turf, who won the Derby with Azor in 1817, and from whom probably, to a great extent, the nephew derived his ardent love for the national sport. After four years at Eton he went in due course to Christ Church, Oxford; but though the Dons of that day were particularly lenient to young men of fortune and family, the escapades of young Payne were more than even their easy-going notions of discipline could tolerate. In vain his tutor remonstrated with him and held up before his eyes the frightful example of Colonel Mellish, to whom the worthy Don declared his pupil bore a striking resemblance in many points. Payne was incorrigible; and having converted Christ Church into a hunting box, and kept a stud which enabled him to achieve no ordinary distinction in many a run from Tubney Wood and Stratton Audley, he was at last requested to withdraw from the University—a request with which he willingly complied. Mr. Payne then made his entry into the great world with every advantage that mortal man could possibly desire: a princely income, a splendid constitution—such indeed as Nature does not bestow upon one man in a million—remarkable talents, which would have fitted him to shine in the Senate or at the Bar, a fascinating address, which attracted men and women to him irresistibly, and an inexhaustible vivacity of spirits, the buoyancy of which nothing could depress. But, to use an expressive vulgarism, he "played ducks and drakes" with all these gifts. He squandered health, wealth, and happiness in gambling, and disdaining the temptations of Parliament, though often urged to stand for his native county, where he was so popular that he would have been placed at the head of the poll whenever and as often as he chose to offer himself as a candidate for election, he preferred the attractions of the turf, the chase, and the card-table. He was a most accomplished M.F.H., and when, by the universal suffrages of the sportsmen of Northamptonshire, he was elected master of the Pytchley Hounds, his tenure of office was marked by a

magnificence and splendour unsurpassed even in Lord Chesterfield's time. When he resigned the mastership, the whole of the Pytchley country united to present him with a suitable testimonial—a silver épergne, 3ft. 6in. in height, and 600 ounces in weight, with a representation at its base of Mr. Payne, as master, and the hounds running into a fox at the foot of a tree. It bore this inscription: "Presented to George Payne, Esq., of Sulby Hall, by upwards of six hundred farmers, tradesmen, and others of Northamptonshire, as a testimonial of their high esteem for him, and gratitude for his unceasing efforts to promote the manly and healthy sports of the county."

On the turf Mr. Payne was notoriously unlucky with his own horses, though he was sometimes fortunate in backing those of his friends: when he and Mr. Greville put their heads and their horses together, some very good *coups* were landed. But Mr. Payne's first confederate on the turf was Mr. Bouverie, of Delapré Abbey, near Northampton. Mr. Bouverie's colours were all black, while those of his friend were all white. It was suggested that the confederates should amalgamate their colours; they did so, and hence the famous "magpie jacket" and the pattern of Mr. Payne's life-long neckerchief, which his friends called the tartan. But, popular as those colours were, and often as they were seen at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and on every other race-course in England, not excluding the most petty and insignificant, they were never associated with any greater turf successes than the occasional winning of a good handicap. The best horse Mr. Payne ever owned was Musket, one of the horses bequeathed him by Lord Glasgow, who left him at the same time a legacy of £25,000, but Musket never carried the magpie stripes: the good son of Toxophilite always being ridden in the white and crimson, as a compliment to the memory of his former owner. His filly, Welfare, ran second in the Oaks to the celebrated Crucifix, and at one moment nearly turned her owner's hair grey, for he stood to win thousands on Lord George Bentinck's flying mare, and had but a trifle on the animal who nearly upset the good thing. His betting was of the most reckless description. He would sometimes back two dozen horses in a race for a big handicap and then miss the winner. His first "facer" was received before he was of age. As Mr. Gascoigne's—afterwards Lord Glasgow's—Jerry shot past the post for the St. Leger of 1824, Mr. Payne, who had backed Brutandorf and a colt of his own, named, Cadiz besides laying heavily against Jerry, recognised the fact that he had lost £33,000—not a bad beginning for a lad of twenty. He was already popular, and the expressions of condolence were many. They were misplaced, however; the victim said with his usual vivacity, "It is a pleasure to lose it, by Jove!" Mere verbal condolence was thus disposed of, yet consolation of a more practical kind was offered in another quarter. John Gully had won a great stake on Jerry, and his big heart expanded.

Walking up to Payne, he said, "Never mind, Mr. Payne, you can afford to wait; you will get it all back on Memnon next year." The racing neophyte was not slow to profit by the judgment of the ex-prizefighter. He backed Memnon for the St. Leger of the next year, and did get his money, or at least a very considerable part of it, back again. Twice Mr. Payne failed only by a hair's breadth, so to speak, in pulling off immense *coups*. The first was in Lord Lyon's year, when he backed Savernake, who lost the Derby only by the shortest of heads; the second was in Cremorne's year, when Pell Mell, whom Mr. Payne had backed to win many thousands, got up to the winner of the Derby, but failed by a head to get past him. In conjunction with General Peel, Mr. Payne for some years managed the Glasgow Stud at Enfield, from which paddocks in later years Sefton was turned out, over whose Derby victory in 1878, Mr. Payne won a large stake—the last race for the Blue Riband he was ever to see. But, perhaps, we may best sum up Mr. Payne's racing career in the words of an able writer in the leading organ of sport, who says:—"It was computed by an old Newmarket trainer, who knew him well, that in times anterior to the introduction of railroads, Mr. Payne had spent more money in chaises-and-four than would have sufficed, if capitalised, to yield a competency to a man of moderate desires. The amount that he expended in travelling during his long and active life must have been enormous, and many of his merriest stories and experiences were connected with the turf. He had owned racehorses almost without intermission from 1824 to 1878, and yet candour compels us to admit that he never possessed a really first-class animal. He never won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, or Two Thousand Guineas, and his solitary victory with Clementina for the One Thousand, was achieved with a filly that he bought reluctantly, at the instance of Mr. Francis Villiers, from the fifth Earl of Jersey. He was under the impression that a fine colt of his, named The Trapper, would have won the Derby, had he not hit his leg just before the race, when quoted at 8 to 1; but he was equally sanguine about Glendower, who could only get the second place in the Two Thousand Guineas. But, considering his long and multifarious experience, he was never a good judge of racing. His favourite jockey, Flatman, used to be convulsed with merriment as he narrated the conflicting opinions of Mr. Payne and Mr. Greville when they stood together, representing the winning post at the end of a trial, and could not agree as to which horse had won. He took delight in telling anecdotes, partly at his own, partly at his confederate's expense, and none of them was merrier than his account of the trial at Littleton, in which Mr. Greville's Ariosto passed successfully through a severe ordeal. "Let me give you the liver-wing, Payne," said the delighted Clerk of the Council, as they sat down in their trainer

Dilly's house to breakfast after the trial, and Mr. Greville undertook to carve the roast chicken. Their exultation was considerably abated when Ariosto ran second for the Chesterfield to Sir Joseph Hawley's Teddington, but the confederates wisely took the lesson to heart, and were among the principal winners when Teddington ran away with the Derby of 1851."

We have said that Mr. Payne was an infatuated gambler, not only on the turf but at the card-table. For upwards of fifty years he spent more nights at play than any man that ever cut a pack of cards, and one eventful incident in his card-playing experience led to a very disagreeable result. In the year 1837 occurred the celebrated trial of "Lord de Ros v. Cumming," a *cause célèbre* which convulsed "society," more than any incident of a like nature which has since happened. Lord de Ros had been a constant player, chiefly at whist and *écarte* at the West End clubs, and was so steady a winner, that in the winter of 1836, rumours began to circulate that his play was not fair. Hints were given him which he declined to take. He was closely watched on several occasions, and was detected in the act of marking the cards, and performing also the sleight-of-hand feat known as *sauter la coupe*. He had many accusers, but the chief among them were Mr. Payne, Mr. Brooke Greville, Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Cumming. Lord de Ros, who was abroad when the scandal was first set going, returned to England as soon as he heard of it, and having traced the accusations to their source, was ill-advised enough to bring an action for libel against Mr. Cumming, which was tried before Lord Denman and a special jury, on the 10th of February, 1837. The sensation produced by the trial was profound; the court was crowded with ladies and gentlemen moving in the highest circles of fashion, and the *Times* gave an actual *verbatim* report of the proceedings. A great many witnesses were put into the box, especially for the defence. Mr. Payne's evidence was very important, and, as being calculated to have a great effect on the minds of the jury in days when no second speech was allowed, he was put into the box last. All that could be elicited in favour of Mr. Cumming, and in direct proof that Lord de Ros had cheated at cards on the specific occasions named, having been got from Mr. Payne by counsel for the defence, he was cross-examined by Sir William Follett as follows:

"You have been a good deal connected with gambling transactions, have you not?"—"Yes, I have."

"Spent a great deal of money on the racecourse, and also been connected with racing proceedings, and with cards?"—"Yes, a great deal."

"Have you been in the habit of playing with Lord de Ros?"—"Yes."

"In the early part of your career, Mr. Payne, you were very unfortunate, I think?"—"Very much so."

“And lost a considerable fortune?”—“I lost a considerable sum of money, certainly.”

“You lost, I believe, the whole of your patrimony?”—“My lord, am I bound to answer that question? And yet I do not see why I should not. Yes, sir, I lost a considerable part of it.”

“You have been more fortunate since though?”—“No, my old luck has continued pretty much throughout.”

Sir John Campbell, afterwards the first Lord Campbell, one of the bitterest and most sarcastic men of his day, replied on the whole case for the plaintiff in a slashing speech, in which he spoke of “Payne, the professional gamester,” accused him of having confederated with Brooke Greville to get up this charge against Lord de Ros, and amongst other aspersions on the character of Mr. Payne, used one phrase which especially exasperated that gentleman. Sir John said that “having started as a dupe, he soon crystallized into something worse.” So angry was George Payne at the imputation conveyed by this phrase that he waited for Sir John for several afternoons in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall, with a stout horse whip in his hand, with the firm intention of giving the eminent counsel a sound trouncing. But the shrewd Scotchman got notice of the intended onslaught, and slipping out each afternoon by a back way, allowed sufficient time for Mr. Payne’s wrath to cool, when he offered an apology through the medium of Colonel Anson, who was, like Greville, a sort of general peace-maker, and Mr. Payne at once good-humouredly forgave him.

Of the card-playing stories in which Mr. Payne was conspicuous, there is no end, and we select from those given in the biographical notices of him the following:—*Ecarté* was about forty years ago the fashionable private game of the day, and many were the merry bouts thereat which Mr. Payne fought out with several distinguished adversaries. It is a tradition of Limmer’s that he and Lord Albert Denison, afterwards the first Lord Londesborough, sat up all night at the famous but now extinguished hostelry, and that when they separated in the morning, Lord Albert, having lost about £30,000, proceeded to the adjoining temple of Hymen at St. George’s, Hanover Square, to be married to his first wife, Miss Henrietta Maria Forester, the sister of Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson, and Lady Bradford. With the same antagonist, and playing the same game, Mr. Payne once set out from London in a post-chaise to pay a visit to a country house in the New Forest. They played all day, and when night fell a lamp in the roof of the chaise was lighted, and they proceeded to deal and propose without intermission. Mr. Payne was in the midst of a capital run of luck, with £100 staked on each game, when they both became aware that the chaise had stopped, and that the bewildered post-boy, who had lost his way, was tapping lustily with the butt end of his whip at the window of the post-chaise to

solicit the attention of the occupants. "What do you want?" said Mr. Payne, testily. "Please, sir, I have lost my way." "Come and tell us when you have found it," was all the rejoinder he could elicit.

During many years of his life Mr. Payne was in the habit of getting up, after two or three hours in bed, to attend to his speculations in the City. There was nothing in which he would not dabble, and he loved, in his own inimitable fashion, to tell a story at his own expense with regard to what he called a "a shot at tallow" in which he once indulged. During the Crimean war a friend advised him that tallow was sure to go up, and recommended him to buy a lot of P.Y.C., or "prime yellow candle." He was then living, as he long did, at Stevens's Hotel, in Bond Street, and acting upon his friend's advice, he went early into the City and betook himself to a broker in Mincing Lane, whose address had been furnished to him. Having given instructions that ever so many tierces of tallow should be bought for him, he added the information that his address was at Stevens's Hotel, and was asked by the clerk whether it was "for delivery?" Not understanding the question, he answered thoughtlessly in the affirmative, and forgot all about the matter until, a fortnight later, he was astonished, being at breakfast in his hotel, at having a greasy document put into his hand, with an announcement from the waiter that "the man had come with the tallow." Going to the door, he found a cart full of tallow casks standing before it, and, as far as the eye could reach, a similar string of carts behind it. "Never trust me," he exclaimed to a knot of friends whom he found at the Turf Club, "if Bond Street was not choked with tallow carts up to Oxford Street." "That," as he often said subsequently, "was my first and last transaction in tallow."

Another story which he used to tell against himself was the following. Going to Goodwood one day he was taking his ticket at the railway station, when through the crowd there was thrust a hand which tapped him on the shoulder. "Take me one, George," said a tall man, well dressed in a costume rather horsey than elegant. Mr. Payne took the ticket and handed it over to the free-and-easy speaker, who said, "Thanks George: settle at Goodwood," and disappeared in the crowd for ever and aye. Never from that moment did Mr. Payne set eyes upon that hardened welsher, and he was never tired of telling the story and of laughing over it. "You see," he used to add, exegetically, "more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. I did not know him from the dead, but thought I must have met him abroad somewhere. Clever rascal! he is welcome, I am sure, to his fraud and the proceeds."

But we must draw our sketch of George Payne to a close. On the 10th of August, 1878, he was seized with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, and during the day was conveyed to London, where he took to the bed he was fated never to leave until carried to his grave. He died on the morning of Monday,

September 2nd, at the "little flat-fronted house" in Queen Street, Mayfair, which had been so long his town residence. He was, as we have stated, an inveterate gambler—he ran through two if not three fortunes; he wasted on the turf and at the card-table abilities which might have secured him a high and honourable fame. Yet, for all that, when he died, his loss was keenly felt and sincerely deplored by thousands, from the Queen herself to the humblest Northamptonshire tradesman. And the reason is not far to seek—George Payne was a sterling English gentleman, sincere and unaffected in bearing, upright in his dealings, the soul of honour, and, as one of his oldest friends said of him years ago, beloved by men, and idolised by women, children and dogs.

GENERAL PEEL.

THE "twin services" of the Army and Navy have each given to "the sport of kings" one of its brightest ornaments. The Navy has the honour of having supplied it with him who has justly been termed the Dictator of the Turf, whilst to the Army it owes General Peel, the life-long friend and companion of George Payne and Admiral Rous, who in sagacity, shrewdness, and kindness of heart knew no superior, and who equalled his two old friends in his devotion to horse-racing and in knowledge of its intricacies. The Right Honourable Jonathan Peel was the fifth son of the first Sir Robert Peel, upon whom, in return for his steady support in the House of Commons, and for much valuable advice in connection with the management, under no ordinary circumstances, of our national finances, Mr. Pitt conferred a baronetcy in 1800. Jonathan was born on the 12th of October, 1799. His eldest brother, afterwards the great Sir Robert, was educated by his father for a political career, and the other three brothers had already embraced different professions when Jonathan joined the army as ensign in a marching regiment. He was but a boy of fifteen when he received his first commission in the memorable month of June, 1815, just three days before the battle of Waterloo. The peace that followed prevented him from seeing service, and his subsequent steps in his profession were obtained by purchase. But, in 1854, General Peel repeatedly applied to Lord Pannure for permission to join the British army before Sebastopol; his applications, however, were coldly refused, on the alleged ground of his age, though he was still a hale and vigorous man in his fifty-fifth year, far better fitted by his iron constitution for enduring the hardships of a campaign than hundreds of younger men. Few frequenters of Newmarket twenty years ago will fail to remember the General's erect figure, unprotected by even the lightest greatcoat, though the keen October blasts were sweeping across the Heath with a

cutting force that made the ulster-clad sportsman often shiver—a sufficient test of hardihood one would think—and the man who could do that at sixty-five could surely have faced with impunity even a Russian winter at fifty-five. General Peel commenced his turf career in 1821, when he was part owner of some horses with the Duke of Richmond and Lord Stradbroke, which were trained at Goodwood by Kent. In that year, as he informed Lord Rosebery's Select Horse Committee in 1873, he bred *Fille de Joie*, whilst he won three two-year-old races in 1853, and ran second for the Oaks to Lord Jersey's *Cobweb* in 1824. It was not till the year 1830, however, that General Peel's name first appeared in the Calendar, when he raced in confederacy with his relative, General Yates. Two years later he took a leading position on the turf through the victory of his horse, *Archibald*, in the Two Thousand Guineas, and his good fortune culminated with the triumph of his *Orlando* in the Derby of 1844, for which race his horse, *Ionian*, was second. That was one of the most sensational Derbys on record, and will be always associated with the exposure of as iniquitous a fraud as has ever disgraced the turf. A horse, entered on the card as "Mr. A. Wood's *Running Rein*, by the Saddler, out of *Queen Mab* by *Duncan Grey*," ridden by *Mann*, came in first; but, having been fully proved, to the satisfaction of the Jockey Club, to be four years old, was disqualified, and the race awarded to *Orlando*. Mr. Weatherby, on receiving notice that a suit had been commenced by Wood, paid the stakes into the Court of Exchequer, and Mr. Wood, the owner of the pseudo three-year-old, brought an action against General, then Colonel, Peel for recovery of the said stakes. The issue to be tried was, "whether a certain horse called *Running Rein* was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was the Saddler and dam *Queen Mab*?" The case of the plaintiff was, that his horse was three years old, and no more, and that the pedigree he gave was the true one. The defendant's case was, that the colt, *Running Rein*, which came in first for the Derby, was not what he was represented as being, but a bay-colt by *Gladiator*, dam by *Capsicum*, and bred by Sir C. Ibbotson in 1840. The cause was heard before Baron Alderson and a special jury on the 1st of July, 1844. The judge insisted on the horse being produced, but the plaintiff, on the second day of the trial, stated, that though he was most anxious to produce the horse after his lordship's observations, it was quite out of his power to do so, as the animal had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found; whereupon Baron Alderson sternly said that this was a case of horse-stealing, and that if he had the trying of it, he would certainly transport all concerned in it for life. The plaintiff's case having thus broken down, the jury found a verdict for the defendant, and *Orlando* was duly and legally declared winner of the Derby of 1844. Nor was this the only scandal connected with that memorable race. *Ratan*, the second favourite, one of the finest

horses ever seen, was "made safe" the very evening before the Derby by some cunningly-devised bolus, which effectually put him *hors de combat* for the morrow. And it was shrewdly suspected that more than one of the other competitors came under the same category as Running Rein. To Lord George Bentinck, as we have already remarked in our sketch of that nobleman, was mainly owing the dispersal of this nest of robbers; and the manner in which he wove together the web of evidence against Running Rein won the admiration even of professional lawyers. But to turn to a pleasanter aspect of this sensational race. It gave General Peel an opportunity of conspicuously displaying his high sense of honour. He had laid his friend, Lord Glasgow, £10,000 to £100 against Ionian. When he tried the latter horse in the spring, he was surprised to find that the colt was nearly as good as his stable companion, Orlando, and owner, trainer, and jockey came to the conclusion that if anything went wrong with Orlando, Ionian must win. Under these circumstances the General got his money covered at some sacrifice, and told Lord Glasgow to give his own orders to the jockey who was put up. The result proved the correctness of his judgment. The reluctance, too, exhibited by Colonel Peel to declare to win with Taffrail, when he had the Cambridgeshire of 1848 at his command, either with her or with Dacia, was a noble instance of a consideration for the public which has certainly gone out of fashion in our own times. In the Newmarket Second October Meeting of 1878 the purple jacket and orange cap, familiar on most English race-courses for nearly sixty years, was borne to victory for the last time by a colt upon which his owner, always happy in the selection of names, bestowed the appropriate designation of Peter; for, not only was a son of Hermit aptly so called, but the name had a further significance. A group of old turfites had given Lord Glasgow, General Peel's life-long friend, the *sobriquet* of Peter, and never called that touchy and eccentric old sportsman by any other name. A writer, who is well known as the most accomplished journalist on the sporting press, has left us a graphic picture of the subject of this sketch, in the palmy days of Newmarket, some five-and-twenty years ago. "In those days," he says, "a well-known group of horsemen (among whom General Peel, Admiral Rous, Lord Glasgow, Lord Exeter, Mr. Greville, and, until he gave up riding, Lord Strafford, were the most conspicuous figures) might have been seen together upon the Heath, as they watched the issue of many an exciting race. The station selected by them was the rolling swell, which runs like a wave across the famous plain—

'. . . quam Ditis nomine dicta
Fossa secat.'

In days when Newmarket was anathematised by north-country trainers, and especially by John Scott, as being unfit to train a donkey upon, General Peel elected to keep his stud there, and he

lived to see the arrival of a time when half the racehorses in England take their gallops in the neighbourhood of the little town whereat so many of his happiest hours were spent. The knoll upon which he often stood, gazing with an eye that nothing could escape upon the struggling horses as they streamed "Across the Flat," no longer affords an unbroken view of the many races which finish at the end of the Rowley Mile. A huge stand, strangely out of harmony with the traditions of Newmarket as it was when the General first knew it, now intercepts the gaze of the spectator, and excludes him from a sight of the finish. But it will be long before the memory of the conversations in which, after a great race, the General loved to indulge, will pass out of the minds of those who were privileged to hear him. It was often said by those intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Arnold, that a great general was spoilt when he took holy orders and became a schoolmaster; and in like manner an incomparable describer of races, and of their salient incidents, was lost to such fame as the pen, ably wielded, can bestow when General Peel was born to the possession of a fortune which enabled him to become the owner of Slane, Vulture, Tom, Orlando, Tadmor, and Peter."

In his youth General Peel was known as a spirited bettor; and there is a tradition that his earliest acquaintance with General Sir John Byng, father of the present Lord Strafford, was marked by an incident of a most amusing character. Sir John Byng, who was as fond of the turf as the rest of his sporting race, took his seat one day at the head of the mess as colonel of the regiment. Conversation turned upon the Doncaster St. Leger, which was close at hand; and, Sir John, being anxious to back a horse belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam, opened his negotiations by offering to take 5,000 to 100 about another horse in the same stable. From his long acquaintance with the officers of his own regiment he thought it extremely improbable that his offer would be accepted; but his consternation may be imagined, when, from the lower end of the table, a voice was heard to issue from a young officer, who belonged to another regiment, and whose presence as a guest had not been noticed by the colonel. "Done, sir," exclaimed the young stranger, "I will lay you 50 hundreds to 1." The bet was booked with a wry face by Sir John Byng; and this was the commencement of a friendship which extended through three generations.

The general had two trainers during his long career on the turf—Coope, who trained through the times of Orlando and Tadmor; and Joseph Dawson in later years, down to the time of Peter. His favourite jockeys were Arthur Pavis and Nat Flatman. Personally, General Peel was the kindest, gentlest, and most amiable of men. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1826 till 1868; and during that long period he never made an enemy. Indeed, it was said of him, at the time he was Secretary for War, that he was too amiable to make a good Cabinet Minister. He died at his beautiful

seat, Marble Hill, Twickenham, on the 13th of February, 1879, in the 80th year of his age : and we cannot more fitly close this brief sketch of his career than in the words of the writer to whom we have already referred. In her *Life of Samuel Richardson, the Author of "Clarissa Harlowe,"* Mrs. Barbauld tells us that one day, when going to Hampstead in the stage coach, she had for her companion a Frenchman, who was making an excursion to that famous suburb of London for the express purpose of seeing the house in the Flask Walk, where Clarissa Harlowe lodged. "What a compliment to the creative genius of Richardson!" exclaimed Samuel Rogers, when the story was related to him by Mrs. Barbauld. That it is the privilege of genius to

"Give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name"

has long been an accepted maxim : but the force and realistic power of imagination never received a more striking illustration than in the circumstances and surroundings of Marble Hill, the house which General Peel had inhabited for the last quarter of a century, and in which his declining years were passed. It was once the suburban villa of Mrs. Howard, afterwards the Countess of Suffolk, who was long the *chère amie* of George II. ; and in his *Heart of Midlothian*, Sir Walter Scott represents—not without an exaggeration of poetic license—that George's Queen, Caroline of Anspach, was a visitor at Lady Suffolk's villa upon the occasion when the famous Duke of Argyle and Greenwich carried Jeannie Deans into the presence of her Majesty, to plead for the life of her condemned sister, Effie. The ideal scene that ensued in the garden of Marble Hill has so passed into the domain of actual history, that the avenue of elm trees extending from the house down to the bank of the adjoining Thames has long borne the name of "Jeannie Deans's Walk." It has been curiously scrutinized by thousands of passengers, who have scanned it from the boats which wafted them to and fro upon the river, and who have forgotten that Jeannie and Effie Deans and their stiff-necked old father are merely "the shadows of a dream." But, henceforward, the avenue will be invested in the eyes of sight-seers with an increased respect, when it is remembered that in the adjoining house one of the most upright and popular sportsmen and owners of race-horses that his country has known brought his long and distinguished career to an honourable close.

THE EARL OF WILTON.

ON Monday, the 7th of March, 1882, passed away, in his eighty-second year, the last of that galaxy of sportsmen, which shed a lustre over five decades of this century, and included such names as those of Sir Tatton Sykes, Lord George Bentinck,

George Payne, General Peel, the Earl of Glasgow, and Admiral Rous. Thomas Egerton, Earl of Wilton, the same time "Admirable Crichton" of the sporting world, the best all-round sportsman that England has seen since the death of George Osbaldeston, was the last of the old school, *ultimus Romanorum*, and by his recent death was severed the final link which bound the present generation to that race of giants, of whom it may be safely predicted that we shall never see their like again. The subject of our memoir was the second son of the first Marquis of Westminster, by Eleanor Lady Egerton, only surviving daughter of the first Earl of Wilton. He was born at Millbank House, Westminster, on the 30th of December, 1799, was sent to school at Westminster, and completed his studies at Christ Church, Oxford. Whilst he was yet a boy at school, in 1814, he inherited the title and estates of his maternal grandfather. Seven years later he took the name of Egerton, in place of Grosvenor, and married Lady Mary Margaret Stanley, the only surviving child of the marriage between the twelfth Earl of Derby and Miss Farren the celebrated actress. At a very early stage of his career, Lord Wilton showed that he possessed, in no common degree, that hereditary love of racing for which the house of Grosvenor had so long been famous. Gifted by nature with a figure which enabled him to ride lighter than most of the gentlemen jockeys of that age, Lord Wilton had advantages which few of his companions in arms could be said to enjoy: he was what is technically called a natural horseman, and, having enormous practice with his father's stud, soon developed into the most accomplished and skilful gentleman jockey of his time. In 1827 Lord Wilton established, at his seat near Manchester, the Heaton Park Meeting, which was the chief arena of his exploits, and numberless were the races which he won there and at Croxton Park. "On the first institution of Heaton Park Races," says a well-known deceased sporting writer, "the crowd of visitors was so great that after three o'clock in the afternoon the gates of the park were closed, and every stratagem was adopted by the million to obtain admission. In consequence of the mischief that was thereby occasioned to the trees, an order was issued that in future no person should be admitted without a ticket, nor even then unless coming on horseback or in a carriage. The amended measure hardly answered the expectations that were formed of it, as the Manchester folks argued, with their customary acuteness, that whatever vehicle would carry was of necessity a carriage, and, therefore, that their carts were admissable. This state of things continued till 1835, when professionals were allowed to ride with the gentlemen jockeys; tickets of admission were dispensed with, and the meeting assumed larger proportions. Among those horses on which Lord Wilton then most particularly distinguished himself was Chancellor, with whom he beat Mr. Osbaldeston, on Catharina, and several others for Mr. King's Cup. With Miss

Rowe, since so well known as a brood mare, he beat Lord Eglinton's Black Diamond, and with Jagger he defeated Cardinal Puff, Potentate, Prizeflower, and seven others, for the Manchester Gold Cup. The celebrated Touchstone he rode in all his races, in which he was permitted to do so: and strange to say, that although he pulled with John Day harder than any horse he ever rode, Lord Wilton could hold him almost with a pack thread; and had he (Touchstone) not broken down just prior to the Goodwood Cup, it was the intention of his lordship to have ridden him in that race. In September, 1839, the Heaton Park Meeting was removed to Liverpool, to the great regret of the Manchester people, who regarded the anniversary as the pleasantest gathering of the year, affording them the same sport and amusement as Goodwood furnishes to the Chichester folks." Before Lord George Bentinck had set the seal of fashion upon "glorious Goodwood," and when Bibury was no longer the favourite tryst of gentlemen riders, this meeting, within Lord Wilton's park, was for a short time the best of its kind in England. "Earl Wilton," says "The Druid," "had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice at Heaton on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins. Don John came over from Doncaster to run there; Slashing Harry and Miss Rowe ran the most slashing of dead-heats; the beautiful Vanish was great in Gold Cups; and the dam of Orlando did one of those short, sharp, decisive things at which, for half-a-mile, she has, perhaps, never had a rival." It was about this time that Lord Wilton bestrode a vicious horse belonging to Lord Eglinton, called Dr. Cains, upon whom those crafty and skilful horsemen, Tommy Lye, Job Marson, and Cartwright had tried their prowess in vain. So exquisite was his lordship's manipulation of the ungenerous brute's mouth, that, when he had steered him to victory, Tom Dawson declared that there was not such another jockey in England.

Lord Wilton's career as an owner of racehorses began with his purchase from Mr. Batson of Mystic, by Hedley out of Cecilia, who won the Newmarket Stakes, and ran in the Derby of 1822. Considering the vast numbers of high-bred and carefully-selected yearlings and horses of all ages that he bought, it cannot be said that his success was great, seeing that but three really good animals ever carried his colours—to wit, Gladiator, Wenlock, and See-Saw. The first-named started but once, and then had the misfortune to encounter a mighty opponent when he ran second to Bay Middleton for the Derby of 1836. Gladiator was sold by Lord Wilton for £1,500 as a stallion, and, not turning out a success, was parted with, in 1846, to go to France, where he begat the dam of the celebrated Gladiateur, "the avenger of Waterloo." It is the blood of Gladiator which gave stoutness to Sweetmeat, his son, and to Macaroni, Cremorne, and Favonius, his grandsons.

It was six-and-thirty years before Lord Wilton's stud produced another first-class animal in Wenlock, who in 1872 won for his lordship the St. Leger, the only classic race credited to him, and the largest stake in bets he ever landed. The third of his good animals was destined to shine only in handicaps; but the style in which See-Saw won the Cambridgeshire in 1868 and the Royal Hunt Cup in 1869, stamps him beyond all question as a superior horse, and should his son, Bruce, win the Derby of 1882, the seal will be set to a more than ordinarily successful stud career.

These are the principal incidents in Lord Wilton's career as a racing man, but there are other phases of his life which are not less interesting to the sportsman, and upon which we may for a moment dwell. Four-and-forty years ago the noble earl, then in his thirty-ninth year, was thus described in the amusing "Chaunt of Achilles," written by Charles Sheridan, and supposed to give the views of the statue in Hyde Park on the persons who, during the year of Her Majesty's coronation, passed by on their way to the Row or the Drive:—

"Next, upon switch-tailed bay with wandering eye
Attenuated Wilton canters by,
His character how difficult to know!—
A compound of psalm-tunes and tally-ho;
A forward rider, half-inclined to preach,
Though less disposed to practice than to teach
An amorous lover with a saintly twist,
And now a jockey, now an organist."

These, however, by no means exhausted the category of Wilton's accomplishments, for he was, besides, an excellent surgeon and a first-rate sailor. Fanny Kemble, in her "Record of a Girlhood," gives a graphic picture of the Earl and Countess at home, when she was their guest at Heaton Park, in 1830, from which we gather that there was ground for Sheridan's satire. For example, she writes: "Our Sunday at Heaton terminated with much solemn propriety, by Lord W. reading aloud the evening prayers to the whole family, visitors, and servants assembled—a ceremony which, combined with so much of the pomps and vanities of the world, gave me a pleasant feeling towards these people who live in the midst of them without forgetting better things." And again: "Lord W., in spite of his character of a mere dissipated man of fashion, had an unusual taste for and knowledge of music, and had composed some that is not destitute of merit; he played well on the organ, and delighted in that noble instrument, a fine specimen of which adorned one of the drawing-rooms at Heaton. Moreover, he possessed an accomplishment of a very different order, a remarkable proficiency in anatomy, which he had studied very thoroughly. He had made himself enough of a practical surgeon, on the occasion of the fatal accident which befell Mr. Huskisson on the day of the opening of the railroad, to save that unfortunate gentleman from bleeding to death on the spot, by tying up the femoral artery, which had been severed." Miss Kemble witnessed the horrible

catastrophe to which she refers, and tells us that Lord Wilton himself, who was standing with Count Batthyany, talking to Mr. Huskisson, had a very narrow escape indeed of sharing the awful fate of the unhappy engineer.

As Commodore of the Royal Yacht Club, Lord Wilton was a not less conspicuous and familiar figure at Cowes than at Newmarket, and that he was no mere fair-weather sailor he proved times without number by his long cruises in the *Palatine* and other famous yachts which have carried his pennant. It has been suggested that the *sobriquet* of the "wicked earl" so incongruously applied to him derives its origin from certain scandalous traditions attaching to his famous schooner, the *Zarifa*, which had been originally a slaver, and was supposed to retain something rakish and piratical about her which she imparted to her noble owner, whom some persons persisted in regarding as a sort of corsair Don Juan when afloat in that tainted craft. But, so far as we know, there was not the slightest ground for suspecting the highly moral and decorous nobleman, who was wont to read prayers on Sunday to his assembled household, of anything in common with the character of a reckless rover, either on sea or land.

Of late years, however, it is neither with Cowes nor Newmarket that the name of the Earl of Wilton has been chiefly associated. For the latter half of his life, at any rate, the hunting field claimed his warmest affection, and his happiest hours were passed in Melton Mowbray, of which he was justly styled the king. There it was that Lord Wilton was seen at his best, and in all the three kingdoms there was no hunting-box to compare in perfect finish with Egerton Lodge. It was indeed a regal establishment, where hospitality was dispensed with princely liberality, and it was only meet that one of the best and hardest riders and most enthusiastic lovers of the chase that ever lived should breathe his last among the scenes most dear to him. Not many months before his death, when it was evident that increasing years had deprived his knees of that firm grip of the saddle for which he was once renowned, he exclaimed, while announcing his intention of spending some portion of each winter at Egerton Lodge, "At least if I can no longer ride to hounds as of yore, I can die at the place which I love best on earth." That wish was gratified, and his long life closed amid the music of hounds and horn. Few men, probably, have ever extracted so much enjoyment out of existence, at any rate in its purely material pleasures, as Thomas Egerton, second Earl of Wilton. He possessed everything that could render the world enjoyable to him: perfect health, an ample fortune, troops of friends—and we can think of no better epitaph for him than the words inscribed, with far less significance, upon the tomb of a famous English satirist:—

"Life to the last enjoyed, here Wilton lies."



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TALES
OF
THE TURF
AND
THE CHASE.

WITH TWO ILLUSTRATIONS BY RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

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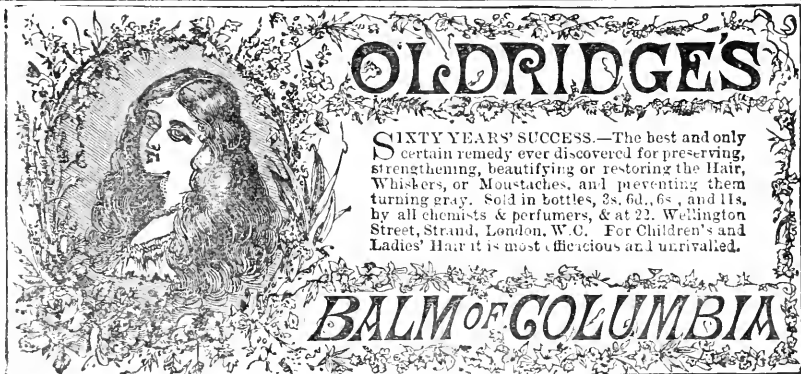
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A NEWMARKET STORY	7
THEODORE'S ST. LEGER	25
THE ROUT OF THE THIMBLE-MEN	30
THE FIRST OF THE PLUNGERS	34
A CURIOUS RACE	40
THE PARSON'S JOCKEY	44
BLIND JACK OF KNARESBOROUGH.	49
THE TOUT'S TIP	54
'THE STAR OF PICCADILLY'	58
BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.	63
THE RETURN MATCH	76
HUNTING IN THE MIDLANDS	89
INFLUENCE OF FIELD SPORTS ON CHARACTER	97
'FOR SALE—A THOROUGHBRED NAG, UNBROKEN'	106
HALF AN HOUR WITH A SPORTING PROPHECY	125

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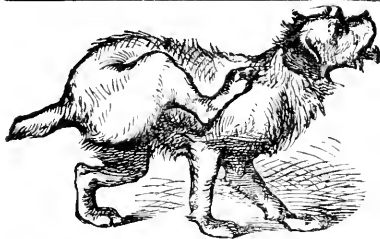
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TALES

OF

THE TURF AND THE CHASE.

A NEWMARKET STORY.

‘I TELL you I’m a ruined man, Dallas, if Satanas don’t win this race. I’ve backed the brute with every stiver I possess. If it can be done, you’re my man.’

The emphatic tones of the young man who spoke reverberated through the little passage ; the full light of a late afternoon sun streamed through the open doorway which gave admittance from the High-street of Newmarket, lighting up the clean-shaven face of ‘the knowingest jockey in England.’ It is the eve of an important race, and the ceaseless passage to and fro of footsteps on the pavement outside keeps up a running accompaniment to the conversation. In Joe Dallas’s sleepy gray eyes there lurked a suspicious gleam of amusement, almost of derision. The owner of the favourite, absorbed in the contemplation of his own shiny boots, did not see it. Joe and Jess Dallas, the Inseparable, as familiar acquaintances call the twins—Jess, Inseparable 1 ; Joe, 2—have come down from town this afternoon to their customary lodgings over a baker’s shop. Inasmuch as Jess is very much the better-half of her man, having nursed him through a puny childhood, set him on his bandy little legs in the stable during a timid boyhood, administering allopathic treatment of soothing cajoleries to his recalcitrant manhood, she deserves the priority of rank she holds amongst knowing ones. Her ability to hold the bit and bridle of a somewhat slippery jockey is published far and wide in the streets of racing

Gath. Not that Joe Dallas is not admitted to be honest when he does ride: Once in the saddle he is to be trusted to do his utmost to win, and he has never been known to pull a horse. But he has the reputation for shilly-shallying in his engagements, and a notoriety for retiring from doubtful contests at the eleventh hour. There is always some plausible reason assigned; but Joe's 'cuteness lays him open to suspicion. The *ou dit* that is not shouted on the housetops, but only whispered with bated breath within the precincts of certain stables, is that Joe Dallas has a heathenish leaning to periodical worshippings of Bacchus, and that from time to time wild fits of intemperance incapacitate him for racing. The secret stable conclave opines that Jess's constant presence guards him against sudden temptations of the enemy at critical moments. It is said that Joe has won more races than any jockey in England, and that his nest is very comfortably feathered with his gains. At any rate, Miss Jess gives herself airs, and is very high and mighty indeed with any impudent jockey or too familiar trainer who ventures to approach her with a modicum of respect. Every one knows her neat little figure by sight, for to know Joe is to know Jess. The likeness between the twin brother and sister is one of those singular resemblances we occasionally meet with. The same voices, as well as looks. The same tricks of gesture and methods of speech; for Jess is not irreproachable of mannish ways and horsey slang. The jockey's childish stature and closely-cropped head match hers exactly. Jess is certainly not a pretty girl, with her wide firmly-closed mouth and deep-set gray eyes, which flash and gleam rather more frequently than Joe's do.

Her complexion is tanned with exposure to all weather; and her nose, too broad at the nostrils, is clearly unfeminine in the strength of character it indicates. Look at her now, as she leans over the crazy little staircase of their domicile, listening intently to the conversation going on below. Her closely-fitting ulster and man-like felt hat scarcely distinguish her sex sufficiently. She still carries a small travelling-bag in one hand; for she and Joe have only just arrived. There is a strained look of attention and anxiety on her face, which even engagements for great races never bring there. She is more feminine than usual, in her eagerness. This young woman is the possessor of unrivalled *sang-froid* in professional moments of excitement. Her ungloved hands—how strong and sinewy they are for such a little body!—grasped the frail wooden balustrade with a nervous

grip, as the deep chest-voice of the gentleman below resounded through the passage. Joe answers,

‘Never you fear, sir, that Satanus won’t do the thing. May I never put leg across pigskin agen if he don’t win in a canter.’

The gloomy face of the young giant behind the door does not clear as he says emphatically,

‘There’s more than money on this race, Joe.’

The girl listening so intently above falls silently back against the wall, the bronzed hue of her face fading to an ashy gray.

‘If he takes me to hell after, he shall win the race, Mr. Ellis. Damn the brute! didn’t I ride him yesterday, and didn’t he go like blazes? Look at my hands. More than money on the race, sir! Lord love yer, Lord Castleton sha’n’t have your gal!’

The girl, leaning against the wall with closed eyelids, pants like some hunted thing. Her hands have fallen nerveless beside her, and the little bag has slipped from her grasp. Presently the front door bangs with a concussion which shakes the landing where she stands. Joe and his employer have gone off together to the stables, where the favourite is watched and guarded with the same care as a royal treasure. Jess opens her eyes and sees the sun streaming warm October rays through the window of the sitting-room behind her. The numbness of the pain passes away, and she is alive once more with throbbing pulses and acute perceptions of her own anguish. With the sudden revival of strength, with passionate haste she wrenches open her travelling-bag, and carries it into their little parlour. Jess can write a fairly-decent letter, from having been from earliest days Joe’s amanuensis and frequent prompter. On a sheet of paper drawn from her writing-case she scrawls hurriedly half-a-dozen lines. Her loose wide handwriting fills up two sides of her note. She seals it in its envelope before addressing the deed to the Hon. Rupert Ellis. With hard dry eyes she gazes at the superscription when it is finished. A despairing inability to cope with some crushing calamity seems to harden every feature into the stoniest despair. With the letter in her pocket, at last she gets up and walks out of the house and down the street.

Two hours later Jess is lolling in the armchair of the same sitting-room, with her feet on the hob, the *Sporting Times* in her hand, and a cigarette in her mouth.

Enter Joe.

‘Well, old lady, what have you been a-doin’ of since I saw you? I’ve been along o’ Rupert to see Satanus. Rupert’s in a

mighty funk about to-morrow. I never see him turn a hair afore with a bigger pot of money on. He's mostly one o' your sort—cool as a cowcumber after pickled salmon.' Joe smacks his lips over the recollection of one of his much-loved delicacies.

'It's all right, Joe, ain't it? The horse is a good one?' says Jess, with her eyes following the curling smoke which she slowly emits from her lips.

'Right enuf for me. I'm not a-goin' to say that the beast mightn't pull the arms off a piece o' putty of Fred Gannon's sort—one of your finicky, fine-mannered riders, as don't understand nout that can't be rid w' a piece o' silk. The hoss is a vicious one too. You should have seen him lash out at Rupert just now, as tricky as though he know'd he owed him summat i' the way of exercisings and railways. Lor' bless you, gal! what's come over you? You're as white as my grandmother's ghost.'

Jess uncrossed her feet slowly, and got up and peered at herself in the blurred little gilt-framed glass over the chimneypiece. She passed her hand wearily through her short brown curls, looking fixedly as she spoke at her own image.

'Not much of a show nag at any time, Joe, this beast. Not a well-bred one either: no women-folks ever to put her up to the tricks of their trade. Heavily handicapped all round. No staying power neither. Badly trained, Joe, badly trained.'

The jockey was staring at her in open-mouthed amazement. Jess shows dazzling teeth as her lips part in a cold smile on meeting his expression reflected in the mirror.

'I'm light-headed to-night, Joe. I'm not equal to travelling twenty-four hours on a stretch. I'm a-goin' to bed.'

The gibing tone in which she had jeered at herself suddenly changed to one of drowsy dulness. She lifted her two arms above her head, yawning loudly, and stretching her whole body after the fashion of mankind. The little jockey caught her round the waist as she attempted to pass him.

'My stars and garters, Jess, if you haven't been a-cryin'!

For once his sleepy eyes opened wide.

'Deuce take you, Joe; let go, I say! Right you are, old man! I've been piping a bit over "Scrutator's" tip for the Beauty Stakes. I've backed the wrong horse, it seems, and all my month's winnings are safe to go to-morrow. Queen Eleanor, they say, has no staying power. Badly trained, Joe; badly trained.'

For a few seconds Joe looked at the doorway through which

Jess had disappeared, as if incredulous of such unaccountable behaviour being a reality. Then he scratched his head, and found consolation in one of the mild cigarettes which Jess kept for him. He took up the paper she had thrown down on the hearthrug, and began slowly to spell out the predictions, chuckling frequently over the forecast of the next day's races. After a while a slipshod maidservant cautiously entered the room, and glancing suspiciously at the drawn curtains, she advanced on tip-toe towards the absorbed jockey.

'I wur told to give you this if you was alone,' said this bashful maiden, producing a dirty scrap of paper from the recesses of consolidated gown and petticoats, retiring at once in the same mysterious manner, leaving Joe to digest the communication handed to him.

'Come down to the White Hart at eight sharp. There's a party as wants partickler to have a word with you. All in the way of business straight forrard.—Yours, G. SMITH.'

Joe threw the scrap into the fender, looked at his watch, took up his hat, and departed. Anything was better than a dull evening at home, and he chuckled once more at the notion of the tips which would be demanded from his oracular lips. If Jess only had not gone to bed! But is she in her room? Why, then, is the door locked from the outside? Who was it that stole, half an hour ago, down the creaky little staircase in hooded ulster and low felt hat? Is it not Jess's face that the lamps of Newmarket's streets flash down upon as a quick decided footstep resounds on the pavement beneath the windows of a large hotel?

From this hotel there shortly saunters forth, cigar in mouth, a tall man's figure. Without a vestige of timidity the ulster advances towards this uncertain giant. In a low voice, casual enough not to arrest the wrong person, he mutters,

'Jess?'

'Yes; it is Jess.'

'Anything gone wrong with Joe?'

'No. Let us walk on. The walls of Newmarket have ears.'

'Then what the deuce do you worry a man with such urgent messages for?' He tossed his cigar away impatiently.

'I meant to hear the truth from you, and I knew that Satanus was my best bait.'

'Well, girl! what do you mean by the truth?'

She did not turn her face towards him, as in a measured voice, a voice of ominous calm, she spoke,

‘You have a big thing on to-morrow, sir? Yes, you told me *that*. You will marry Lady Laura Stewart if your horse wins the race. I think you forgot, maybe, to tell me that. Jess might spoil sport. Mr. Ellis, was that what you thought?’

Beneath a gas-lamp the man glanced uneasily at the quiet little figure which strode along, pace for pace, with him out towards the solitude of the Heath.

‘Yes, it would be easy for me to put Joe in the way of temptation even yet. I might make you the loser in that way. You would then be a beggar, and Lady Laura would get a better husband in Lord Castleton.’

The deliberate statement of possibilities made the cold sweat to stand on the young man’s brow, but he knew better than to waste words on Jess in such a mood. She went on :

‘No one else can ride Satanas to win. You know that Joe is your best chance. Shall I go home and say to him, “Joe, you will make the fortune of a blackguard who has stolen your sister’s love, and made her—— Joe, you are going to give a bride to the arms of the man who has played fast and loose with your sister Jess”? Shall I go home and do this thing, Mr. Ellis?’

She turned her face towards him for the first time, and, trying in the gloom to see his face, her voice sank into the most thrilling whisper. They stood facing each other.

‘When I was a little child, at my mother’s knee—how long ago it seems!—there was a prayer I used to say which went, “Lead us not into temptation.” Many times in my life since I have tried to bring these same words back to my lips, but they never, never came until to-night. Because of those years ago—because those words will not leave me—I have come to say good-bye to you. Joe will win the race to-morrow, and I—I—O God, have mercy on me!’

She broke off suddenly, and lifted her hands to the dim stars with a movement of uncontrollable anguish. They were standing on the border-land of the Heath now. Only the twinkling of lights from private houses and far-off gas-lamps made illumination here and there. A chill evening air blew across the grass, and fluttered the skirts of Jess’s ulster. The man drew nearer to her, stretching out a hand. With a swift movement she started aside.

‘No, no, do not touch me! Do not let me think that you

can go to her with my kisses warm upon your lips. Listen! Do you not hear the clocks striking eight? You are dressed for dinner, and the lady will be waiting.'

He made a feint of sudden recollection: 'By Jove, you are right; I must be off. The house is in the trees, just over there. Now, be a sensible girl, Jess, and let's part friends. If Satanas wins to-morrow you sha'n't have cause to regret your share in the business. We'll be meeting somewhere hereabouts in the morning. Ta-ta till then.'

He waved his hand and strode away, humming an air from *Pinafore*. Deliberately wicked, you think. O, no. Heartless? By no means. Only brought up to follow a fashionable code of morals—to believe that certain breakages are the fault of the china's frailty, which no one expects the breaker to pay for—reared in the confidence that wild oats bear no retributive seed in any futurity. A hopeful scepticism of any Nemesis distinguishes the young philosophers of the nineteenth century beyond any other age.

Jess arrives at home, creeping noiselessly up the staircase, groping in the darkness for the balustrade. She wonders vaguely why there is no light. The sitting-room door is ajar, and only the dull embers burn in the grate; the room is empty, and there is no trace of any supper. She rings the bell sharply, and hears it tinkling long and quickly in some lower back region. The slipshod handmaiden presently stumbles up the stairs.

'Why is there no lamp, and no supper?'

'Mr. Dallas he said as 'ow he wouldn't want no supper, and as that you'd a-gone to bed.'

Jess looks at the girl fiercely, but controls her voice,

'Did he say where he had gone when he went out?'

The damsel looks dubiously round the room, even casting a soliciting glance at the dirty ceiling. Jess stamps her foot; then, in sudden confusion, the girl catches the eye of the jockey's sister, and, trembling, she begins to cry.

'The man he giv me a shillin', and said as 'ow I wur to give this paper to Mr. Dallas unbeknown to the lady; and you wasn't in the room, and I give it; and he went out a-callin' to me down-stairs as he wouldn't want no supper, and he'd got the latch-key.'

She sobs, and shakes out her confession in a series of jerks,

with the uppermost skirt of her parti-coloured garments raised to her face. She does not see Jess's face as she says gently,

'You may go.'

Jess knows now that she must anticipate the worst. She does not even know where he has gone, and it would be hopeless to search the many public-houses or betting haunts of notoriety. She does not sigh or weep like any ordinary woman, but, having stirred the fire and lighted two candles on the mantelshelf, she sits down to endure another martyrdom. She has promised what she is not able to perform, and her brain is dizzy with the poignant anguish of her mind. He will think that Joe's breach of faith is of her instigation—that she has betrayed him. Her eyes travel to the clock—only a little past nine. For a whole hour she sits with fingers interlaced, staring into the fire, only the gleam of her eyes giving evidence of quickly working thoughts. Ten o'clock. She rises, blows out the candles, and softly opens the window before returning to her seat. Eleven o'clock strikes outside. Once more she moves from her seat to take up her position on the window-ledge. The deep blue vault above is spangled with myriads of golden stars, shining cold and indifferent above the sound of human voices, wailing out prayers for help, sobbing out hopeless woe.

Two or three cabs rattle recklessly down the streets, taking home gentlemen from convivial gatherings or betting-rooms and the Club. Many roughs loiter about street-corners, while the policemen pace the pavement with extra nocturnal vigilance. As the hours wear on, and Jess sits at the open window, unconscious of the chill air, each striking of the clocks appears to make a more acute vibration than the last. One o'clock. Some noisy revellers singing loudly as they pass down the street. The lights in most of the houses are extinguished now. The fire in the room has gone out, and Jess does not notice it. The gas-lamp in the street below flickers before her gaze, and strange shapes seem to hover about it. Mechanically she counts the footsteps of the policeman as he passes every now and again down the street. Two o'clock. A foot-passenger of a ruffianly order kicks his dog, which slinks behind him, and the night is momentarily hideous with the howls of the suffering brute. He stoops over it as it lies in the gutter, and Jess hears a muttered expletive as he passes on alone; her eyes rest pitifully on the dim form of the moaning dog. After a few minutes it drags

itself on to the pavement, and crawls slowly down the street. Jess knows that it is ready again to lick the foot that struck it. Three o'clock. Another cab, which moves slowly, almost cautiously. Jess's heart stands still for a moment. The vehicle stops a few yards below the baker's shop; two men get out, carrying a small burden between them. They admit themselves noiselessly with a latch-key to the private door of the house in which Jess sits. The girl has struck a light quickly, and confronts the men, candle in hand, on the staircase as they enter.

'Dead drunk, Miss Dallas; you knows his ways,' says one of the men who carries Joe, in a sort of hoarse aside.

He was a bold man to address Jess thus in her present mood.

'Curse you! Put him down instantly, and leave the house. I've a reckoning to settle with you another time; Jess Dallas never forgets.'

The men slunk away like whipped hounds, for there was something almost terrifying in the girl's aspect and voice.

There at the foot of the stairs lay the poor little jockey in the unconsciousness of complete intoxication, neither moving nor comprehending, but only breathing stertorously. Alone, unaided, step by step, Jess as gently as she could, dragged him up the short staircase. Holding him from above by the arms, and passing backwards and upwards, she succeeded, after many pauses, in reaching the landing. Panting, exhausted, she lifted him into the room and laid him on the mattress, which she dragged from the bed to the floor; then, without a glance at the pitiable figure, she locked the door from the outside, and carried the key to her own room.

When she came again into the room, soon after ten in the morning, it was with difficulty that she roused him. She held a tumbler of not very clear soda-water in her hand.

'Drink this, Joe.'

Flushed, dazed, and thankful for anything to cool his parched lips, Joe, without demur, drank the mixture to the dregs. She watched him sink back like a tired child to his pillows, and on her face there was an expression of mingled grief and high resolve, which for once almost effaced its resemblance to the purposeless, inexpressive features she looked down on. She murmured, touching his powerless hand with her own,

'Poor Joe! poor Jess!'

Then Jess locked the door once more, taking the key with her.

It is twelve o'clock, and the glorious October sun is gilding every stable cupola outside the stirring town. A heavy dew still lies on the Heath, and the morning mists yet hang thinly over the distant woods. Up and down the long street, cabs and omnibuses keep in a constant stream of life, while an uncivil humanity blocks up the pavement at central points of interest. Villanous-looking bookmakers, seedy ostlers, with a doubtful crew of indescribable ruffians, herd together outside taverns, taking their morning stimulants before trudging on to the scene of action.

Over the baker's shop Joe Dallas sits in the huge armchair near the fire. The coals are heaped half-way up the chimney, and yet he shivers in close proximity to the blaze. The morning meal remains untouched on the table. Joe is ready for the race, dressed in the yellow shirt with black-striped sleeves, which indicates him as the rider of Satan. He wears his jockey-cap well over his eyes, and his face is bound round with a black-silk handkerchief. His eyes are wild and haggard, and his face almost livid in hue. The clock on the mantelshelf tings the half-hour. Joe puts down his cigarette, and moves to the window. The flood of humanity is flowing onwards and upwards to the Heath. The loiterers are few, and strings of riders of both sexes, with many private equipages, go by. One or two familiar acquaintances glance up at the baker's windows, and nod to Joe. Another half-hour passes, and the streets are almost deserted. Policemen have leisure to chat to cooks, and maidservants cease to peer over blinds or survey the motley throng from up-stair windows. The very dogs appear to have gathered themselves together on the racecourse, and cats swagger about the streets unmolested by terrors. The whistle of a special train makes itself heard, and presently a royalty dashes up the street in a carriage and pair. On the Heath the hum and hubbub is at its height now. A small race has just come off, and lightly-clad jockeys are to be seen donning top-coats.

'Where's Joe Dallas?' inquires one of these gentlemen as he greets another.

'Ain't he in the Stand?'

'No; he ain't been seen this morning, and the crack's master have just sent down a cab for him. It looks fishy; he's always up to time if he means to ride.'

Two bystanders, to whom this conversation is audible, exchange glances of intelligence. Half-past one. Rupert Ellis

jumps himself into a cab, and is driven away post-haste to the town. The first cab sent is waiting at the baker's door, and Joe, muffled up to the ears, is just about to get into it. The owner of the favourite is relieved from a terrible dread at the sight of the jockey.

'Thought I was a-goin' to play you false, sir?' says Joe, in a harsh voice, as Rupert desires him to get into his cab.

'Damn it! if you'd a toothache like all the fires of hell you'd not be in a hurry to loaf about a paddock. I'm your man, sure enough; and we've a good half-hour to spare.'

The black-silk handkerchief which encircles Joe's face gives a tacit confirmation of the condition of his molar nerves. He holds his hand to his face frequently, as though suffering acutely. The two men are silent during the short drive. Master and man are both apparently brooding on the same absorbing thought—the day's race. It is only as they approach the Stand that a beautiful young woman—riding a showy chestnut, accompanied by a cavalier, with whom she coquets gracefully, laughing audibly from time to time at his remarks—attracts both the jockey's and his employer's attention. Mr. Ellis raises his hat, and the lady gives back a familiar little nod and a bewitching smile. Her companion scowls unpleasantly at the cab as it passes them. Joe Dallas, looking over his shoulder, sees the girl touch her lips with the tips of her fingers, and blow an airy kiss to the owner of *Satanas*. The strong whip which the jockey holds across his knees breaks like a twig in his hands with a sudden snap.

'What a rotten stick!' he mutters, glancing half-fearfully at his companion.

As the cab pulls up at the spot indicated the gentleman casually glances at his jockey's face.

'Why, man alive, what's the matter? You're as white as death. Do you funk this race?'

'You be hanged! It's this cursed toothache. For God's sake, sir, get me some brandy.'

Joe in his anguish appeared to forget his manners. There is a degree more of impudence and swagger about Joe's bearing to-day than ordinarily. As Mr. Ellis disappeared, two men, who had come suddenly round the corner, caught sight of the jockey seated in the cab. They started perceptibly, looking at one another in visible perplexity. The neat little figure huddled up in the corner of the vehicle was unmistakable.

Joe watched them as a cat watches mice, with well-feigned inattention.

‘Zounds! Joe has jockeyed us after all. Drunk as a lord at three o’clock, and riding the great race ten hours after. Do you think he shammed drunk, Smith?’

The two worthies watch the manoeuvres of their quondam friend from behind a sheltering booth, while he in his place, between half-closed eyelids, watches them. When Rupert Ellis returns with a liqueur-glass of brandy they can hear him say,

‘Against my rules, Dallas.’

They can see how Joe’s arm tosses the dram down his throat with a jerk. They watch him get out of the cab in rather a feeble way, and walk beside his companion with a slow and lingering step. Then they see him no more till he is on the favourite’s back. The trainer, who gives Joe a leg-up on to the back of the restless, wild-eyed, raw-boned fiend, well named Satanus, remarks upon the jockey’s demand to shorten the stirrups.

‘Why, Joe, it’s your usual length of leg.’

‘Would you have me risk the race for the sake of an inch of leather? Don’t I know what suits me best? S’pose my legs have shrunk up since the last time you mounted me. That’s better. Let go, the brute will bite you.’

A preliminary canter calms the excited animal sufficiently for his master to approach and give the jockey his last instructions.

‘All serene now, sir. I’m fit as a fiddler. Win the race? Of course we’ll win, if I break my neck and go to kingdom come for it.’

The master lays his hand upon the saddle while he hands Joe a new whip.

‘Remember all I told you yesterday, Joe.’

The jockey passes his hand over his eyes for a moment.

‘You means the gal, sir. Ay, ay, the stakes is high this time. I ain’t ever ridden for a woman before. She’s a clipper to look at, with plenty of breed. Them’s the sort for a gentleman. Now I’m off.’

The great brown horse, answering to its rider’s will, shoots down the Heath to the starting-post; and Rupert Ellis, watching the stride of the animal on which all his hopes are founded, forgets how strangely hoarse and unnatural Joe Dallas’s voice had sounded. The hubbub of a perpetual conflict goes on unchecked through all the preliminaries of the great race. There

is a continual Babel of voices, and a sea of grimacing, smiling, scowling humanity about the Stand and betting-ring. The riot of strife, provoked by greed, robbery, and wrong, rises and falls incessantly, till the sound goes forth, 'They're off!'

Now the throng presses forward to the barricade—now the din of voices is hushed, and betting-books have ceased to flutter leaves. Throbbing hearts send the blood impetuously up to dizzy brains, and eyes which scan the distant specks through powerful field-glasses are not able to distinguish what they look at. On and on comes the dark patch straight up the long course. No stragglers as yet. Nearer they sweep. One, two, have dropped behind. The sun shines gaily on the brighter-coloured shirts. A great chestnut with a blue jockey leads the troop, but all are well together. Rupert Ellis rides his gray hack, but carries no glasses. His keen sight picks out his own colours in the centre of the band. The chestnut's rider is urging him already. But slowly and surely Satanus creeps up to the leader's heels, though Joe is not using his whip at all. Two more well-backed horses drop behind as they draw nearer to the Stand. Rupert unconsciously grips the reins of his quiet nag, and feels his eyeballs burning with the tension of his gaze. Joe is too deliberate. He is a length behind, and Satanus pulling like mad. The blue jacket flogs the exhausted chestnut with desperate efforts. Like a flash of lightning they all go past, and Rupert for a moment sees the jockey's face turn towards the spot where he stands. Then, as if waiting for a signal, with a sudden loosening of the reins he suffers Satanus to rush in and pass the post by a length.

Joe Dallas gets quickly out of his cab and opens the door of his lodgings with his private key. Staggering up the stairs like a giddy or suddenly blinded man, he listens at his own bedroom door. Silence—complete silence. He takes the key of the room from his pocket, and enters noiselessly.

Sprawling upon tumbled pillows across a mattress on the floor, with blankets and sheets in wild confusion, lies another Joe Dallas. Another Joe opens bloodshot eyes and stares stupidly at the Joe who comes in, wearing the yellow shirt.

'What tomfoolery is this, Jess? Why did you lock me in? and what do you mean by a-putting on of my clothes? You think you can play the jockey, maybe. My watch has stopped. Is it time to rig-out for the race? Lord love ye, Jess, you've

the pluck of ten women, but you don't know what ridin' Satanans means.'

The velvet cap was thrown down now, the black-silk handkerchief impetuously torn off. The girl had two bright spots on her cheeks, and her eyes were shining with a feverish light.

'I have ridden Satanans, Joe. See here!' Out of her pocket she flung a packet of bank-notes on to the floor. 'He, your master, paid Joe Dallas these for winning the Cesarewitch.'

She leaned back against the door, breathing hard, while her eyes were fixed with a vacant stare. Joe sat up, staring at her with his wild and bloodshot eyes.

'I was on the loose, then, last night. You must have drugged me this morning, Jess. And you did it to save my name.'

There was a trace of maudlin sentiment in his tone. Jess looked at him almost contemptuously, and muttered,

'To save my own.'

Though desperately weary, and conscious of a brain quite overtaxed, Jess knew her task was not finished.

'There is something to remember yet. Let me say it quickly before it slips away. Remember, Joe, you won the race by a length, and weighed two pounds less than the last time. Now, get up, wash yourself, and dress quickly. Morris and Mr. Ellis said they would follow me at once.'

She totters to her own room, feeling with outstretched hands for the support of the wall as she moves. Mechanically she hastens to strip off the manly garb she wears, not from any womanly shame, but to preserve Joe's identity. She has only half-dressed herself in her every-day attire, when a sudden spasm of acute agony paralyses her movements. Another and another quickly successive pang of mortal pain, then a long loud scream as a fountain of blood comes bubbling from her mouth. Joe found her lying, face downwards, on the floor, with the discarded yellow shirt beneath her stained with her life's blood. When the doctor comes he can do nothing. He shakes his head outside the door, but goes away promising to bring back some restorative. Jess lies on the little iron bedstead, destitute of curtains. Through the high narrow window the slanting rays of warm autumn sunshine pour upon her face, so ghastly and rigid now. No gentle womanly hand removes the stained garments from her sight, or bathes her hands and brow. Only poor Joe hangs over her, in dishevelled attire and wild expressionless woe, unless the inarticulate sounds that issue from time to

time from his lips count as speech. By and by the rattle begins in the street once more as the current sets from the Heath. Jess knows that the day's business and pleasure have come to an end.

Presently there is a loud knock at the street door below, and a faint change of colour is perceptible on Jess's death-like face. Her eyes turn with indescribable yearning—which he does not understand—to Joe. He hears Rupert Ellis's and the trainer's voices, as they come up the stairs, and goes out to meet them. Jess's ears are strained to gather every sound through the thin partition wall.

'Hullo, Joe, what's come o' the toothache?'

'Sh—sh! Jess is very ill. Broken a blood-vessel, they say.'

There was silence for the space of a few seconds, and Jess breathed hard.

'So bad as that, Joe. Poor little woman!'

The trainer's voice was rough, but his tone was kindly. Jess waited for another voice to speak. Joe burst out with hard dry sobs,

'She's a-going to die—my little Jess to whom I owes everything since I was a little chap. I sha'n't never be no good for anything more. O Lord! O Lord!'

Some one stirred the fire hastily.

'Good God, man! I saw the girl last night—you can't mean it! Does she know you won the race? Tell her from me, Joe, that she kept her word faithfully, and I mean to keep mine. Give her this packet.'

Jess turned and moaned. If he had known the cost of keeping her word! But he never would know; and Jess pressed her hand against her side to still the throbbings which took from the short minutes left to her to live. Presently the two men went down the stairs more cautiously and silently than they ascended. Would he not pause at her door and make some sign, or speak some word of farewell? O God! how bitter it was to lie there helpless and hear his footsteps for the last time, and to know that love for her was dead, and even pity was cold! How softly Jess smiled when Joe came back to her! How unlike his her face was growing!

'Joe, stoop down and listen. Joe, this is the end of the race, I think. Never you and I neck-and-neck again. Never Jess to keep you from going on the spree. Joe, I think you won your last race to-day. O God! this pain—and to think that Jess

should live to be a roarer !' she panted out, yet smiling in her agony.

Joe sat on the bed and held her till the convulsion was passed.

'Remember, Joe; Jim Fellowes owes me a pony I won on the Beauty Stakes. Never you trust "Scrutator's" tips. Lady Eleanor came in two lengths ahead. It's always safe to back the Dul-lerton stables. They never turned out screws in my time—my time, O Lord ! my time is over ! Put your money on Trumpeter for the Derby. I see him go at the Chesterfield, and Jess knows a thing or two. Lift me—up, Joe ; I'm broken-winded now. The ground has been too heavy for a badly broken half-bred.'

With quivering lips and haggard eyes she smiled up at him as, with rough tenderness, he wiped the damp from her brow. The doctor slipped in quietly again. He poured out a draught he had brought with him, and brought it close to her lips. She shook her head, and a flicker of cynical contempt passed over her face.

'No drugs, thank you. I never shirked a settling-day yet. The book is made, and I'm no welsher to the pain. Joe—last night I thought—that I should end my days in harness—working for—other people. Joe, I am glad it is not to be. Brother, I can't see ! Carry me to the window.'

The doctor and the jockey between them lift her up and support her in a chair close to the open window. The air revives her for a moment, and the light of the sinking sun flashes a remnant of life into her glazing eyes. She—looking towards the Heath, where the roof of the Grand Stand is visible in the illumination—smiles with the smile of one who is victorious. With a supreme effort she stands up, stretching out her arms, and speaking with her old voice of clear decision,

'Rupert, Rupert, hear me ! It was Jess that did it. Badly trained, Joe—badly trained. Lead me out of temptation, O God !'

With a smile still on her lips, and the glory of triumph in her eyes, she sinks back—dead.

It is late on the evening of the same day. Rupert Ellis sits alone in his private sitting-room at the hotel, with his betting-book in his hands. A pleased smile is perceptible on his handsome face.

'Mr. Dallas to see you, sir.'

Without any word of preparation the waiter ushers in the well-known jockey, whom it is customary to treat with a certain

respect, if not courtesy. Joe, ghastly almost as the waxen face of her who lies in the little lodgings in the High-street, enters. He stands near the door.

‘Jess any better?’ says the gentleman carelessly, holding up his claret-glass to the light, and not glancing at the jockey.

‘Better? Ay, she is better.’

Something in Joe’s rasping voice causes the young man to look round. As soon as Joe meets his glance he comes slowly nearer to the table.

‘It wur Jess as rode Satanas to-day.’

The young man started, and drew his open betting-book towards him.

‘What infernal nonsense you talk, Joe! You’ve been drinking!’

A strange smile flickered over the haggard boy-like face of the jockey.

‘Not to-night, sir; not to-night, with that cold thing a-lying up-stairs with them words a-sounding in my ears.’

Rupert Ellis meets Joe’s fixed glance with increased uneasiness.

‘Sit down, Joe, and have a glass of wine. No? Here’s a mild cigar, then.’

Joe hit the table suddenly, and with force.

‘I wur brought home dead-drunk last night, and Jess, without my knowin’ nought about it, dressed in my clothes this mornin’. You knows as how she rid the race, and won it too. Ay, my Jess wur always a game one. But you, you blackguard, it wur that murdered her! I know it now, though she died so hard, and never let on about you, scoundrel that you are!’

The magnificence of such heroism as Jess’s does not strike the young man, but he is overwhelmed by the thought of such a fact becoming public. The truth of the assertion, remembering many incidents of the morning, he does not doubt. That Jess can be really dead seems incredible, and a rush of self-pity for his own misfortunes, the evil consequence dogging his success, swallows up any other thought.

‘Dead? It can’t be true!’ he says, looking up at Joe’s face, eager to discern a possible hoax.

With the same harsh rasping voice Joe goes on,

‘I found ’em, them letters o’ yourn to Jess, and I was minded to have a bit o’ revenge—to take ’em to your young woman as you’re sweet on. Ay, and I carried them then and there to the

door of the house where she's a-livin'. Does such as you believe in sperrits? Man, I tell you as surely as you live, Jess barred the door o' yon house, saying again so soft them words which wur her last—maybe you never heard them: "Lead us not into temptation," she said. It wur part o' a prayer we said when we was little uns together. Sir, I wur turned from the thought o' workin' more evil. I cannot work agen her will now, though many's the time I did it when she wur alive to cross me. Take them letters. They burns against my breast like fire. My Jess is none the less to me still because she cared for a scoundrel, and died by a-doin' of his will. But damn you, man, if ever I rides a race agen for you, and if I don't, by fair or foul means, live to see you ruined! My little Jess! my little Jess!

THEODORE'S ST. LEGER.

IF you had searched all England through on the morning of September 16, 1822, you would hardly have found a more miserable and dejected person than the little man who, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, was strolling moodily down the High-street of Doncaster. And yet all the surroundings were calculated to produce feelings the reverse of melancholy. It was the morning of the St. Leger day; the sun was shining gloriously; Doncaster was crammed with eager sportsmen, and never had there been such a brilliant gathering of rank and fashion in the old Yorkshire racing town before; for royalty itself had deigned to favour the meeting with its presence and its smiles. Nevertheless, the little man had good cause for being depressed. He was John Jackson, the famous Yorkshire jockey, and the veteran hero of no less than seven St. Legers, who, thirty years before, had won the great race for Mr. Hutchinson on Young Traveller. No jockey at that time could show anything like such a score of Leger wins as John Jackson, though he was destined to be subsequently eclipsed by Bill Scott, and he had fondly hoped that he might add another to his laurels this year on one of Mr. Gascoigne's pair, either of which he thought was good enough to win with himself in the saddle. But Mr. Petre had first call upon his services, and had commissioned him to ride Theodore—Theodore the butt of every betting-man, the laughing-stock of every stable-boy. For had not Jim Bland that very morning in the Salutation contemptuously bet 100 guineas to a shilling walking-stick against Theodore? And the bet had been booked amid roars of laughter, while 500 to 5 was the current price, and the liberal offer went begging! The thought of that 100 to a walking-stick was gall and wormwood to Jackson, and his bitter mortification was increased when he learnt that Mr. Petre himself had made over his betting-book, with a bonus, to Mr. Wyville, only too glad to rid himself of such a hopeless bargain. Unlike his famous contemporary and

fellow 'Tyke,' Ben Smith, who was never known to lose his temper but once, John Jackson was, at the best of times, disposed to be quarrelsome; and had any one run against him in his present unamiable frame of mind, he would probably have fared as badly as a certain sweep at Catterick, who had the misfortune to meet John in one of his tantrums, and received a severe milling for merely smiling at him. As the morning passed on, the veteran jockey became more and more sullen and ill-tempered, and when at last he walked to the ground with his saddle at his back and his whip in his hand he was in that state which is proverbially ascribed to a bear with a sore head. He scaled in gloomy silence, then asked if any one had seen Mr. Petre or his groom or his horse. The answer was in the negative. Then he went to the rubbing-house and repeated his inquiries. No, no one had seen anything of owner or groom or horse; but a bystander remarked,

'They say Theodore's not coming; 'tis a hundred guineas to a walking-stick against him.'

That unlucky bystander did not soon forget the look which Jackson gave him, as he ground his teeth with an oath. Surly and glum, the wretched jockey betook himself to the Town Moor, where several of the St. Leger horses were already being walked about. Casting his keen eyes round he spied a horse at the far side of the Moor, near the hedge, led by a little stable-boy alone. Could that be Theodore? He walked up and said,

'Is that Mr. Petre's horse, my lad?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then bring him here and strip him directly.'

Peeling his own overcoat, Jackson showed in the black and pink sleeves, mounted, and recrossed the Moor. As he passed through the rubbing-house gate he overheard the following dialogue between two 'swells':

'What horse is that?'

'Petre's Theodore.'

'What will you lay against him?'

'A hundred to one.'

'Done.'

'Done.'

'Will you double it?'

'No, no, I think that's plenty for once.'

Jackson's feelings, as he heard this dialogue, may be better imagined than described. He vented his rage upon Theodore,

and woke the brown horse up with a sharp application of the spur. Theodore, however, needed little waking up; he was as fresh and lively as a kitten, and strongly resented these pointed observations of Mr. Jackson. Then came the parade before the race. The favourite, Swap; Mr. Watt's Mandayne filly, Marion; and Mr. Gascoigne's Comus colt attracted most attention, whilst poor Theodore passed almost unnoticed in the crowd.

But before describing the race it will be as well just to notice the position of the favourites. Mr. Powlett's Swap was first favourite, and started at the short price of 6 to 4. About a month previously Swap had been the subject of some very mysterious operations. A gentleman whose reputation stood quite high in the sporting world received a letter by post purporting to come from Mr. Powlett, informing him that Swap had fallen lame, and commissioning him to lay against the horse at once. This he did accordingly to a considerable amount, at Tattersall's, on the 15th of August. When, however, he shortly afterwards arrived at York, he found that he had been the victim of a 'plant.' Mr. Powlett indignantly pronounced the letter to be a forgery, and Swap was at once reinstated in his position as first favourite; but the unhappy victim of the swindle was a loser to the tune of 1500*l.* At York races rumours were circulated that Swap was not a three-year-old, having been born on the 27th of December; and it was hinted that, should he be first past the post, this objection would be raised against him, and would prove fatal. Nevertheless he kept his position firmly in the market. Ajax was second favourite at 6 to 1, and Mr. Watt's Mandayne filly third favourite at 7 to 1. Theodore was at the bottom of the list; indeed he was not mentioned in the quotations, though on the previous Saturday 500 to 5 had been taken once about him. He had run well as a two-year-old; but his career as a three-year-old since the York Spring St. Leger Stakes, which he won, had been a failure, and he had been so badly beaten a few weeks before that he was considered to be quite out of the race. William Croft, in whose stable Theodore was trained, had tried the horse and found him wanting. It was decided that Theodore should not start, and that Jackson should ride the best of the stable, Mr. Gascoigne's Comus filly or colt, when a letter from a backer of Theodore, remonstrating with Mr. Petre for his intention of scratching him, made that gentleman resolve to run the horse. Speculation raged fast and furious; hundreds of thousands of pounds depended on the race;

Mr. Powlett stood to win 40,000*l.*, and his groom and jockey 10,000*l.* between them. Never had such sensational betting been known upon the Turf before, and the race was consequently looked forward to with intense excitement.

We left the competitors parading. They were twenty-three in number ; and when the starter's 'Go!' was heard they got off well together. Jackson, who always made a good start, got to the front at once. The pace was a cracker ; but still Theodore kept the lead. Jackson's surprise was great. But we shall let him describe his feelings in his own words. 'When we got to the first cross-roads,' he said afterwards, in the account he gave of the race, 'I lost all my ill-temper and mortification ; I turned my head for a moment ; a crowd of horses (twenty-two) were thundering close at my heels ; the sight was terrific ; the speed tremendous. Theodore pulled hard ; but I held him tight. "Now, my little fellow," said I to myself, "keep up this pace to the top of the hill and I don't care a straw for the whole lot." I felt as strong as a giant ; I thought my arms were made of iron ; and the blood rushed merrily through my veins, while my heart thumped at my ribs. Away we went at a rattling pace ; I was first over the hill, and was never headed in any part of the race.'

When the top of the hill was reached Jackson turned to look for Swap ; he was in the middle of the ruck, and looked as if his bolt were shot already. 'You're done,' said Jackson to himself ; 'I sha'n't be troubled with *you*.' Coming down the hill he began to ease Theodore a bit, but kept a sharp look-out for 'the harlequins and the magpies'—Mr. Watt's harlequin jacket on the Mandayne filly, Marion, and Mr. Gascoigne's white and black sleeves on the Comus filly, Violet. It was the last-named that Jackson dreaded most, for he thought she had more strength and last in her than Theodore. And now came the tug of war. Just as the T.Y.C. was passed Marion challenged Theodore, and got as far as his girths. Then Mr. Gascoigne's pair challenged right and left, passing Jackson's boots, and almost reaching Theodore's neck. Then Marion challenged again. Then Mr. Gascoigne's pair again. But Jackson's skill, judgment, and nerve were equal to the occasion. Challenge after challenge was stalled off. Theodore got terribly excited, and wanted to rush ahead ; but Jackson wisely reserved his powers, and never let him get too far in advance of his most formidable opponents. And here again we cannot do better than quote his own graphic

description: 'I could see head after head advance as far as my boots on each side; and when I encouraged Theodore forwards I could see head after head glide beautifully backwards out of my sight.' There was one more bold and desperate attempt to wrest the lead from Theodore, but it was defeated; and then Jackson said to himself, 'Now I think you're all done.' He felt that the race was his own, and his heart beat merrily at the thought. They were getting near the judge's box now, and already there rose into the air the mighty roar of a myriad voices, and 'Theodore, Theodore, Theodore!' was the cry. 'Violet's beat! Theodore wins! Bravo, Jackson! Petre, Petre!' But Violet was not beaten yet; she made a rush that brought her up to Jackson's boots. Then he lifted his arm high—down came the whip. Theodore gave a bound like a deer, and passed the post three-quarters of a length in front of the chestnut filly.

Rarely, if ever, has such a scene of excitement as then followed been witnessed on that time-honoured course. Jackson received a tremendous ovation as he returned to scale with Mr. Petre by his side, who was more amazed than any one else at the victory of his own horse, and bitterly chagrined he must have been at having actually paid Mr. Wyville a bonus to take his betting-book off his hands. Not one of the favourites was even placed; 50 to 1 had been wagered against Violet just before the start, and 90 to 1 against the Duke of Leeds' gray colt by Comus, who came in third. Swap was the object of general execration. And yet within forty-eight hours Swap completely turned the tables upon his victor; for in the Gascoigne Stakes, Theodore, with 4 to 1 on him, was beaten as easily by Swap as he had beaten Swap for the St. Leger. Of course there was a good deal of shaking of heads at Tattersall's on settling-day; and men recalled the scandals of Escape and Eleanor, and whispered darkly that all was not straight. But Mr. Powlett and Mr. Petre were well known to be men of unimpeachable honour—no one dared to accuse them openly of anything that savoured of dishonesty; and so Theodore's St. Leger to this day remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the Turf.

THE ROUT OF THE THIMBLE-MEN.

TO the present generation of race-goers the thimble-rigger is only known as an insignificant and contemptible item among the miscellaneous and motley crowd of camp-followers that dog the march of the ever-moving army of the Turf. It is only in odd holes and corners that he ventures to ply his nefarious trade, and he flies at no higher game than the simple bumpkin or the drunken sportsman of Cockaigne. But it was far otherwise fifty years ago. The thimble-riggers, or thimble-men, were the terror of the racecourse. They frequented every race-meeting of any importance in large gangs, and were as desperate a set of ruffians as could be found. Woe betide the inebriated sportsman who fell into their hands! They stripped him of everything he had, and often maltreated him as well. It was by more artful dodges, however, that they, as a rule, earned their living; and it does seem strange that the race-goers of that day should have allowed themselves to be so openly and flagrantly victimised. There was a notorious case tried in 1823, in which there was plenty of evidence produced to show that gentlemen would often stop their carriages in front of a thimble-rigger's table, get out, and lose twenty or thirty pounds in a few minutes. When people who should have known better made such fools of themselves, it was not surprising that the thimble-men were so bold and defiant, and that their impudence increased in proportion to their success. At last, however, things reached such a pass that, in the autumn of 1830, the stewards of the Doncaster Meeting resolved to put down the thimble-men with a strong hand, and, if possible, rid the northern meetings, at any rate, of the pest which had so long infested them. Accordingly the stewards and the public authorities of the borough entered into an alliance to join their forces for the suppression of the thimble-riggers. By some means or other the thimble-men became aware that mischief was brewing, and they assembled in unusual numbers. So far from being dismayed, they had the audacity to contemplate meeting

force with force ; and they were mostly ugly-looking customers ; indeed, one of the magistrates afterwards described them as ' the most formidable body of desperadoes that had ever assembled at Doncaster or any other place.' There was every prospect of a free-fight, and those who were ' in the know' anticipated some very lively proceedings.

On the Monday of the race-week some four hundred or five hundred of the thimble-men took possession of a portion of the ' Town Field,' just behind the rubbing-house, set up their tables, and assumed a very menacing attitude. The police force, though doubled, was no match for such a compact array of desperate scoundrels ; and, besides, the stewards and the borough authorities had not quite matured their plans ; so the thimble-men were left unmolested for that day. Meanwhile the magistrates, seeing that the thimble-men were bent upon offering a stubborn resistance, took fresh precautions for insuring their defeat. The police force was still further increased, and a troop of the 3d Dragoons was ordered up from Sheffield, and directed, on its arrival, to take up a concealed position near the racecourse ; the staff of the 3d West York Militia were placed under arms ; and the Doncaster troop of Yeomanry were ordered to hold themselves in immediate readiness.

On Tuesday, an hour before the races commenced, the first attack was made upon the thimble-men. Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Milton, and several neighbouring magistrates, accompanied by a strong body of their servants, mounted and armed with hunting-whips, made a raid upon the tables. Contrary to expectation, a very feeble resistance was offered ; the thimble-men were dispersed without much trouble, but no arrests were made.

Early on Wednesday morning, however, the burghers of Doncaster were roused by the tramp of marching men, and, on looking out, the thimble-men, to the number of some six hundred, were seen parading the streets. They had learned over-night that troops had been sent for to disperse them, and they were intensely exasperated. It was clear that their blood was up, that they meant fighting, and that the stewards and the magistrates would find it no child's play to drive them from the course. Before noon the thimble-men had occupied their old position on the Town Field ; moreover, they had fastened and barricaded the field-gate adjoining the rubbing-house, and collected formidable heaps of stones to serve as missiles against their assailants. Public feeling was roused to an intense pitch of excite-

ment by these deliberate preparations for battle on the part of the thimble-men. The races, the favourites, the state of the odds, all were for the moment forgotten in the stirring prospects of a *mêlée* on quite a large scale. The mayor, the magistrates, and the stewards met in solemn conclave to decide upon their operations. The thimble-men were known to be reckless, revengeful, and desperate, and it was, therefore, necessary to exercise caution as well as courage in attacking them. It was resolved not to call out the Dragoons or Yeomanry unless it was absolutely necessary to do so. The mayor marshalled the police, one hundred strong; the stewards—Lord Wharncliffe, Lord Milton, Lord Downe, the Hon. W. Duncombe, M.P., Mr. George Savile Foljambe, Mr. Beckett Denison (afterwards Chairman of the Great Northern Railway)—supported by several of the neighbouring gentry, headed their own mounted servants, sixty in number, and the combined forces, horse and foot, advanced upon the field-gate. They found it strongly barricaded, and behind the barricades they could see the big heaps of stones, and the thimble-men arming themselves with the legs of their tables, very handy and effective weapons in a hand-to-hand fight. Howls and hoots and yells began to fill the air. The spectators, who clustered in thousands upon the grand stand and every available ‘coign of vantage,’ began to get a little nervous, ladies shrieked and fainted, and a very serious riot seemed impending. The leaders of the attacking forces consulted together, and it was resolved to try to effect an entrance to the Town Field by a smaller opening opposite the back of the grand stand. Simultaneously with this strategic movement the police made a determined assault upon the field-gate. The stones flew fast and thick; the yells and oaths of the thimble-men were awful to hear. But while they were engaged in front a party of the mounted men took them in the rear. The barricade was broken down. There was a hot fight for a few minutes, sticks and stones were flying in all directions, but a well-timed charge of the mounted men settled the business. The thimble-men broke and fled. Several of the ringleaders were captured on the spot; the rest made for the open country. And then came the amusing part of the scene. The mounted men gave chase after the nimble fugitives. Lord Milton and the grooms from Wentworth were conspicuous in the pursuit. They kept well together, took the fences in splendid style, and brought their game to hand in most sportsmanlike fashion. The

enclosures and gardens behind the Deaf and Dumb Institution afforded good covert to the hunted thimble-men, but they were hustled out in fine style; in vain they doubled and dodged, hid in ditches and crawled through fences. No fence or ditch could stop the gallant sportsmen who were chasing them. By this time, too, the spectators, finding that the thimble-riggers were getting the worst of it, and that there was not much chance of hurting their own skins, joined in the fun, and helped to catch the flying thieves. Such a scene of excitement and diversion was never witnessed on any racecourse before or since. Finally, when the victors gathered to count up the spoils, they found that they had taken some hundred and fifty prisoners. The big caravan was chartered, and the captives were sent off in relays under strong escort to the borough gaol. They were brought up two days later before the magistrates, and every mother's son of them was committed to Wakefield House of Correction for a more or less lengthy term of hard labour.

Such was the rout of the thimble-men, a feature in the Doncaster Meeting of 1830, which for a long while afterwards formed a leading topic of conversation in sporting circles. The thimble-men never held up their heads after it. Their ring was completely broken. Isolated gangs, indeed, continued for some time to prowl about the southern racecourses; but, as a regular organisation of resolute and audacious villany, they were crushed out. An intolerable public nuisance was thus put an end to in a manner which reflected the highest credit on all concerned in its abolition. If every Turf abuse were dealt with as promptly and resolutely, the true lovers of the great national sport would have less cause to grumble than they have.

THE FIRST OF THE PLUNGERS.

THERE was unusual excitement among Turfites at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1789, for it had become generally known that a young nobleman of large fortune would then make his *début* upon the Turf, and it was expected to be a *début* of extraordinary splendour. Already the name of Richard, Earl of Barrymore, Viscount Buttevant and Baron Barry, had acquired some notoriety. His Eton contemporaries told how he had made his first appearance at that famous school with a *thousand pounds* in his pocket—the gift of his doating grandmother. They told, too, of his adventurous exploits: how he and a schoolfellow went the round of the inns at Windsor and the neighbourhood one dark night—having escaped from tutorial supervision—and changed all the signboards, and how it took weeks to rectify the result of the mischievous prank. A host of other stories of the wildness and extravagance of the young Earl were rife, and the hearts of the sharpers and blacklegs of London were jubilant at the prospect of plucking so promising a pigeon. At the time he made his first appearance in the *Racing Calendar* Lord Barrymore was but nineteen years of age. He had a rent-roll of 12,000*l.* a year, and a large sum in ready cash awaiting his majority. His estate at Wargrave, in Berkshire, was one of the finest in England, and there was not a young nobleman or commoner in the kingdom with more brilliant prospects. Nor was he without the gifts of mind and body to enable him to thoroughly enjoy his magnificent patrimony. He was witty and accomplished, he had an excellent memory, considerable oratorical powers, and remarkable facility in writing both prose and verse. His physical gifts were equally striking. He was six feet two inches in height, large framed, but thin, and wonderfully active. As a jockey he had no superior among the gentlemen of England, and his knowledge of horseflesh was, for one so young, surprising. It was only natural, then, that with such tastes and proclivities Lord Barrymore should be attracted to the Turf. And he was determined to cut a big figure there.

In the spring of 1789, when his lordship burst upon Newmarket in his glory, he had twenty horses in training, with ninety-six engagements. Most of these engagements were matches for sums ranging from five hundred to two thousand guineas. It would be of no interest to follow him through his Turf engagements; suffice it to say that at the end of the first year of his racing career he found that in matches and stakes he had lost some 7000*l.*, that his trainer's bill came to 3000*l.*, and that his betting-book showed a balance on the wrong side of rather more than 10,000 guineas. It must be admitted that this was a very creditable exhibition of plunging for a novice of nineteen. The next year Lord Barrymore increased his stud to thirty-five, with a hundred and sixty engagements. He was determined to have good horses at any price, and he did contrive to get three of the good ones, viz. Seagull and Chanticleer, for which two he gave 4000 guineas, and Rockingham, one of the best horses of his day, whom he purchased for 3000 guineas, sums hitherto unheard of on the Turf. Nevertheless, at the end of that year, too, he found himself out of pocket in stakes and training expenses alone to the tune of 8000 guineas, to say nothing of bets to the extent of probably twice as much.

The year 1791 saw Lord Barrymore at the zenith of his career as a plunger. He had indeed reduced his stud to twenty-four horses, but he plunged wildly on Rockingham, Seagull, and Chanticleer. At the Ascot Meeting—one of the most memorable, by the way, on record—Lord Barrymore prepared two banquets for the Prince of Wales, which cost 1700 guineas; yet the Prince was present at neither of them, and only three guests sat down to each of these sumptuous feasts. It was in that year that the Oatland Stakes were run for the last time at Ascot, and the excitement over the race was stupendous. The Oatland Stakes were then one of the most valuable and important prizes on the Turf. Their net value in the year of which we speak was nearly 3000 guineas, and no less than nineteen horses came to the post. For some time previously the race had been the principal topic of conversation and speculation among sporting men. The betting was fast and furious. Lord Barrymore's Chanticleer was first favourite at 9 to 2, and his lordship backed the horse to a very large amount. The Prince of Wales had his two famous horses *Escape* and *Baronet* entered, but neither was thought good enough to beat Chanticleer. The public took an immense interest in the race, which a contemporary sporting journal

described as 'the greatest ever decided in England.' Upwards of 40,000 persons assembled on the course, which was so inconveniently crowded that it was alleged that the pressure of the throng seriously interfered with the race; and it was for that reason that the Oatland Stakes were the next year removed to Newmarket, where, as there were no railways and only inferior coaching service in those days, the company was always more select than numerous. The race for the Stakes was a splendid one. The authority which we have already quoted says that you might have almost covered the first four horses with a blanket. The favourite, however, was beaten, the Prince of Wales's Baronet being first, and Chanticleer third, with Escape fourth, not a neck from Lord Barrymore's horse. Two hundred and fifty thousand guineas are said to have changed hands on the result, and Lord Barrymore himself lost nearly 20,000*l.* So severely was the young plunger hit that year that the next season saw his stud reduced to thirteen, with forty-one engagements. For the first time in his racing career he was able at the close of the year to show a balance in his favour of some ten thousand. But what he did win on the Turf he lost at play. In a single evening he lost 2800 guineas to the Duke of Bedford at 'all fours,' and his reckless betting at whist excited a sort of contemptuous wonder on the part of the great players who formed the objects of his speculation.

We have spoken above of Lord Barrymore's aptitude for writing verses. As an illustration we may give the following anecdote: At the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1791, Lord Barrymore matched the horse of a third party against a favourite horse of the Duke of Bedford's for 500 guineas. The articles were drawn up and signed, but unfortunately Lord Barrymore had made too sure of obtaining the consent of the third party; for the latter, after the match had been made, declined to let his horse run, on the ground that he had not been consulted before the terms of the match had been agreed to. As it was a P.P. match there was nothing for it but to pay forfeit, which Lord Barrymore accordingly prepared to do. But the Duke of Bedford good-humouredly proposed to let Lord Barrymore off the bet on condition that his lordship should compose a song upon the unaccommodating third party, the first letter of each line to be one of the letters in the name of the person in question, and the initial letters of the lines of the song, when read downwards, to form the name of the said party and

that of his town residence. Lord Barrymore accepted the proposal; the song was finished that evening, and sang amid tremendous applause to the members of the Jockey Club. And here it will be as well to wind up our sketch of his career on the Turf. In 1792 he sold Chanticleer to the Duke of York for 2700 guineas; and, at the close of that year, made such very material reductions in his stud as to show his intention of speedily retiring altogether from the fascinating sport, over which in four years he had lost no less than 100,000*l.* There can be little doubt that he was cheated both by his trainer and his jockeys, all of whom were in collusion with blacklegs and sharpers. And in those days it must be remembered that blacklegs and sharpers were to be found in the very highest circles—indeed, even among the members of the Jockey Club itself! Honesty was the exception, not the rule; and it was generally found in company with the simplicity and imbecility of the pigeon. Lord Barrymore himself, prey though he was to the sharpers, was not considered a sportsman of immaculate honesty, for plunging is not necessarily a proof of probity. He was at any rate suspected of sharp practice at play, and is said to have won a large sum from Charles James Fox, owing to the latter wearing big buttons of polished steel, which reflected his cards and enabled his opponent to forestall his game. It is only justice to Lord Barrymore, however, to add that he and Charles James Fox were considered the two best and fairest handicappers of their time, and there were few, if any, complaints against their adjustment of weights.

The decline of Lord Barrymore's interest in the Turf was, however, to be traced to other causes than his losses. He had from the first a passion for theatricals, and in 1790 he built a private theatre at Wargrave, which cost 60,000*l.*, and was probably the finest theatre ever seen in England. He spent upwards of 3000*l.* on the wardrobe, and had a regular company of professionals from London staying in the house for two-thirds of the year. These professionals were not the most reputable of their calling, and the orgies at Wargrave became such a scandal in the neighbourhood that, when Lord Barrymore was steward of the Reading Races, all the magnates of the county withdrew their support. The course was almost deserted, and Lord Barrymore had to run his own and his friends' horses for prizes given by himself! He was at this time, too, a great patron of the Ring. No less than six prizefighters were staying at Wargrave at the

same time ; and, in fact, his lordship seldom appeared in public unaccompanied by a comedian and a bruiser. The well-known Hooper ('The Tinman'), a conspicuous ornament of the P.R. in those days, was Lord Barrymore's inseparable companion, and was instrumental in getting up some very pretty mills in Wargrave Park. His lordship was himself one of the best amateur boxers in England, and he was fond of exercising his fistic powers. The wagoners on the Bath-road supplied him with numberless opponents on whom to display his athletic prowess ; for, like many of this class nowadays, they were lazy surly louts, who let their horses wander at their own sweet will about the road, obstructing the free passage of his lordship's phaeton, and, when remonstrated with, indulged in the foulest language. Lord Barrymore never allowed an insult of this sort to pass unpunished ; he would pull up his horses, jump from his box, fling off his coat, and challenge his insulter to fight it out like an Englishman. The result, of course, was almost invariably in favour of the cool and skilful boxer ; and when the wagoner had received what his lordship considered sufficient punishment, the victor magnanimously handed him a guinea, and bade him improve his manners for the future. On two occasions, however, the bruising Earl caught a tartar. Once the wagoner proved to be a sturdy West countryman, who closed with his lordship, and threw him so heavily on the hard high-road that he could not come up to time ; on the other occasion the yokel turned out to be a provincial pug of no mean pretensions, who gave his noble antagonist something uncommonly like a hiding. But in each case Lord Barrymore bore his defeat like a man, shook hands with his conqueror, and doubled the usual guinea fee.

Not content with racing, theatricals, and pugilism, Lord Barrymore must needs aspire to be a master of hounds. He started a pack of staghounds, and his advertisement for deer to hunt with them was a signal for the dealers in such commodities to foist upon him all the halt, lame, and blind creatures they had on their hands. His hunting retinue, indeed, was gorgeous. There were four real African negroes, in magnificent dresses of scarlet and silver lace, who made the woods resound with the blast of their French horns. There was no end of liveried servants, huntsmen, whips, and grooms. The hounds were good enough, but there was never anything to hunt. The deer would not, or could not, run ; and the whole thing was a burlesque which irritated genuine sportsmen beyond measure.

After losing a good many thousand pounds over his hunting establishment, Lord Barrymore concluded that hunting, as Artemus Ward says, 'was not his fort.'

The commencement of the year 1793 saw our noble plunger sadly crippled in his resources. He had pulled down his splendid theatre at Wargrave, which cost 60,000*l.*, and had sold the materials by auction for less than a tenth of that sum. He had reduced his racing stud to the modest dimensions of five horses in training. His estate was in the hands of a commissioner, who allowed him 2500*l.* a year out of the rents, the rest being sequestrated for the benefit of his creditors. By his choice of low companions he had alienated from himself all his aristocratic friends, and his highest enjoyment was boozing in rustic taverns with second-rate bruisers and fifth-rate actors. The Right Honourable Richard Earl of Barrymore, the quondam boon companion of princes, was now content to be chairman of a rustic Bacchanalian club at Wokingham; the honourable member of Parliament for Heytesbury had descended to the presidency of a sixpenny debating society at Reading. To what further depths he might have sunk Heaven only knows, had not his career come to an abrupt and tragical conclusion. In the month of March 1793, he was with his regiment (the Berkshire Militia) at Rye. By his own request he was placed in command of the guard appointed to escort a party of French prisoners of war to Deal. His lordship accompanied the escort in his curricule, and amused himself by shooting rabbits and seagulls on the way. At the first inn outside Folkestone the party stopped for refreshment. The landlady was a young woman of considerable personal attractions, and Lord Barrymore stayed behind to pay her some gallant attentions. When he mounted his curricule to drive away, he handed his fowling-piece to his servant. The clumsy fellow contrived somehow to fire the gun off, and the contents lodged in Lord Barrymore's brain. His lordship fell from the box, and never spoke again. Such was the end of the first of the plungers. He was only in his twenty-fourth year when he met with his sudden death. In less than five years he had squandered 300,000*l.*, and left a fine estate mortgaged to the hilt. There have been many like him since; but of all the race of plungers, of whom he was the first, none has had a career so short or an end so tragical.

A CURIOUS RACE.

No one, probably, who has ever looked at the placid, heavy, unexpressive features of Queen Anne, as they are preserved to us in her portraits, would ever credit her with sporting tastes. Nor have any of her historians, so far as we know, ever said anything to suggest her indulgence in such tastes. They have represented her to us as a devout, chaste, and formal personage—a prude, in short, of the first water. Lord Chesterfield complained bitterly of the decorous dulness of her Court. Her Drawing-rooms, he said, had more the air of solemn places of worship than the gaiety of a Court.

‘If a fine man and a fine woman were well enough disposed to wish for a private meeting, the execution of their good intentions was difficult and dangerous. The preliminaries could only be settled by the hazardous expedient of letters; and the only places almost for the conclusion and ratification of the definitive treaty were the Indian houses in the City, where the good woman of the house, from good nature and perhaps some little motive of interest, let out her back-rooms for momentary lodgings to distressed lovers.’

But for all the privacy with which she surrounded herself, Queen Anne was a keen sportswoman. She hunted regularly until her persistent habit of over-eating herself made her too fat to take such active exercise. It was, however, as a patroness of the Turf that she most deserves the respect of sportsmen. It was she who first started the Royal Gold Cups in the north, and not only did she give these cups, but she was very eager as a runner of her own horses on the Turf. She used almost invariably to enter her own horses for her own 100-guinea Gold Cups, for six-year-olds, carrying 12st.—four-mile heats. She was not, however, very fortunate. She had a pretty good horse in her gray gelding Pepper, who was placed for the York Gold Cup in 1712, and her gray horse Mustard (she had a fancy for grays) ran well there in 1713; but neither was good enough to win her a

Gold Cup. She was destined, however, at last to win a triumph at York, though it was a triumph of which she was never conscious.

The York Summer Meeting of 1714 commenced in the last week of July, and it was a memorable meeting in more ways than one. In the first place there was the largest attendance ever known. Old sportsmen had never seen any northern meeting patronised by such a number of the nobility and gentry. An eye-witness says 'there were no less than one hundred and fifty-six carriages at one time upon the course.'

The meeting opened sensationally. Her Majesty's Gold Cup was the great feature of the first day's racing. The race, as we have said, was for six-year-olds, carrying 12 st., and it was run in four-mile heats. In the third heat Mr. Childers's brown mare Duchess, ridden by Robert Hesselteine, ran a very severe and punishing race with Mr. Peirson's brown horse Foxhunter, ridden by Stephen Jefferson. Those were days when jockeys openly indulged in the foulest riding, and thought jostling and cannoning part of the legitimate canon. It was no uncommon occurrence for a couple of jockeys to lay into one another with their whips in the middle of the race, and finish the fight on horseback when they had passed the judge's box. On this occasion Robert Hesselteine made Duchess run Foxhunter so near the cords that his jockey was obliged to whip over the horse's shoulder. Duchess was thus enabled to gain the judge's fiat by a length. But no sooner had Hesselteine pulled up than Jefferson rode alongside of him and struck him across the face with his whip. Hesselteine returned the compliment, and they cut away at one another amidst the cheers of the bystanders till the blood was streaming down their faces, and dyeing their jackets and breeches crimson. When both were exhausted, the owner of Foxhunter claimed the race on the ground that his horse had been deliberately run up against the cords by Duchess's jockey. A committee of 'Tryers' was empanelled to consider the objection, and after mature deliberation they awarded the race to Foxhunter. Then there was a row between the two owners, and hard words were exchanged, which must have infallibly ended in a duel had not the friends of both parties interfered and suggested that the heat should be run again. It was run, and Duchess won by a clear length. But so far was this result from satisfying either owner that both claimed the prize—the owner of Duchess on the ground that his mare had won the decisive

heat; the owner of Foxhunter on the ground that Duchess, having been once disqualified by the 'Tryers,' was not entitled to run again. There were mutual charges of foul riding and foul play, and a challenge passed between the owners of the two horses, while the two jockeys had another set-to, this time on foot, which ended in the discomfiture of Hesselteine.

The end of it was that there was a law suit, and all bets were withdrawn, the cup meanwhile being invested in trust with Mr. Redman, Lord Mayor of York. The decision of the Court was a curious one. It was that all horses that had been placed in the different heats had an equal right to the prize, which must therefore be divided between them. Three of the owners sold their shares for twenty-five guineas each, and they were bought respectively by the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Carlisle, and Sir William Lowther, who agreed among themselves that the cup should be run for at the York Summer Meeting of 1719, which it accordingly was, and was won by the Earl of Carlisle's chestnut gelding Buckhunter. The decision of the Court, by the way, was founded on these grounds. It was proved that the jockeys both of Duchess and Foxhunter had been guilty of foul riding, and that, therefore, the other two horses who ran third and fourth should have been awarded the heat. As they did not make the claim at the time, however, the Court decided that the third heat was null and void, and consequently, as only two heats had been run, the prize must be divided among the four horses which were placed in those two heats. We have been unable to find whether this remarkable decision was ever appealed to as a precedent.

But to return to the meeting of 1714. Such were the incidents of the first day. On the second day Queen Anne scored her first victory at York with her brown horse Star (afterwards Jacob). It was a very popular win, and numerous congratulations were sent by express to her Majesty; but they arrived too late. On the very morning on which Star won her her first great victory on the Turf (Friday, July 30), the Queen was seized with apoplexy. She remained in a state of unconsciousness till seven A.M. on Sunday, August 1, when she died. An express was despatched at once from London to York; for among the sportsmen there were many distinguished nobility and gentry who must be seriously affected by her death. After thirty-two hours' hard riding the express reached York about three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, August 2, just after the first race had been

run. At the news of her Majesty's death the sports were at once abandoned. The nobility and gentry left the course, and attended the Lord Mayor of York and Archbishop Dane, who proclaimed his Majesty King George I. After this ceremony was over most of the nobility set off for London. It was, as we have said, a serious event to most of them, for they knew how keenly the Jacobites had been plotting, and there could be little doubt that before many weeks had passed they would have to be defending their new king and their own estates and heads from a Jacobite invasion. Never, therefore, we may be sure, was a race-meeting broken up under more momentous and agitating circumstances than the York Summer Meeting of 1714.

But there was one other noteworthy incident about that York meeting which deserves to be chronicled. Though the noble sportsmen were probably not aware of it, there was 'a chiel among them takin' notes'—and 'faith he printed them.' This is his description of what he saw among the nobility and gentry at York races: 'They were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wages and bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-courers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible, and that with so much eagerness as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.' Let us hope the expression 'picking one another's pockets' is only to be understood as a figure of speech; but in any case, that picture of the aristocratic sportsmen of 1714 is not a very creditable one, and does not say much for the morals of the Turf when George I. was king. And yet there are people who would have us believe that the said morals of the Turf have deteriorated—to which we answer 'Bosh!'

THE PARSON'S JOCKEY.

HE was not much like a jockey when I first made his acquaintance. As lean as a rake, his skin puckered and wrinkled and dried, till it was like shrivelled parchment, and with one of the most painfully solemn faces I ever saw, he had yet an air of portentous dignity about him which inspired all his neighbours with respectful awe. He was invariably spoken of as *Mister* Miller, while the Reverend Canon Grose-Smith, his master, was familiarly known and talked of as 'Grose-Smith,' or 'Old Grose-Smith.' He occupied the proud position of coachman and bailiff to that eminent dignitary. And when mounted on the box in sable livery, driving at funeral pace the Canon's two sleek and lazy bays, he looked quite as much a pillar of the Church as his master. He was a rigid teetotaller and vegetarian; defects in his character which were partially redeemed by his inordinate passion for tobacco, of which he consumed something like two ounces per diem, and that of the strongest too. Who would have dreamt that there was ever a time when this sober, dignified, and solemn gentleman was known as a rollicking young spark, as Bob, 'Mad Bob,' Miller? But it was so, and this is how I came to know it.

There was only one man breathing who had the assurance to call him 'Bob' at the time when I knew him, and that was his old 'pal,' Sergeant Wicketts, and even in his mouth the abbreviation sounded shockingly irreverent. The sergeant was an old dragoon who had served in the Peninsular War. He had ridden through a cavalry charge at the battle of Toulouse with his right arm dislocated and his sword hanging by the sword-knot from his wrist. He had rashly, as he explained to me, given the first Frenchman he encountered 'the point,' and being unable to extricate his weapon from the body of his enemy with sufficient quickness, as his horse pressed on, his arm was dislocated, and he rode defenceless through the charge, but, strange to say, came to no further harm. Periodically Sergeant Wicketts

came to the town near which *Mister* Robert Miller lived to draw his pension. On these occasions the two cronies dined together, and had a long smoke afterwards in the saddle-room. I was present at one of these 'smokes,' and then I heard the following story of the grave staid *Mister* Miller's adventures on the Turf.

I shall not mention precisely in what portion of her Majesty's dominions the scene of this story is laid, though I daresay some who know the place well may recognise it from the description. It is enough to say that it boasted one of the oldest race-courses in the kingdom—a beautiful stretch of turf a mile in length, lying between two bays; and, forty years ago, the races were popular and well patronised in the neighbourhood. The Rev. Dr. Grose-Smith had been then installed some three or four years as rector of the parish. He was a clergyman of grave and serious demeanour, a learned man, an excellent preacher, and held in the highest respect by all classes. *Mister* Robert Miller had been about two years in the reverend gentleman's service as coachman and groom, and was believed by his master to be an exceedingly quiet and respectable young man. His solemn face even then stood him in good stead. But *Mister* Robert Miller's intimate associates could have given him a rather different character. For all his solemn face he could take his liquor with the best of them; and when once the liquor was in him, he was the maddest devil of the lot. Well, it was just before the autumn race-meeting, some forty years ago, and the rector had bought, a few months previously, a very stylish-looking little mare, a good goer, with plenty of blood in her. It was thought he meant her for his wife, who was a pretty fair horsewoman; but the mare had too much spirit in her for a lady's hack, and *Mister* Robert Miller had her all to himself, to get her, if possible, more tractable and steady. He was a smart horseman, *Mister* Miller, had a good seat and fine hands; in fact, had all the requisites of a first-rate jockey. He cut a dashing figure on the parson's handsome little mare, and bragged a good deal in his cups of what the two of them could do if they tried. Two days before the meeting came off *Mister* Miller was drinking, with his companions, at the taproom of the George, and the talk naturally turned upon the coming races. The item in the programme which excited most local interest was a race confined to the district, for which a high official annually gave a thirty-guinea cup. There were four entries for this event, and the prospects of the four were being busily discussed

and criticised in the taproom of the George. A certain big raking chestnut was generally thought to hold the race safe. Mister Miller listened with ill-disguised contempt to the recital of the chestnut's performances and points. At last one of the supporters of the chestnut said :

'What are yer sniggerin' and sneerin' at there, Bob Miller? I s'pose yer don't think that little pony o' yourn would have a look in with him for the cup, do yer? Pity there ain't a pony race, though; happen yer might run into a place in such company.'

'Pony be d—d!' exclaimed Mister Miller furiously; 'the mare stands 14-2, and she'd make an exhibition of that chestnut over that 'ere mile course!'

'Why don't yer enter her, then? Afraid o' the parson, eh?' said his jeering friend.

'I'm afeard o' no man living, and no man has a word to say as to what I will or what I won't do with my horses,' replied Mister Miller, with a sublime mixture of audacity and dignity in his tone; adding, 'If I wanted to enter the mare, I'd do it.'

Then some laughed and others sneered, and all dared him to enter the mare; till at last, the liquor getting the better of him, Miller swore he *would* enter the mare. It was Sergeant Wicketts that clinched the matter by whispering to him,

'Enter her in your own name, man; the governor will never know. Bless ye, *he* never reads about the races.'

The end of it was that the next day the mare was entered for the race. She was in rare fettle—couldn't have looked better if she had been in strict training. Mister Miller was rather nervous as to the consequences of his escapade, should it reach the ears of his master; but he and the sergeant thought they saw their way to a good thing, and so 'piled their bottom dollar' on the mare. The eventful day came, and there was a good deal of joking among the crowd about 'the parson's jockey' and 'the parson's crack;' but Mister Miller saw nobody there who was likely to tell his master, and his spirits rose accordingly. I will not dwell upon the race—let it suffice to say that the mare, ridden with great judgment and skill, won by a length, and Mister Miller became the proud possessor of the cup, besides 'pulling off' a good round sum in bets. And now for the sequel.

The Reverend Dr. Grose-Smith was in blissful unconsciousness of this sporting incident, and of his own connection with it,

when about ten days after the race he received the following letter from his bishop :

‘My dear Dr. Grose-Smith,—The enclosed has been brought under my notice. It certainly bears a strange appearance, but from what I know of your character I am sure you will have some satisfactory explanation to offer.’

The ‘enclosed’ consisted of a cutting from the local paper, containing a report of the races, in which the following line was underscored :

‘The —— Cup, value 30 guineas, for all ages ; six furlongs.

The Rev. Dr. Grose-Smith’s br. m. Mona (R. Miller) . 1.’

The worthy rector stared in amazement at this extraordinary announcement. *His name printed as the owner of a winning racehorse!* It was incredible. As soon as his first feeling of astonishment had subsided the rector at once sent for Mister Miller. Now it unfortunately happened that Mister Miller, having lost all his fear of detection after this lapse of time, had been carousing pretty heavily with his boon companions, and was considerably the worse for his potations when, in obedience to the summons for his immediate attendance, he was ushered into his master’s presence. One glance at the rector’s face as he stood in front of the fireplace was enough to show Mister Miller that he had been found out. The Reverend Dr. Grose-Smith was white with rage. His hand shook as he handed the bishop’s letter with the cutting to his coachman, and asked sternly,

‘Now, sir, tell me what is the meaning of that—I suppose you know?’

Mister Miller was speechless. The rector continued,

‘Do you mean to tell me, sir, that you have had the unspeakable audacity to dare to ride a horse of mine in a race, and bring my name into public scandal?’

There was no help for it. Mister Miller had to stammer out a feeble affirmative.

‘Then I discharge you at once, sir. I am not sure that I ought not to prosecute you for defamation of my character. But at any rate you leave my service at once, and you will get no character from me, sir. Go, sir, at once. I see you’ve been drinking, and I suppose I have to thank your drunkenness for this.’

So, humbled, crestfallen, and very much sobered, Mister

Miller went out from the presence of his irate master. For a week he loafed about the place in a state of abject misery, except when he was drunk, though even then his condition was one of maudlin melancholy. It was Sergeant Wicketts that saved him. That veteran suggested that perhaps, if he ate humble pie and solemnly promised never to get drunk again, the rector might take him back. Mister Miller followed his old friend's advice, and the rector, like a good fellow as he was at heart, did take him back. The penitent jockey kept his promise, and not only never got drunk again, but gave up liquor altogether, and took to smoking instead. For thirty odd years he remained in the reverend doctor's service. During all that time, I need hardly say, no allusion was ever made between them to the memorable feat of the brown mare; but the rector himself soon came to look at it in the light of a splendid joke, and over his port-wine and walnuts, with much unction and many chuckles, used often to tell the story of 'The Parson's Jockey.'

BLIND JACK OF KNARESBOROUGH.

A BLIND sportsman! One has heard of blind men doing many strange things, and in spite of their loss of sight acquiring many wonderful accomplishments; but that a blind man—blind too almost from his birth—should be an energetic and enthusiastic sportsman seems incredible. For what sport is there to which the enjoyment of eyesight is not indispensable? Nevertheless it is of a *blind sportsman* that we purpose giving the true and remarkable history here. John Metcalf, the subject of our sketch, better known among his contemporaries as ‘Blind Jack of Knaresborough,’ was born at that town in the year 1717. He was attacked by smallpox at the age of six, and entirely lost his eyesight. From that time to his death he was stone blind, though it was only by looking closely at his face that one could discover that, like Banquo’s ghost, he ‘had no speculation in those eyes which he did glare with.’ By the time John Metcalf was nine years of age, he could find his way all over Knaresborough without a guide, and blind though he was he was the most mischievous young urchin in the neighbourhood, always ringleader in every bird’s-nesting or orchard-robbing foray. He was early taught music, and Squire Woodburn, who kept a pack of hounds near Knaresborough, hearing him play, took a fancy to him, and had him constantly up at the hall. Here Jack first displayed his passion for sport. He loved to be among the hounds, and the Squire made him a present of a couple of puppies. Squire Woodburn kept his hounds in a very primitive and careless fashion. They were not kennelled, but were allowed to loaf about the place. Master Jack took advantage of this, and used to come out stealthily by night and coax some of the hounds away, and hunt the Squire’s hares by moonlight, his marvellous sense of hearing enabling him to follow them as accurately as if he had been gifted with the keenest eyesight. He early mastered the art of swimming and diving, and was as expert in the water as Mr. Charles Reade’s ‘Hero and Martyr,’ James Lambert, being

on several occasions employed to recover the bodies of drowned persons. We have already mentioned his aptitude for music, and it was as a musician that he elected to make his livelihood. In those days, when London was practically as far off from Yorkshire folk as New York now is, every country town of any size had its 'season,' and one of the great features of the 'season' were the 'Assemblies,' which took place regularly two or three times a week. They were generally held in large rooms in the principal inns, each inn having its 'Assembly' in turn. Dancing of the old-fashioned country sort was the great attraction, and the dancers were satisfied with a band of three fiddlers, or sometimes only two. Jack Metcalf was appointed to the post of chief fiddler, or 'first violinist,' as he would nowadays probably call himself, to the Knaresborough 'Assemblies,' and was immensely popular with all the innkeepers, who gave him free quarters for the 'season.' He now took to 'cocking' as a sport, kept cocks himself, and seldom failed to put in an appearance when a main was fought within a distance of a hundred miles. He would place himself on the lowest seat in the cock-pit, with some trusty friend by his side, who was a good judge of the sport, and who not only kept him posted in all the varying phases of the combat, but by significant nudges enabled him to bet or hedge as might be required. He was for a long time a most enthusiastic 'cocker,' and, to judge by the expression on his face, any one would have imagined that he enjoyed the sport more than those who could actually see it.

His fame as a musician and as a jovial sportsman spread to Harrogate. The 'first violin' at the Harrogate 'Assemblies' was nearly ninety years of age, and the young people who footed it on the light fantastic toe found his playing much too slow to suit their tastes. Overtures were accordingly made to Jack Metcalf to take the place of this dodderer. Jack accepted them, and was soon as popular in Harrogate as he had been in Knaresborough. The nobility and gentry took an interest in him, and gave him their sole patronage, so that what with private and public engagements he had both his hands and his pockets full. Having plenty of ready money, he was able to gratify his taste for sport more extensively than before. He bought a horse, which he ran at all the local meetings, and which won him a good many small plates; moreover, he took to coursing, and still retained his fondness for hunting. In fact Master Jack, from mixing so much among the gentry, began to affect the manners

of a gentleman sportsman, and his noble patrons encouraged him in the affectation. For example, Sir Francis Barlow of Middlethorp, who kept a pack of hounds, asked Jack to bring his horse with him, and take up his quarters at Middlethorp for the winter. So Jack found himself in clover. He hunted twice, and sometimes three times a week, and on the remaining days attended private parties as violinist at liberal fees. He rode wonderfully straight to hounds, guided by his acute sense of hearing, with of course the occasional warnings of a friend who kept near him. On his return to Harrogate after the hunting season the following curious and amusing adventure befell him. As he was riding through York he was hailed by the landlord of the George, who told him that there was a gentleman within who wanted a guide to Harrogate, adding, 'and I know there's no one can do that better than you.'

It was agreed that the stranger should be kept in ignorance of Metcalf's blindness, and then the two set off together. Jack piloted him safely to the Granby, at Harrogate, having cleverly contrived to keep his secret. The stranger asked his guide to drink with him. Jack made a bad shot at the tankard, and had to describe a circle with his hand before he got hold of it. The stranger stared at him, and Jack, knowing very well the truth must come out sooner or later, went out, leaving the landlord and the stranger together.

'I think, landlord,' said the latter, 'that my guide must have drunk a great deal of spirits since he came here.'

'Why, my good sir, do you think so?' asked the landlord, in surprise.

'Well, I judge from the appearance of his eyes.'

'Eyes! Bless you, sir, do you know he's blind?'

'Blind! Gracious God, you don't mean that! Why, I hired him as my guide here.'

'Yes, sir; he's as blind as a stone.'

'Well, landlord, this is too much; call him in.'

Thereupon Jack enters.

'My friend,' quoth the stranger, 'are you really blind?'

'Yes, sir; I lost my sight when I was six years old.'

'Had I known that, I would not have ventured with you for a hundred pounds.'

'And I, sir,' retorted Jack, 'would not have lost my way for a thousand.'

After that they had a friendly drink together, and the stranger

gave his blind guide a very handsome fee, remarking at the same time that it was the most extraordinary occurrence that had ever happened to him.

Space would fail us to enumerate half the wild pranks and adventures of which Blind Jack was the hero. His name and fame spread far and wide. There was nothing in the way of sport that he did not become an adept at. He was a capital hand at bowls, for instance, but he always demanded a bowl extra to compensate for his blindness. He managed in this way: a friend and confidant was stationed close to the jack and another midway. They kept up a constant conversation, and from the sound of their voices he guessed the distance. His dexterity at cards, too, was wonderful. He seldom lost a game, and 'swells' used out of curiosity to get him to play at their private houses. Presently, as Jack grew richer, he aspired to higher fields of sport. He was a constant frequenter of the big meetings, and was a most daring and successful speculator. His wonderful memory enabled him to keep the name and performance of every winner and every loser in his head, so that he was an excellent judge of 'public form.' He also at this time, 1738, increased his own stud, and it was in this year that he rode his memorable match. The terms of the match were three miles, owners up, for 100 guineas. The betting was 20 to 1 against Metcalf, because it was thought the shape of the course, a circular one, would be fatal to his chance. They had to ride three times round the course to make the three miles. There were posts at intervals, and at every one of these Metcalf stationed a man with a bell. The sound of the bells guided him and enabled him to keep the course. And the end of it was that he rode in an easy winner. As a horse-dealer, Jack had few superiors in the craft, even among the proverbially crafty 'Tykes,' and many stories are told of his 'cuteness in this respect.

We have seen Jack figuring as a swimmer, a cross-country rider, a 'cocker,' a courser, a jockey, a bowler, a card-player, and a horse-dealer, but we have not yet exhausted even his sporting capabilities. He made himself a name also as a *bruiser*! Nature had intended him for a magnificent man. He stood nearly six feet two inches in height, and was very finely made. But his want of sight might well have been thought a fatal bar to his ever attaining pugilistic laurels. He was not long, however, in giving evidence of his skill with his fists. There was then at Knaresborough a man named John Bake. He was a

huge athletic fellow, of such great strength and ferocious temper that he was specially employed to serve writs whenever resistance was expected. One day Metcalf and a friend of his met this big bully at an inn. They joined in a game of cards, in the course of which Bake tried to collar some money which did not belong to him. Metcalf's friend remonstrated, and received a violent blow in the face from the bully. Metcalf then interposed, and also got a hot one in the face. He at once pulled off his coat, and challenged Bake to fight like a man. They had a desperate set-to; but Jack hit so hard and straight and measured his distance so well that, after six rounds, Bake gave in. Of course the confined space in which they fought was greatly in Metcalf's favour; but the fact that he, a blind man, fairly thrashed a man as big as himself, and reckoned the champion of the neighbourhood, is certainly one to which we doubt if the history of the Ring can afford any parallel. And here we must close our brief sketch of this extraordinary sportsman, though his sporting adventures would suffice to fill a volume. It was not, however, as a sportsman that he gained his chief celebrity. He became a soldier, and subsequently served all through the campaign of 1745 against the Jacobite Pretender. He played his fiddle at the head of his company after the fashion of a Highland piper; and his regiment (Pulteney's) was the only one, except the 'Old Buffs,' that had anything in the shape of a band attached to it. On his return from the wars he became a trader. In 1751 he started the first stage-coach, or 'stage-wagon,' as they called it then, between York and Knaresborough, driving it himself, twice a week in summer, and once in winter. Eventually he became a contractor for road-making, and it was in this capacity he made his fame and fortune, for his engineering skill and sagacity were remarkable. Finally he died at Spofforth, near Wetherby, on the 27th of April 1810, aged ninety-three years, leaving behind him four children, twenty grandchildren, and ninety great and great-great grand-children. So ends our memoir, too brief to do justice to the subject of it, but enough, we feel sure, to convince our readers that the annals of sport chronicle no more extraordinary character than Blind Jack of Knaresborough.

THE TOUT'S TIP.

‘BAH! I tell you that “Training Intelligence” is all rot! What do these touts know about a horse when they see him? They just pick up whatever crumbs of information the lads and stable-boys choose to let fall, and dish them up for the papers. I’d no more go to them for a straight tip than I’d go to Gladstone for a character of Dizzy.’

The speaker was a man about thirty-five, big and blustering, with an emphatic warmth of manner which carried all before it. The place was the smoking-room of an hotel in a well-known Midland racing town. We had been discussing the memorial just presented to the Jockey Club by the trainers, petitioning that august body to take immediate steps to arrest the future progress of a system which the memorialists stigmatised as ‘dishonourable in practice, injurious to owners and trainers, and entirely subversive of the morality and best interests of the Turf.’ A distinguished sportsman and well-known writer, since dead, was present, and when I and one or two others maintained that under the present system of betting the public had a right to know the truth regarding every horse quoted in the betting market, and that the tout was, therefore, a useful public servant, that distinguished sportsman said almost savagely,

‘Were I to commence racing again, I would hit the Ring and the betting fraternity such a hot one as would scare them from backing my horses for the future. I would give a public notice that any one backing my horses would lose their money. Supposing I started a favourite, I would lose rather than the horse should win, so long as I let the Ring in. I would remain quiet while they were “piling on the agony,” and on the very day of the race scratch him. I shouldn’t race for the public amusement, but for my own. What is the public to me, or what do I care for it?’

‘That’s a very extraordinary view of racing,’ I said, ‘and I hope there are not many sportsmen who hold it. It seems to

me that you confound the public and the bookmakers, and in trying to revenge yourself on your enemies, the bookmakers, you would simply be hurting the innocent public. You would be playing into the hands of the very men you want to break. I say that if an owner of racehorses bets largely, and is only too ready to win the money of the betting public, then he ought to have some respect for the interests of that public. And the public has a right to have its special correspondents at headquarters to keep it accurately posted in all that happens to affect its interests.'

Then it was that the loud-voiced blustering gentleman, whose words I opened with quoting, sneered at the touts. The vigour of the invective for a moment silenced us. But presently a very quiet-looking old gentleman, who was sitting almost concealed in the corner, said mildly, but firmly,

'I think you're wrong, sir, in your estimate of the value of touts and training intelligence.'

'Indeed, sir!' exclaimed the blustering man; 'and may I ask why you think I'm wrong?'

'I think,' continued the old gentleman calmly, 'that the tout, as a rule, is a good judge of horses' capabilities, and, from his experience, can be trusted to give a sound opinion.'

'I totally differ from you, sir,' said the blustering man hotly; 'they're a worthless set of humbugs; and the so-called "Special Training Reports" are a fraud. No one ever found a tout a safe guide.'

'Pardon me, sir,' replied the old gentleman; 'if you will have patience with me, I can prove that your last statement is quite erroneous; I am myself an instance of a man who found a tout a safe guide. Indeed, I owe my present position in the world entirely to a tout; and I will tell you how it was.'

The blustering man and the 'distinguished sportsman' simultaneously gave vent to expressions of incredulity and impatience. But the majority of the company requested the quiet-looking old gentleman to proceed with his story, which he did as follows:

'I was at Doncaster on the Saturday before the St. Leger in 1838, and outside the livery-stables at which I baited my horse I saw a man leaning against a doorway. He had an unmistakably horsey look about him, and was, as I suspected, a racecourse loiterer. Just out of idle curiosity I spoke to him. "Well, who's going to win the Leger?" I said. Without a moment's hesitation, he answered as glibly as if he were announcing a fact that could

not be disputed, "Don John, and Ian will be second." "But how about Cobham?" (the first favourite) I asked. "Cobham," he answered, with the same matter-of-fact manner, as though there could be no possible doubt on the subject, "Cobham will break down at the end of the white rails opposite the Intake Farm." "What makes you state that so positively?" I inquired. "For these very good reasons," he replied: "Cobham is bad in his forelegs. He has not had a real rattling gallop for many a day. Besides, he is as fat as a bullock. Now, with his bad forelegs, his weight of flesh, and 8st. 7lb. (that was before the 8st. 10lb. days) on his back, depend upon it he'll never reach home." "And what makes you think that Don John is so certain to win?" "Because I've watched him closely, and I know there's never a horse in Doncaster can go with him. You may put that down as gospel truth." I was struck by the calm assurance with which the man spoke, and I went and backed Don John for as much money as I could put on. My prophet was right. Don John did win, and Cobham sure enough did break down, though it was not at the end of the white rails, but nearer home. I won 700*l.*, and determined to give my prophet a handsome honorarium for his excellent tip. But I could find him nowhere. He had mysteriously disappeared, and I did not set eyes upon him again for many months. When I did see him, it was in the last place in the world I should have expected to encounter him. I was crossing Waterloo Bridge on the Friday or Saturday before the Derby of 1839—I forget the exact day—when I ran right up against him. I recognised him at once, and told him who I was, adding, that I had to thank him for pocketing 700*l.* over the Leger. As he had no urgent business on hand, I asked him to come with me to a quiet tavern, and have some dinner. He consented. When we arrived at the tavern, and were seated, I told him of my intention to remunerate him for his tip, and begged him to accept a 20*l.*-note. This he resolutely refused for some time to do, and it was only by insisting on it that I forced him at last to take the money.'

'Yes, I see you are smiling; you want to know where a tout is that would refuse 20*l.* Nevertheless what I tell you is perfectly true.'

'He told me his story while we were discussing a bottle of wine after dinner; and a very melancholy story it was. I won't, however, trouble you with it now. I will only say that he was a man of good family, and had been educated at Cambridge, but

through his own misconduct came to grief. We passed on to the Derby prospects. He had carefully watched the movements of every horse, and he assured me that Bloomsbury must win, giving excellent reasons for his belief. Well, as you know, Bloomsbury did win, and I pulled off a very good thing indeed. Nor did I forget, you may be sure, my faithful and trusty tout. Once more, and only once, I was tempted to ask his advice and back his selection. That was at the Doncaster Meeting of the same year. He gave me Charles XII. with the same positive assurance as before. When the two first horses passed the judge's box, the general impression was that Euclid had won, and those who were in a position to see declared that it was so. I made up my mind that I had tempted Fortune once too often, and that at last she had jilted me. But, to my surprise and gratification, I found that the judge had given it as a dead heat between Euclid and Charles XII. I shall not easily forget the intense excitement with which I watched the running-off of that dead-heat. It was a near thing, but Charles XII. just did it, and once more I landed a large stake—so large that I could afford to give my tout a *douceur* of 100*l.* After those three *coups* I decided that it would be rash to tempt Fortune any more. With the money which I won on those three selections I went into business, and how I have prospered some of this company know well. I never saw my tout after Charles XII.'s Leger—though I was several times both at Doncaster and Epsom afterwards, and, perhaps, had I met him, I should have been tempted to back his selection again. Nor did I ever hear of him again—though he had my address, and might have written to me had he pleased. But I have never forgotten, and never shall forget, that I owe my present comfortable position to a tout's tip.'

When the old gentleman ended his remarkable yarn, the blustering man and the distinguished sportsman were silent. I daresay they were not convinced, but at any rate no one said another word that night against that much-abused but useful servant of the betting public, the tout.

‘THE STAR OF PICCADILLY.’

ANY one strolling down Piccadilly on a fine morning in spring or summer during the first decade of the present century could not have failed to have his attention attracted to a figure seated on the balcony of a noble mansion overlooking the Green Park. It was the figure of an antiquated beau, well enough preserved, however, to look some years younger than his actual age. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow breeches, and wore on his head a curious little brown chip hat lined with green. Seated there in his cane chair, he was too conspicuous an object to escape the notice of even the most unobservant. And a very brief contemplation of this singular figure let the observer into the secret of his motive in thus publicly displaying himself. No petticoat, whatever its size or condition, came within the range of this old beau's vision without being immediately honoured with a scrutiny from his ogling-glass. He was more than eighty years of age, but his devotion to the fair sex was as strong as when he had passed not a fourth of that period. Had you been a stranger in town, and asked who this gay old Lothario was, your question would probably have elicited a look of surprise, and the ejaculation, ‘What, not know “Old Q.!”’ Having confessed your ignorance, you would have been informed that this was no less a personage than the notorious William, fourth Duke of Queensberry, whose sporting and amatory exploits were the talk of two generations of men about town. Your informant would probably have gone on to tell you that the ruddy look which ‘Old Q.’s face even then wore was due to the practice of having a thin slice of raw veal placed every night upon each of his cheeks before retiring to rest. You would also have heard that every morning, as soon as he rose, this evergreen old votary of pleasure immersed himself in a milk bath ; that every evening, about five, he drove his single-horse chaise down to Richmond, and there enjoyed orgies of a peculiar character with certain gay lady and gentlemen friends, whose amusements were not

restrained by any prudish regard for decency or decorum. How far this scandalous gossip may have been true, we are not prepared to say. Probably many of the stories relating to 'Old Q.'s' amusements were false, and many more exaggerated. But though his amours—and many of them were exceedingly discreditable—gained him his chief notoriety, yet he had another and worthier fame as a sound and genuine sportsman. His career on the Turf was a long and honourable one, and was marked by some curious incidents, which are worth recording here. His name was first entered in the racing calendars in 1748. At the York Meeting of that year he rode two races on his horses, Whipper-in and Smoker, winning both. From his first appearance he was acknowledged to be the best amateur jockey of his time, and rode his own horses in most of his principal matches. He was an indefatigable matchmaker, and had a tower of strength to back him up in his jockey, the famous Dick Goodison. In 1750 he won the first of the many eccentric matches with which his name is associated. He laid a heavy wager with a well-known Irish sportsman that he would drive a four-wheeled carriage nineteen miles in sixty minutes. The choice of ground was stipulated for by the Duke (then Earl of March); and the only condition in respect to the vehicle was that it must have four wheels. Wright, the then famous coach-builder of Long Acre, constructed an ingenious machine of wood and whalebone, and the harness was of silk. The course at Newmarket was fixed upon for the match, which came off on the 29th of August 1750. Previous to the appointed day Lord March had made many trials, in the course of which it is said that no less than seven thoroughbreds were killed; but this was denied by the Earl himself. An immense amount of money depended on the result, and thousands of people assembled to witness the match. Four thoroughbreds, mounted by two of the lightest weights that could be procured, were harnessed to this singular chariot; and at the word 'Go!' they dashed off at a terrific pace, finally finishing the distance in fifty-five minutes. In 1757, at the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting, Lord March rode his memorable match with the Duke of Hamilton for a thousand guineas, and won. Probably most of our readers have heard of his famous bet that he would have a letter conveyed fifty miles within an hour, and how he won it by the ingenious device of enclosing the missive in a cricket-ball, which was thrown round a circle from hand to hand by twenty-four expert

throwers. But another incident [in his sporting career is, we fancy, less generally known, and is worth giving here in full. Shortly after the carriage feat recorded above, Lord March matched a bay colt of his own against the celebrated Pot-8-os, the property of an Irish nobleman, who was one of the most notorious fire-eaters and successful duellists of his time, and of whom it was told he once flung an impudent waiter through a window, and, when remonstrated with by the landlord, coolly said, 'D—n your eyes, sir, charge the fellow in the bill!' In the course of the race Lord March's jockey contrived to slip his weights off, and they were picked up by a confederate and slipped back before returning to weigh in. The owner of Pot-8-os, however, had keen eyes; he detected the little game, seized Lord March's jockey by the shoulder, and swore he would horse-whip him within an inch of his life if he did not confess at whose instigation the fraud had been practised. The terrified jockey mumbled out something which seemed to implicate his master, whereupon the owner of Pot-8-os taxed Lord March with the offence. His Lordship made a haughty reply, which irritated the hot-tempered Irishman, and the result was a challenge from the latter. A hostile meeting was duly arranged for the 10th of June. Whilst the seconds were loading the pistols, to the amazement of Lord March and his friend, a man approached carrying a black coffin, which he solemnly placed immediately in front of Lord March. The feelings of that nobleman may be better imagined than described when, on looking at the coffin, he saw this inscription on the plate: 'William Douglas, Earl of March, who departed this life on the 10th day of June 1757.' Lord March turned pale, and asked what this ill-timed jest meant. His opponent cheerfully replied, 'Why, my dear fellow, you are of course aware that I never miss my man; and as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not a shadow of a doubt upon my mind but this oaken cloak will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress.' The nonchalance with which this explanation was made was too much for Lord March's nerves; he refused to fight, and made an ample apology on the spot; nor could any insult afterwards ever induce him to send or accept a challenge.

Not long after this incident 'Old Q.' had another adventure somewhat similar, which did not by any means redound to his credit. He was one evening at Renny's gaming-house in St. James's-street, when that odious ruffian 'Savage' Roche wa

present, who gained his nickname from once pinning to the table, with a fork, the hand of an officer whom he suspected of foul play. Roche and Lord March had some dispute in which the nobleman gave the 'savage' the lie. The latter rose calmly from his seat, laid hold of Lord March by the ears, lifted him up by those appendages from the ground, and said, with supreme contempt, to those present, 'You see, gentlemen, how I treat this despicable little cocksparrow. As a man he is too much beneath me, or I would treat him as a gentleman.' Lord March bore the affront meekly, and never made any attempt to resent it—a fact that does not say much for 'Old Q.'s' pluck.

The year 1789 witnessed 'Old Q.'s' greatest triumphs on the Turf. He matched his horse Dash, by Florizel, against Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle for 1000 guineas, on the six-mile course, at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting of that year. Lord Derby tried to back out of the match, and offered half forfeit; but that offer was refused, and the race came off, Dash, who carried 6st. 7lb. against Sir Peter's 9st., winning easily. In the Second Newmarket Spring Meeting, with the same horse, Dash, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by Highflyer, over the B. C., for 1000 guineas, each carrying 8st. 7lb. In the Second October Meeting of the same year Dash won his third match against the Prince of Wales's Don Quixote, 8st. 7lb. each, six-mile course, for 900 guineas; and on the following Tuesday week he won his fourth match against Lord Barrymore's Highlander, at the same weights, three times round the B. C., for 800 guineas, thus winning for his owner 3,700 guineas in matches within less than six months.

'Old Q.' continued his active and energetic support of the Turf until he came into the dukedom of Queensberry, in 1778. After that he was a less ardent patron of racing, though he continued to run horses until 1806. As he grew older he became more and more of a voluptuary. His country pleasures were mainly confined to his villa at Richmond, which was a marvel of sumptuous splendour. Being a bachelor, he conceived that he had no ties to bind him to respectable decorum, and therefore resolved to live just as he pleased, without caring what the world thought or said of him. Popular divines preached at him; satirists launched their keenest shafts of ridicule at him; caricaturists portrayed him as the hero of a thousand ludicrous and disreputable scenes. But 'Old Q.' never troubled his head about them: he lived solely for enjoyment; and so long as he had his

amusement, like Master Sly, he 'let the world slide.' But for all that he was not an uncharitable or wholly selfish man. He gave one of his estates to a number of superannuated Roman Catholic devotees who had sought refuge in England from the horrors of the French Revolution; he made a present of a very large sum of money to Lloyd's, for the relief of wounded seamen; and his conduct to all who had ever in any way ministered to his pleasures was singularly generous. Old reprobate that he was, he had a good heart. He was, at any rate, one of the foremost sportsmen of his age; and he kept his honour unsullied on the Turf at a time when an honest and upright sportsman was by no means common, even in the highest circles. He was eighty-six years of age when he died, in 1810, leaving his enormous fortune to Lord Yarmouth. His death gave as much surprise to his contemporaries as that of Charles Matthews to the men of our day. He seemed an evergreen everlasting, and proof against all the attacks of the grisly monarch. At the news of his decease even that precious old lunatic, George III., was amazed, and, in the words of 'Peter Pindar,'

'The king—God bless him!—gave a *whew!*
"Two dukes just dead—a third gone too!
What, what! could nothing save old Q.,
The Star of Piccadilly?"'

BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

‘ I DO wish to goodness somebody would take him away. There will be mischief if he stops much longer. I never saw him like this before.’

‘ Who?—like what, Mark?’

‘ Why, the Squire.’

‘ What is the matter now? Is he in one of his mad fits? Has he done any damage?’

‘ No. And that is the worst of it. When he takes it into his head to wreck a dinner-service, or to play Aunt Sally with the glass, I do not so much mind, so long as nobody is hurt. Such amusement calms him, and he always pays the bill.’

The speakers were Mark Hartbrook and Jane, his wife, host and hostess of the Whinridge Arms, Thornford. The scene of their anxious interview, their own small snuggerly behind the bar; the time of it, an evening in April. The Thornford Hunt meeting had taken place that day, and it was now ‘ after dinner’ with the stewards and their friends in the principal room of the Whinridge Arms.

Hartbrook had abundant cause for anxiety. The Squire, of whom he and his wife spoke, handsome Gustavus Whinridge of Thornford Hall, was their landlord, and Mark’s former master. A warm-hearted generous-natured fellow, imbued with old world ideas of honour, he was, unhappily for his personal peace and the habitual comfort of those with whom he was brought in contact, handicapped with a hot head and a spirit that brooked not the least contradiction. For all his intermittent wildnesses—which would of course have been harmonious traits in a character of heroic mould, had he come into the world at the proper time, three or four centuries earlier—there were few persons in and about Thornford who did not speak affectionately of the Squire. There was not his ‘ marrow’ to be found in those parts as a sportsman when he had youth to serve him; and now he was grown old and somewhat stiff in the joints he could, as his idolaters expressed it, take his own part with the best of them. Although

he was now short-leg in the Thornford Eleven, there was a time when he was equally good in any part of the field, and he is still to be relied on to face the fastest bowling without pads, and confront it with a rock-like defence. Albeit increased bulk had somewhat hindered his triumphs in connection with the Noble Science, he was as good as ever on the 12th and kindred days. But his 'awkward times' are a trouble to his friends, as Mark Hartbrook knows.

'He and young Dykely are flying at each other, Jenny; and how the row will end, *I* don't know.'

'What, the Captain?' queried Mrs. Hartbrook, with a look of alarm.

'Yes,' replied mine host. 'You know there's been bad blood between the pair ever since Marl got six months for poaching on Dykely's land. Although the Squire is a durable hand at preserving, he never forgave him for prosecuting that young scamp.'

'I never quite knew why Mr. Whinridge took so much trouble over that business.'

'O, that was natural enough! Marl's mother nursed Miss Augusta, the Squire's only daughter, and was with her when she died at Madeira. The old woman went to the Squire when her son was taken, and implored him, with tears in her eyes, to save the bad lot from being sent to prison. He promised he would, and I know how he tried. When he found that Dykely would not budge an inch from his position, although he did pledge his word that the lad should go for a soldier, or be sent out of the country any way, he got Vellumly to engage Riverags the Q.C. to defend Marl, and went into the witness-box himself, and spoke for the son of his daughter's nurse. That had some effect, I suppose, for Marl only got six months—if they'd given him his due, it would have been years instead of months; but Squire Whinridge never forgave Captain Dykely.'

'What are they disputing about?'

'Why, the Hunt Cup.'

'But if Dykely won, he beat nothing from the Hall.'

'What's that to do with it? The Squire means mischief tonight. Go it!' continued he, apostrophising a bell, which shook above his head with unusual violence. 'I know whose hand is at the other end of that wire. I must go; if anybody else faced him at this moment something dreadful would happen.'

Hereupon the bell was shaken with augmented ferocity.

'All right. I am coming, Gustavus the Terrible.'

With which satirical observation Mark Hartbrook vanished.

The scene in the dining-room as mine host entered was literally one of admired disorder. Half a dozen men were speaking at once, and two members of the company were accentuating their remarks by means of gestures that betokened anger. One was the Squire, who had risen his height—upwards of six feet—and was standing with his back to the uncertain mirror at the president's end of the table, confronting, with flushed face and dangerous eyes, his opponent, Captain Dykely, a thin-lipped, dark-haired, wiry man of pallid complexion. The voices could scarcely be said to mingle; Whinridge's was at the top of the entire discordant chorus of expostulation. He turned as Hartbrook entered, and, passing one hand through his yet luxuriant curls—in colour a slightly grizzled auburn—he folded his arms across his chest, and said,

'Hartbrook, I want you.'

'I am at your service, sir.'

'My friend'—a slightly sinister emphasis on the word friend—'my *friend* Captain Dykely and myself have had a dispute, and we want you to decide it.'

'If you can,' interposed the Captain, in a voice and manner that a less irritable person than the Squire would have deemed exasperating.

'I *know* he can, sir; and that ought to suffice. Now listen. You were on the holm to-day, and you saw the race for the Cup?'

'I did, sir.'

'Very good. Now what do you know about Fluefaker, Captain Dykely's horse? Is he not—'

'Squire!—Squire!' protested several of the company.

'You are right, gentlemen. I will not put a leading question. Well—Fluefaker?'

'Is a son of Agrimony and Fluff. Did nothing as a two-year-old. Was beaten when he was backed by the public, and won a couple of plates when he wasn't, at three. Was bought out of a selling race, and tried over hurdles at four. That is all I know. How he came to be qualified to run to-day for the Hunt Cup is what I do not know.'

'What did I say, gentlemen? That this horse was not a genuine hunter. That having been out a few times and looked on, whereby he got that trumpery certificate from a M.F.H., was not a proper qualification; and I repeat my words,' here Mr.

Whinridge brought his fist down upon the board with a defiant vigour that made the glasses jingle again. 'Why, gentlemen, at equitable weights this patched-up crock of a leather-flapper would not have the least chance against an honest hunter over a fair line of country.'

'He can be matched against anything you have got in your stables, when and where you please,' exclaimed Captain Dykely, by this time thoroughly roused.

'He can, can he?' almost shrieked the Squire. 'Then you are on, sir. Hang it, I'll run you for the Cup, and back mine for a hundred!'

'Yes!' replied the Captain, with energy. 'Catch weights. Name your time.'

'Name my time? Of course I will. My time, Captain Dykely, is *to-night*, one hour after moonrise!'

Perhaps the only person present who was amazed at this apparently insane speech was he whom (after the speaker) it concerned most, even Captain Dykely. To the others—especially to Hartbrook, who audibly chuckled—the Squire's impetuous seizure of the offer and fierce determination to have the wager settled out of hand appeared quite a matter of course.

In response to a question put to one of the stewards, who lived some distance from Thornford, as to whether he intended stopping to see the match, there was a loud shout of 'There! To be sure he will. And so will all of us. We would not miss the race for worlds.' In the midst of the hubbub, Whinridge, his whole frame vibrating with joyous excitement, left the room, taking Hartbrook with him. Dykely followed their example, with a grave air of deliberation that betrayed his awakened concern. He already repented him of his rashness. He felt, to quote the language of the Turf, that 'he had been rushed' into making the wager by the exasperating taunts of the Squire; and, looking at the 'arrangement' from a strictly sporting point of view, he began to have grave doubts of the issue. His own horse was none the better for the race that was in him, and he was completely in the dark about Whinridge's champion.

Fluefaker might have to meet a fresh horse; the Squire owned a strongish stud, which was seldom short of work. Then, a moonlight match! Who ever heard of such a thing? Well, although he was not a Jack Mytton, he was game to see the thing through, idiotic as it looked. The match was pay or play, and the Thornford Hunt Cup should never adorn the Whin-

ridge sideboard if *he* could help it. There was one element in the affair that favoured him. He knew the line of country, and if the moon behaved herself, there was no danger of his going on the wrong side of the flags.

Squire Whinridge was conferring with Hartbrook in a private room.

‘Now, Mark, attend to me. I shall want you to help me through with this business. What are you smiling at, you knave? I suppose you think your old master has lost his head again. No, no; I mean to show you all, as well as that flashy Captain down-stairs, that I know what I am about. Where is Crowe?’

‘Awaiting your orders.’

‘And Appletart?—O, I can guess. With his mouth in the manger.’ He rang the bell peremptorily. ‘Tell Crowe,’ he said to the neat-handed Phillis who obeyed the summons, ‘to tie up Appletart’s head at once, and then come to me.’

‘Why, sir, you surely don’t—’

‘Have a care, or you’ll head the fox. I *do* mean to run Appletart, if that is what you are aiming at. He was a bad third to-day, but his jockey did not ride him out for a place, or else I think he might have been second. However, we’ll discover to-night whether the weights won’t just bring the pair together.’

‘But, sir—the jockey?’

‘Ha! that’s where you are, is it? Well, I own that the jockey is rather an important feature in the case. Tell me—what do you think of me for the mount?’

‘You, sir!’ replied Hartbrook, with an expression of horror. ‘Why, you would be done by the length of a street. You ride fifteen stone if you ride an ounce.’

‘No, no, no! Not as bad as that, Mark. However, wait. The jockey will be ready, never fear. The moon rises at eleven, and we have therefore nearly six hours to look about us. By this time Crowe will have abridged Appletart’s supper. Look in, and then send here.’

Mark was nonplussed, as he told his wife when he returned to the snugery. Squire Whinridge playing the very deuce and destroying things, he could understand; but Squire Whinridge going about in *that* business-like manner, he could not understand.

‘He must have his knife pretty deep in this Captain Dykely,

Jenny, or he would not take so much trouble to get the better of him; for, mind you, the Squire is not one of the besting sort. But how he is to do it, *I* don't know. They bar professional jockeys; and where he is going to pick up a feather amongst the amateurs hereabouts puzzles me. All our good performers are on the meaty side. And a feather he must be, Jenny, to make the match a certainty.'

The news of the novel match spread rapidly through the town, and attracted to the recognised centre of operations, the Whinridge Arms, crowds of sportsmen and idlers of all classes anxious to hear 'the rights of it.' Upon the simple facts of the case there arose, as the moments sped, an airy superstructure of fiction, chiefly referring to the conditions of the forthcoming struggle, which would have done credit to the inventive powers of an American interviewer. If the moon did not rise, the match was to be ridden by torchlight. Each jockey was to carry a light, like a locomotive engine's, in order that the judge might see that neither of them went outside the track. These, with other statements equally picturesque, sufficed to divert the steadily increasing company during the time which intervened before that appointed for dropping the flag. Hartbrook profited hugely by the excitement. Every drop of the remarkable beverage which had been specially provided for the races was ungrudgingly consumed 'on the premises,' a source of deep commercial consolation to the mind of Mrs. Hartbrook, albeit she did not by any means relish the idea of serving such customers with the best ale at the price of the singular fluid just mentioned.

Both Crowe and the Captain's man—a taciturn person named Widgeon—were made much of by a company laudably desirous of obtaining what is known in sporting circles as the straight tip; but neither of the persistently catechised servitors afforded the inquirers any substantial satisfaction in the shape of answers. Crowe and Widgeon either knew nothing, or they were acting—reticently—under orders. The moon arose precisely at the time appointed by the local almanac, a circumstance that did not escape the admiring notice of those natives of Thornford who rather looked upon the placid orb itself as local property, and a movement was thereupon made towards the racecourse. But where was the Squire? From the moment he, Hartbrook, Captain Dykely, and William Heckler, the starter (who was on this occasion to act as judge), had arranged the *modus operandi*, he had been missing. His last words were,

‘I don’t care who starts them. Appoint whom you please. Mark, you tell Crowe to walk the horse up to the course in time. I shall be with you an hour after moonrise, by Heckler’s watch ; and if I am not, I forfeit.’

He thereupon strode down-stairs at a rapid rate, sprang into the waiting saddle, and rode off. He was gone before any of the few spectators of his departure had given his probable destination a thought. Mark, however, who observed the proceeding from one of the bar-windows, smote his thigh with energy, and exclaimed,

‘Jenny, Jenny, my girl, I can see it all.’

‘Can you?’ replied that estimable lady, in tones of cool cynicism. ‘I am delighted. Only, the next time you see it all, whatever that may be, oblige me by doing so in a quieter manner. You have broken one of our best jugs.’

‘Da—, that is, never mind the jug. Squire Whinridge—I can see it all!’

‘See what?’ queried his spouse irately.

‘Why, the jockey! Where is Grimstowe?’

‘I don’t know. There, get out of my way. You are neither use nor ornament here. Go and look for your Grimstowe.’

Nathaniel Grimstowe, Thornford’s one ‘member of Tattersall’s and the leading Turf clubs,’ was a continual cause of bickering between mine host and hostess of the Whinridge Arms. Mrs. Hartbrook did not approve of wagering on horseracing, except when it meant her husband’s winning something handsome for himself and a new dress for her ; and as those pleasant results had not recently followed Mark’s speculations on the Turf, she, attributing his ill-fortune to the malign influence of Nathaniel Grimstowe, had learnt ‘to hate the very sound’ of that operator’s ‘name.’ Hartbrook duly found Mr. Grimstowe, and, after a wordy combat with him concerning ‘the price’ of something, an entry made in a small oblong book showed that they had transacted business together. Thereafter, until a general exodus of his customers apprised him of the rising of the moon, the quondam servant of Gustavus Whinridge, Esq. went about his work with a countenance that beamed with unspeakable complacency. He suggested Tennyson’s ‘Miller’—

‘The slow wise smile that round about
His *rosy* forehead curled and curled,
Seemed half within and half without,
And full of dealings with the world.’

He believed that he had seen the cards in the Squire's hand, and on the strength of that conviction he had backed him to win the trick. He was positive (the language of his meditations was strongly flavoured with striking, if not always coherent, metaphor) that '*this* journey at least he had got Mr. Nathaniel Grimstowe, in a line, on toast.'

It wanted but twenty minutes of the stroke of midnight by Heckler's watch, and still the Squire came not. Standing about in animated groups in the paddock on Windyholm, the Thornford racecourse, were many of what might be termed the upper circles of sporting society, eagerly discussing the chances of the coming encounter; and as the moments sped, bringing the 'one hour after moonrise' excitingly near, wondering whether the match would come off after all. Fluefaker, ready for action, was being led about by the faithful Widgeon in one corner of the paddock, while Appletart, in his clothing, was being kept gently moving at the opposite corner; Crowe, of course, in jealous attendance. Although there was not a man present who had not seen the race for the Hunt Cup, most of them criticised the nags with that impressive air of professional knowingness exhibited by a group of Newmarket touts when an unfamiliar candidate for the Guineas makes his first appearance on the classic Heath. Second in order of interest to the two flyers was Captain Dykely. He was fully equipped for the fray, and had been on view for some time. It was evident to the skilled eyes that scanned him that he had made his toilette with uncommon care. 'Looks like business,' observed a critic of stably appearance to a grave and silent auditory of three listeners. 'Couldn't have been more particular if it was the Derby he was going to have a fly at. See his goloshes?' The interlocutor *had* seen those uncouth casings. 'The ground is not so sticky as all that comes to. Suppose he is afraid of carrying an ounce of clay on his boots? Well, I like a cove that takes care of his precious self. He means to have a good look in and no mistake.'

The subject of these not uncomplimentary observations conversed in low tones with the Marquis of Gules, one of the stewards, who was present in response to the Captain's urgent invitation.

'Do you think he means to forfeit, Dykely?'

'I really cannot say; it certainly looks uncommonly like a forfeit. But there is no accounting for anything that a Whinridge does.'

'Upon my word I think you are right,' replied his lordship. 'By the way, have you and he smoked the calumet over that poacher-fellow?'

'Not a bit of it,' rejoined the Captain. 'And it is my belief, now that I can be calm on the subject,—I was anything but that when I gorged the bait,—that he meant this match as a sort of Rowland for my Oliver.'

'But where is he? Ah, there goes the quarter!'

The sound of the chimes, as it floated on the gentle night breeze from the tower of Thornford parish church across Windyholm, was heard and noted by the crowd, now wrought up into a nervous state of expectancy by the continued absence of the Squire. Hartbrook, unshaken until this moment in his trust in the absentee's turning up in time, began to waver. Something had happened. Confound that Grimstowe! His bet with him was P.P. What *would* his wife say?

A sound of wheels. 'Hurrah!'

The cheer was not thrown away. It *was* the Squire, driving a dogcart at a rate which an officer of the county constabulary would have pronounced dangerous, had anybody *but* the Squire held the ribbons. He pulled up by the paddock-rails, and, leaping out, turned to assist his companion to alight, saying as he did so,

'Hartbrook, where are you? Take care of these. Now, Redgy, come with me.'

'Why, it's his son Reginald!'

In the hubbub caused by the arrival of Mr. Whinridge and his youngest son, a pale thin boy of about twelve years of age, it was by no means easy for the principals in the little drama to make the preparations necessary for raising the curtain.

Hartbrook, proud of his office, carried a light racing-saddle and its necessary 'accompaniments,' and, walking by the side of the youth, followed the Squire into the paddock.

'I guessed it would be you, Master Redgy,' said Hartbrook, in a gleeful whisper; 'and I've backed you. It's a splendid moon, and you know the track.'

'I should think I did, Mark. And you too, eh? Recollect when I would insist on your taking me the whole line, you on old Goliath and I on my pony Lilliput? And how frightened mamma was; and how the gov. tipped me a sov., eh, Mark?'

Hartbrook's memory was fully as retentive of those forbidden adventures as the boy's, but he did not consider this as an appropriate occasion for refreshing it.

‘Yes, yes, of course I remember, Master Redgy. Fine times they were. Now tell me, what does the Squire really say about the match?’

‘He has no doubt of Appletart’s ability, but—’

‘He has of yours?’

‘Not exactly that. He thinks the exploit is rather too much for my years, and’ (whispering) ‘that the Captain would have no objection to taking a mean advantage of this infant if he saw the opportunity. O, I must tell you—such a lark! I was out at a dinner-party with mamma and Gretty when the guv. got to the Hall to-night. So what does he do but gets into a tail-coat himself and comes to fetch us home, he said. We *were* hurried off, I can tell you. And sent to bed at once. Mamma thinks he is going round with the keepers, and that I’m in bed!’

By this time they had reached the paddock. The Squire’s arrival was greeted quite as fervently as, if more quietly than, it had been by the crowd outside. He shook hands with Lord Gules, expressed his delight at knowing that his lordship had consented to act as starter, and then faced the Captain.

‘Now, Captain Dykely, shall we get ready?’

‘Your jockey, Mr. Whinridge?’

‘Is my son Reginald. Have you any objection to him?’

‘Every objection, Mr. Whinridge. When I made this—I don’t mind admitting it—stupid match, it was *not* with the idea that I was going to have for an opponent a mere child.’

‘Child or not, he rides.’

‘I am no more a child than he is, papa!’ exclaimed the boy. ‘If I can ride, what more does he want?’

‘Hear, hear!’ cried the crowd.

‘*If* you can ride!’ said Captain Dykely, with a sneer.

‘Dykely,’ interposed Lord Gules, ‘I must say that, according to the terms of the match, you are bound to accept Whinridge’s jockey, or forfeit.’

‘Very well,’ rejoined Dykely sullenly, ‘very well. If the baby breaks his neck I am not to blame, mind. Let us get it over.’

There was a stampede on the part of the auditors at these words in the direction of the two most formidable obstacles in the track, a made fence at the beginning of the straight run-in, and the brook on the far side. The boy, giving up his overcoat and hat to Hartbrook, and putting on a silk cap which he produced from his pocket, presently appeared, like his opponent,

fully equipped for action. In default of silk he wore a thin jersey, but otherwise it would have been impossible to find fault with his appearance. His father gave him a leg up, and then walked by his side to the starting-post, where Lord Gules was already waiting with the flag.

‘Redgy, my dear,’ said the old fellow, in a voice that was strangely husky, ‘you heard what that brute said about your breaking your neck?’

‘Yes, pa.’

‘Well, Redgy, it made me feel that I possibly was wrong in subjecting you to such a risk. I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you, and I am sure your mother would never forgive *me*. Now, Redge, although you have but the years of a child, you are not without a man’s sense—don’t mind me at all. If you have any doubt, jump off, and I’ll throw up the match.’

‘Papa, you *must* let me ride! After what that fellow said it would be too bad to be prevented from showing him up. Never fear. I’ll stick on!’

‘Redge, your hand.’

The boy placed his hand in that of his father, who grasped the warm little palm with fervour, and gently drawing down the lad’s head, kissed him. The man and boy understood each other. It was seldom Gustavus Whinridge was betrayed into such an exhibition of what he would have termed feminine weakness; but the boy knew what this demonstration meant far better than if it had been expressed in the tenderest words.

Completely out of the view and hearing of the people, who by this time thronged the stand, the Squire imparted his final orders.

‘Keep with him, but not too close, for the first mile, and then come away as hard as you can pelt. It is a splendid moon—almost as light as day—and you ought to do the journey without the least mistake. Now, Redge, my own dear boy, show them what sort of metal you are made of.’

Without another word he left his son and Captain Dykely to amble their way to the starting-post, and mounting a hack which Crowe had in readiness, cantered across to a bit of rising ground near the brook, where he could obtain an excellent view of at least three parts of ‘the country.’ About the same time Widgeon, Captain Dykely’s man, ‘a durable hand at a bet, and one of the win-tie-or-wrangle fraternity’ (this was Hartbrook’s

unsolicited testimonial to character), was deep in an endeavour to advise Superintendent Pompert of the Thornford Constabulary in the matter of the probable behaviour of a restless multitude already gathered around the two ends of the water-jump.

‘You see, super, my governor, the Capt’in, is nervous; and the nag he’s a-riding is nervous; so if I was you, super—excuse my making so bold—I’d pot most of my men by that there brook to keep the crowd quiet.’

‘Thank you, my man,’ replied the superintendent, in freezing tones, ‘I have made my arrangements.’

‘O, have you, Mr. Pompey-and-Cæsar?’ rejoined Widgeon, in a safe whisper, as he turned aside and left the lofty officer to his own devices. ‘Then I’ll bet a pound to a shillin’ some of those boys there’ll unmake ’em. Go along, old turnip-tops; keep that bull’s-eye quiet, can’t you? That’s enough to make any hoss shy.’

The remark is addressed to one of the superintendent’s most zealous subordinates—a young man new to the force—who is acting to-night as though he considered a plentiful production of disturbing fireworks part of his duty. Widgeon takes a front place by the brook. Crowe does likewise. Behind them and a group, three deep, of mere spectators, is Gustavus Whinridge, a prominent object in the silver-and-gray landscape as he stands motionless, waiting for the shout that is to signal the start. It comes at last. ‘They are off!’ and the Squire, his eyesight made keenly telescopic by the love he bears to his boy, cranes forward hungrily, and, missing no incident of the battle, begins in spirit to ride the race himself.

‘That will do, Redgy boy; that will do! Let him make the running! Now then, wider, wider, Redge! Keep away from his whip-hand. How gloriously that son of mine rides, to be sure—like a man! *Now THEN!* Capital, cap-i-tal! Ah, only just over, Redgy. The next take-off must be better judged than that, or you will be spilled, to a certainty. Now they are out of sight.’

The Squire knew every inch of the country over which the two horses were galloping; therefore his guesses as to what they were doing, so long as the nags remained in view, were curiously accurate. To the other spectators, Heckler the judge and Hartbrook perhaps excepted, the incidents of the race were unsupported guess-work of the roughest description; the grotesquely shifting shadows which were cast by the two horses rendering

obtaining an exact idea of the precise positions of the pair a matter of impossibility.

‘Here they come!’ shouted the Squire, in a strangled voice. ‘Here they come, and my boy is leading! *Let* him have it, Redgy! Lose him, my dear child! lose him! Good lad! He is coming away like a steam-engine!’

As Appletart approached the brook the excitement of the Squire intensified, especially when he saw that Captain Dykely was rapidly lessening the gap between him and the Squire’s horse. There was only about a length and a half of moonlight between Appletart and Fluefaker as the former rose like a bird over the brook and landed in safety.

‘Thank God, that’s over!’ murmured Whinridge; but he spoke too soon. The youthful ornament of the Thornford constabulary flashed the bull’s-eye across the path of the foremost horse, which shied, and then, terrified by the cheering of the crowd, tore along in a manner that betokened an early dissolution of partnership between him and his jockey.

In a voice that was neither a shout nor a yell, but a frantic blending of both, Mr. Whinridge exclaimed:

‘The horse has bolted! Out of the way with you! Redgy, keep him straight, my boy! Good lad, good la-ad, go—!’

‘How much did I win by?’ asked the boy faintly, as he opened his eyes in a hushed apartment in the Whinridge Arms. He had not spoken since they picked him up and found that an arm was broken. ‘How much?’

His father, whose eyes were moist and dim, and whose voice was quiet like a woman’s, said:

‘Twenty lengths was the judge’s verdict, Redgy—twenty lengths. And the cup is for you, my boy. And whenever you think your father is getting out of bounds, as you may think hereafter, *show* him that goblet, and remind him of what he went through when it was Won by the Light of the Moon.’

THE RETURN MATCH.

IT was the last meeting likely to be held under the management of the Redmarshall Race Committee. For years the enthralling subject of removing the meeting from Brackenlea to Snipey Willie's meadows, a peaty piece of ground nearer the enterprising town of Redmarshall, had afforded the public-spirited controversialists of the place an unfailing excuse for publishing their clinchers in the impartial columns of the local press. For years the duty which the Corporation of Redmarshall owed to the burgesses in respect of this much-desired change had been intermittently dwelt upon (chiefly at public meetings) by the representatives of the North-East Ward, near which ambitious section of the borough Snipey Willie's piece of boggy land was situated. Even the local poet had been enlisted in the popular cause.

' Brackenlea's a barren spot
With one solitary cot ;
Snipey Willie's meadows are
More commodious by far.'

was a quatrain that carried conviction to the mind of every unbiassed reader, and might, peradventure, have eventually carried the question if the Fates, in the shape of a railway company on the one hand, and a far-seeing builder on the other, had not intervened. Brackenlea was wanted by the company, and the bog by the builder. Whereupon the race-committee advertised their last meeting.

Up at the Hurst, Mr. Hugh Winpenny's place, on the evening before the races, these were naturally the leading topics of conversation. As they were, too, at Redmarshall, over the mahogany of Captain Wolviston, R.N., and likewise at Brackenlea Park, Lord Hart's place. Although returning two members, a Whig and a Tory, Redmarshall, which was a fiery furnace of party feeling at election times, took no account of political differences of opinion during the races. Those were drowned, as it were,

in the Redmarshall Cup, a handsome piece of plate, the desire to possess which sufficed to make the race for it one of the most exciting local events of what Turf reporters would term the fixture.

It was the day of slow travelling ; and the meeting was too good an opportunity for social enjoyment not to be made the most of when it *did* come round, which, after all, was only once a year. It was then a race of hospitality on the part of Winpenny, Wolviston, Lord Hart, the leading doctor and lawyer of Redmarshall, and many others. The Hurst, however, was the head-quarters of the choicer spirits of the meeting. Apart from the fact that he was a steward (as his father and grandfather had been before him), he owned a small stud of horses ; and he generally supplied a strong favourite for the Cup.

‘Win.,’ observed Ralph Freeman, Esq., of Thistleby Hall, a friend of thirty years’ standing, and an out-and-out sportsman, ‘I look upon myself as an ill-used personage.’

‘How’s that, Ralpho?’ replied the host, at the same time casting a glance around the table, and signalling to a reverend guest the fact that the bottle lingered. ‘How is that?’

‘Well, here we are about to celebrate the obsequies of Redmarshall Races—’

‘No, no, no, no!’ protested the host and several of the guests. ‘Not a bit of it!’

‘You will admit that it is the last meeting on the old spot—where you are to find another, I don’t know—and that it ought therefore to be uncommonly good.’

‘So it will be,’ interposed the Tory member for Redmarshall, another steward.

‘I beg leave to deny it ; and this is my grievance. Not only is the entry for the Cup wretchedly small, but neither Win. here, nor Lord Hart, nor Sir Thomas Acklam is represented. I wanted to see one of the old-fashioned fights to wind up with. It does one’s heart good to hear them shout when a native bred ‘un sails past in front. Upon my word, if I had suspected there would have been such a falling off in the grand old race, I would have entered something myself.’

There was a general laugh at this last remark. Squire Freeman’s name was not associated with uniform good fortune on the Turf ; far otherwise.

‘What could I do?’ asked Winpenny. ‘The mare was amiss ; and until it was too late I did not find out that Crowfoot had

grown into a stayer. What was the use of entering a six-furlong horse—as I always believed him to be—for the Cup, which happens to be as severe a mile-and-a-half course as you will find in England? Beetlewing will win.'

'Yes, bar accidents,' said Sir Thomas Acklam. 'But tell us, Winpenny, we shall see your colours displayed to-morrow or next day on something? I mean to show, although I have nothing in my stable fast enough to beat a donkey.'

'Run, yes!' replied Winpenny, filling himself another glass of the wine that had never betrayed him. 'Yes, I shall run; and you must back me. Not you, Courtney,' continued he, addressing his broad-minded friend the parson, who shook his head and smiled, 'because, as you know, the Church always stands in with me—when I win.'

This allusion to his own free-handedness elicited from the reverend gentleman the remark,

'The Church has no reason to complain, I am sure.'

Which naïve admission augmented the merriment of the board. Mr. Winpenny continued:

'The other day I ran Crowfoot at Ruddyford, and—'

'Won,' said Sir Thomas.

'Yes, won; and I will tell you how. There are reports of the affair in *Bell* and the *Sun*, but they are inadequate. It was a fifty-pound plate, and as I had been rather heavily hit at the meeting, I thought to myself, this is just Crowfoot's distance, and he shall earn his expenses and mine. Of course I told Walton to get away and win; and get away he did at score. But there was another in the race—a horse called Slider—who also came away, and for most of the journey was neck-and-neck with Crowfoot. Indeed, we were beaten a furlong from home. From that point mine came on, and won by half a length.'

'But what has all that to do with Redmarshall?' inquired Mr. Freeman.

'I will tell you,' rejoined Winpenny. 'I was too far off to notice it; but when I was assisting Walton off with the saddle to weigh-in, he informed me that Slider's jockey had bored him all the way, and they were going to claim the race on the ground of foul riding. Sure enough they did. For once, however, they reckoned without their host. The Ruddyford stewards believed my jockey, and taking a proper view of the other evidence—I never heard such skilful hands at misrepresentation in my life—gave me the race. Walton told me afterwards that their jockey,

who was no other than the notorious roper Headstall—you know, he was suspended for six months last season for his nefarious practices—said to him, “Wait till we meet again. I’ll bet a guinea we have every coin we have dropped to-day back again, and a lump on the top of it.” When Wrighton mentioned to me, quite in a casual way, that Slider had been entered for the Greystone Plate, I at once entered Crowfoot.’

‘Same conditions?’ inquired Sir Thomas.

‘Not exactly. I carry a winning penalty of three pounds. But I had plenty in hand at Ruddyford, and I shall win. The Slider party are a gang of the vilest thieves on the turf, and it won’t be my fault if I don’t break them: from Black Yarnold, the ostensible owner of Slider, down to the bookmaker Leek.’

‘And we must back Crowfoot?’

‘Yes,’ replied Winpenny, laughing; ‘back him, as the speculators would say, for pounds, shillings, and pence. I am so sure of the result that I have promised myself the pleasure of buying Blanche a certain roan mare she has set her heart upon out of my winnings.’

Thereafter the conversation deviated into other channels. By no means the least attentive of Mr. Winpenny’s auditors was Trenholm, the butler. Sleekly clerical in appearance, and a man of few words, the which he distributed, both on duty and off, with notable discretion, he was nevertheless, for his position in life, a bold speculator in the lottery of the Turf. In days gone by, when the Hurst stable had ‘pulled off good things,’ Trenholm had never failed to throw in for a heavy stake, without his master having the ghost of a suspicion of the extent of his daring. Winner or loser, he never, so to put it, ‘turned a single hair.’ He had his regular agent in London, a financial operator on the Turf of long standing, to whom he intrusted his commissions on distant events; while his Redmarshall agent was a game-dealer named Featherstone. Said Trenholm to himself, when the Crowfoot discussion had come to an end, ‘I must see Featherstone to-night.’ Turning over in his mind various pretexts for escape, it suddenly occurred to him that Mr. Winpenny had conferred with him that very afternoon on the subject of the morrow’s breakfast, and the probable neglect by Featherstone of certain orders for birds was pointed out. There was no time to be lost. Those necessary contributions to the larder might even then be on their way from Redmarshall to the Hurst.

Taking advantage of a discussion which appeared to monopolise everybody's attention at the table except Mr. Winpenny's, Trenholm approached that gentleman, and in a whispered 'aside' urged the necessity of an immediate expedition to 'the town.'

'Certainly, Trenholm. I am glad you have mentioned it. Send Bates at once; or, stay, perhaps you had better go yourself. Ring for him; he will take your place. We can manage, I think. And if you hear any news from Wrightson, let me know. We shall be in the billiard-room when you return. Don't remain away longer than is necessary.'

Trenholm assured his master that he would use all expedition; and, leaving Bates in charge, devoted five minutes to a consultation with the cook, and then set out for the town.

His interview with Featherstone was brief but decisive. If there were any speculation on the Greystone Plate, as well as on the Cup, that night, let him get as much on Crowfoot as possible at a good price, but he was not to speak if there appeared the least danger of spoiling the market. The Slider party might be shy. Anyhow he was to put the money down without flinching at the post, no matter what the price was; and he (Trenholm) would go as far as fifty. There were the notes.

'O, there is no occasion for that, Mr. Trenholm,' observed the commissioner, with a gentle air of deprecation, accepting the sheaf of rustling paper nevertheless. 'We understand each other. You are not going to run away.'

'Never mind. There is nothing like a clear understanding in these matters. By the bye, about those birds? I promised the Squire I would mention them.'

'Don't fash yourself, Mr. Trenholm. My man must have been at the Hurst a quarter of an hour after you left. You will find that Mrs. Robinson has got them trussed by the time you get home. But you are not going off like that, surely?'

Trenholm was not. After refreshing, as suggested, he bade Featherstone good-night, and repaired to Wrightson's.

He found that zealous clerk of the course in consultation with the printer of the morrow's card.

'Ah, come in, Trenholm. Take a seat. There—throw those newspapers on to the floor. We were just mentioning your name—or rather your master's—before you came in. Mr. Yarnold and several of his friends have been here looking at the entry

for the Greystone. A shady lot, Trenholm—a very, very shady lot. But that is no concern of ours. We get 'em of all sorts racing, and it is not our business to complain, so long as we conduct the business of the meeting to the satisfaction of the stewards, and avoid objections. Like to look at the card? What do you think of that? Reads almost as well as a York Autumn, eh?

'It does indeed, Mr. Wrightson. Rather a weak entry for the Cup, though; but the Greystone will make up for it.'

'Just what I say, Trenholm. Thanks to Crowfoot and Slider coming together again so soon after the Ruddyford meeting, the Redmarshall folk will not suffer to-morrow for lack of excitement. You see, that three pounds penalty will make it more of a match. There is nothing else in the race that can stretch their necks, as far as *I* can see. Are you off? Well, give my compliments to your master and Sir Thomas Acklam, and—you can show them this rough proof of the card—tell them that there is every prospect of a rattling good meeting. Mind the step; and be careful of yourself along the Elton-road. Ha, ha! Mr. Yarnold and Company—I suppose you know they call him Black Yarnold, not without good and sufficient reason, *I'll* be bound. As I was saying, Mr. Yarnold and Company have gone in the same direction. Slider and their other horses are at Tanner's place, which, as you know, is half-way between the town-end and the Hurst. Ah, it's a fine night, but there are some ragged clouds about the moon that mean mischief. Well, we can do with a shower; it will improve the going. Good-night, Trenholm.'

Responding to the benison of the garrulous official with another, Trenholm set out at a brisk pace homewards. He had no desire for a wetting; and there was a freshness in the air which pointed to an early realisation of Wrightson's forecast. He had accomplished about three-quarters of a mile of his journey when the moon, whose sectional appearances in rifts of clouds of increased density had latterly become rarer, retired entirely from view, and, after a few warning drops, the rain came down in drenching earnest. Trenholm knew every yard of the road. The shower had caught him within a dozen paces of a gate that opened into one of his master's fields. Clambering over with surprising agility for a man of his weight, he sought the partial shelter of a convenient hayrick, and waited with philosophical patience for the shower to cease.

Voices! Some wayfarers, belated like himself, had ensconced themselves at the other side of the stack. Taking advantage of the pattering sound of the rain, he crept cautiously into a roomy cutting which had been made in the solid mass of hay, and covered himself with the rushes that had formed the thatch. Even if the moon suddenly reappeared he was safe from observation. It was race-time, and he could not be *too* wary. His watch was well worth the attention of any of the disciples of St. Nicholas who were on the look-out for unconsidered trifles of that description, to say nothing of the contents of his purse and note-case. He crouched and listened. The voices grew more distinct. He could distinguish the words 'Winpenny,' 'Slider,' 'Crowfoot,' 'won at five furlongs,' 'put the cross on—'

If he could have been seen at that dreadful moment his visage would have presented a mingled expression of horror, and amazement. He would have given anything to have been able with safety to indulge in the relief of speech. A muffled groan was all the sound he dared indulge in. He broke out into profuse perspiration, which became the more profuse the more he listened. Yet he dared not move. Presently the rain abated, and the moon broke from behind a sombre bank of cloud. Then he heard a voice which, as he said afterwards, he could have recognised amongst a thousand, utter these words:

'Come on. I have had enough of this. I am nearly choked with hay-seeds; and my boots are ruined. We shall have to step it to Redmarshall, or we shall be locked out.' He heard also the rapid thud—thud—thud of footsteps retreating across the sodden grass; then followed a sound as of men climbing a gate, and the conflict of rough coarse voices of different compass. Thank God! his companions were gone.

When poor Trenholm again reached the road he paused, wiped the moisture from his clammy brow, clenched his fist, and shaking it in the direction which the conspirators had taken, said, in a tone of suppressed excitement,

'Well!—of all the—the SCOUNDRRRELS I EVER heard of, or read of, or saw—you are the biggest. But—stop a bit.'

He arrived at the Hurst—somehow. Before retiring to his room, to think—there was no sleep for him that night—he managed, with extreme difficulty, to deliver Wrightson's message to his master. Next morning he arose at an unwontedly early hour, and proceeded to rouse the maids from their precious slumbers, a duty which had hitherto devolved on the house-

keeper. The visitors at the Hurst at race-times were early risers to a man ; but on this occasion one of them did not emerge from his bath into the pure air which came fresh from the moors a moment too early for Trenholm. That one was Mr. Freeman. The bemused butler had resolved, after much mental travail, to confide in his master's old friend. For various conclusive reasons it appeared to him that recourse to Mr. Winpenny would be attended with risk. Trenholm's early diligence was speedily rewarded by the appearance of Mr. Freeman, making his way towards the stables.

'Good-morning, sir ; can I have a word with you in private?' asked the butler beseechingly, and almost out of breath. Late hours and lack of sleep had affected him.

'Good-morning, Trenholm. Certainly. What is it? Got a moral for the two-year-old race? Come in here.' He led the way into the library.

The expression of gentle pity which was apparent in the old gentleman's face gradually gave way to one of severe gravity as Trenholm poured forth an agitated account of last night's discovery. Except to interpose three or four pertinent questions, he spoke not until the surprising story was at an end, and then he rose and said :

'I think you have been prudent in keeping this matter from Mr. Winpenny. Dismiss your fears. I may find it necessary to take Sir Thomas Acklam into my confidence ; but in any case rest assured that I am operating. If you are backing Crowfoot, and I know you are fond of an occasional investment, be careful whom you bet with. If it be with any of the Slider party, make them post the money. I will take care that Mr. Winpenny and his friends are warned. We must not linger too long over the breakfast, so see there is no delay on your part. Now make your mind easy. Those scoundrels shall remember the last meeting at Brackenlea as long as they live.'

Mr. Freeman succeeded in getting the morning visit to the stable postponed until after breakfast ; and, excusing himself from waiting for the coach which was to convey the party to the course, said they might pick him up in the town, as he had something to see to there which would not wait, and proceeded thither at the rate of six miles an hour.

'Trenholm !'

'Yes, Miss Blanche.'

The only daughter of Hugh Winpenny, Esq., a lovely girl of

sixteen, radiant with health and anticipated enjoyment, approached him as the last guest left the Hurst on the tour of inspection just mentioned, and, standing before the faithful servitor, who had grown gray in the service, added, with an air of frank *naïveté*,

‘How do I look?’

‘As you always do, Miss Blanche. I had rather some one else answered that question. I *suppose* Lord Ernest will be one of the Brackenlea Park party.’

‘Now! If I have told you—but there, I know I can trust you, Trenholm. You see I am wearing the Hurst colours’—and she turned archly to show her dress—‘although disagreeable papa is not going to run anything of ours for the Cup. No. He is not a disagreeable papa. He is a dear, dear love of a papa. Do you know if little Crowfoot wins that Greystone Plate, he is going to give me— Well, I sha’n’t tell you.’

‘But I know, Miss Blanche.’

‘You do? Well, then, tell me. Will Crowfoot win?’

‘I hope so. Yes, he will win’ (‘that is,’ he muttered to himself, ‘he will get the stakes’). ‘O, he’ll win hard enough.’

Trenholm had been looking out of the window as he spoke. The sight of Sir Thomas Acklam making the best of his way towards a plantation of firs, wherein there was a footpath which was a short cut to Redmarshall, had inspired the butler’s concluding remark. If Mr. Freeman and the baronet could not bowl them out, it *was* a pity!

There was a brilliant company in the stewards’ stand, declared the local chroniclers; and the course was thronged with precisely such a numerous company as might have been expected to assemble to assist at the last Redmarshall race-meeting on Brackenlea. The two tug-boats which had been converted into excursion steamers for the occasion had delivered huge cargoes of passengers from Redmarshall, and it was a subject of remark that the roads which converged to a point convenient to the course were never so thronged before. Mr. Wrightson was in raptures. The receipts had swollen the exchequer to an extent that made the continuance of the meeting, elsewhere than at Brackenlea, a matter of certainty if only another course could be found—and that was, after all, very much a question of funds.

Three races had been decided, including the Cup, which had fallen to the favourite, Beetlewing. The next was the Greystone Plate. To the surprise of the betting-men from a distance this

apparently inferior race gave rise to more speculation than any of those which had preceded it. There were five runners, but only two were supported, as the learned in Turf lore phrased it, 'for money,' Mr. Yarnold's bay horse Slider, and Mr. Winpenny's four-year-old chestnut colt Crowfoot.

As soon as the market steadied down—as the learned would probably have said—it became obvious that, notwithstanding the favour in which Crowfoot was locally held, the stranger would remain first favourite. The Winpenny party were therefore enabled to back Crowfoot at an unexpectedly remunerative price.

Mr. Freeman is not in the ring when the numbers were put up. Neither is Sir Thomas Acklam. Neither is Trenholm. Mr. Freeman is wandering about in an aimless sort of way amongst the luxuriant furze and bracken, which at the farther side of the course forms a shaggy knoll, wherefrom a curious observer armed with just such a telescope as that which he carries shut up in his pocket, would be able to see what was going on at any given part of the course, and be himself unobserved. The baronet is sauntering down with the official of the flag to look at the start. His interest in such an inferior affair is incomprehensible. This will be the second time he has taken stock of the rough 'stob' (or stake) which does temporary service in that furzy ferny hollow for a starting-post for the six furlongs. At least one half of that end of the course is invisible from the stand and judge's box. Trenholm is lying down, somewhere in that neighbourhood, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on the 'stob.'

The flag is dropped to a good start; Sir Thomas Acklam finds no fault with it, but immediately follows the flying field at his briskest pace; and Slider wins. Everybody leaves the starting-post and rushes towards the ring in time to note the cheers of the Yarnold party suddenly subside at the words 'There is an objection—don't pay!'

No, not everybody. The starting-post is yet an object of absorbing interest to unnamed actors in the little drama. Clearly observed by Mr. Freeman and Trenholm, too clearly it may be for their after-comfort, are a couple of men, who, alternately creeping and walking stoopingly, emerge from their ambush of furze and withdraw the 'stob!' Returning to their cover, they dive swiftly in and out until they arrive at the spot where this rough piece of wood had originally stood. In a few seconds the 'post' is replaced, and Black Yarnold's unscrupulous agents

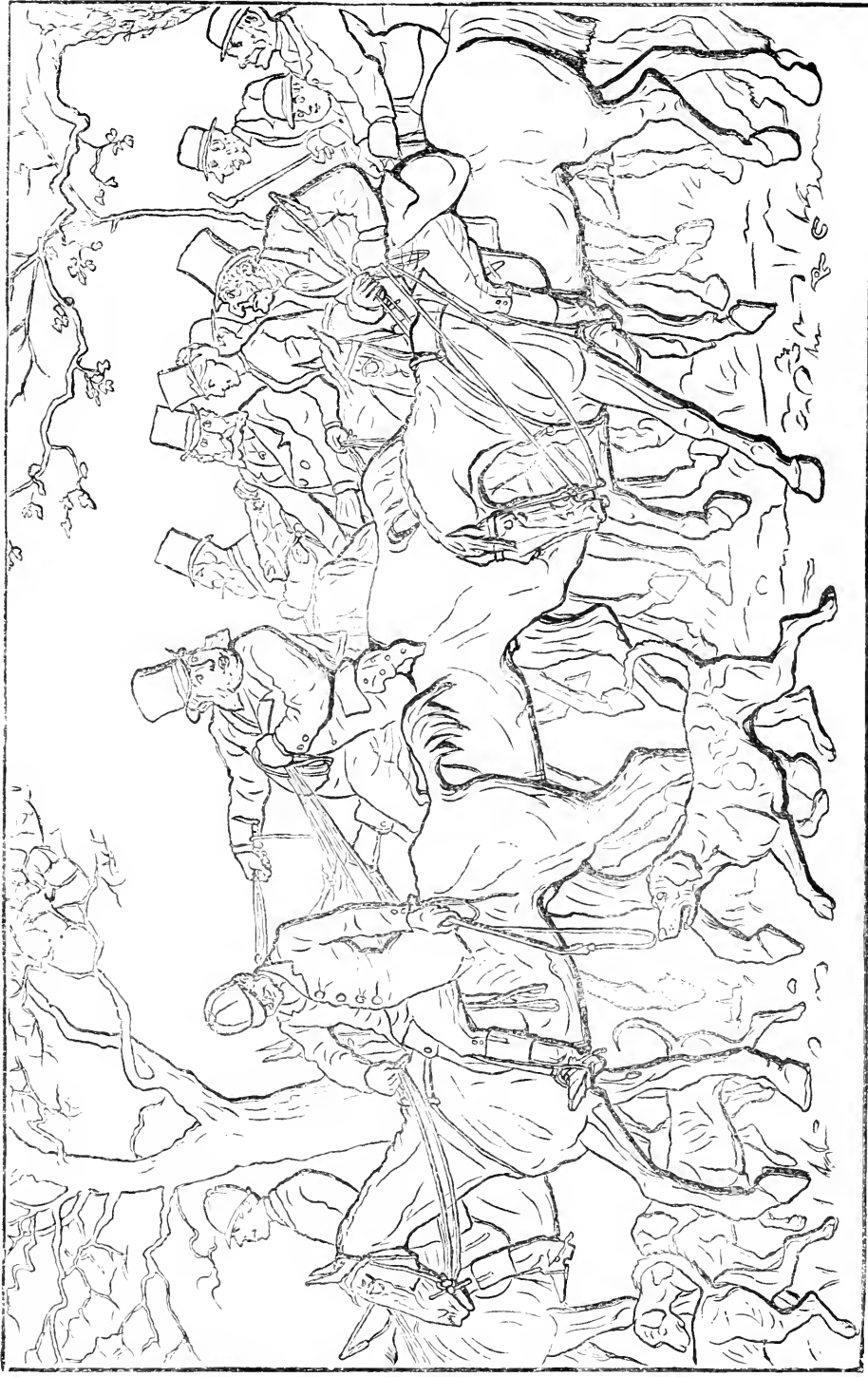
lounge towards the ring as though nothing unusual had occurred. At the same time Ralph Freeman, Esq., shuts up his telescope, and moves off in the same direction; an example which Trenholm, shaking himself like a water-dog, immediately follows.

By this time the excitement in the ring has reached fever-heat. Black Yarnold is fuming and threatening, and his congenial jockey is using unlovely language. Mr. Winpenny, who could not make out at first what it all meant, grasps the situation when Sir Thomas Acklam, rather blown with his exertions, enters the weighing-room and orders it to be cleared of all but the reporters and the parties interested in the dispute. Presently Trenholm, also 'scant of breath,' appears, and, after him, at length Mr. Freeman.

'Now, Sir Thomas,' observed Wrightson, 'will you be good enough to state your objection?'

In brief but emphatic terms the baronet told the story of the conspiracy. From information which he had received—here he glanced at Mr. Freeman and Trenholm—he suspected foul play, and Mr. Freeman and he took steps to frustrate it. Knowing that they were likely to be beaten at a distance of six furlongs, the Yarnold party—O, Mr. Yarnold need not bluster, that would not go down at Brackenlea—conspired to shift the stob a furlong nearer the winning-post. They were allowed to do it; but they were watched. Mr. Freeman saw the post removed and replaced, and so did Mr. Winpenny's butler, Trenholm. The two men who rang the changes were, he believed, in custody.

It was well for them they were, or the people would have torn the rascals to pieces. As it was, Black Yarnold and his jockey (both of whom were afterwards sentenced to banishment from the Newmarket-regulated turf) did not escape to their hotel without previous immersion in the river and 'sair banes,' to say nothing of injured attire. The Winpenny party were great winners by the race, and of course Blanche was presented by her father with that lovely roan mare.



RETURNING FROM COVER.

| Drawn by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.

HUNTING IN THE MIDLANDS.

‘JEM PIKE has just come round, gentlemen, to say that they will be able to hunt to-day, after all : and as it’s about starting time, I think, gentlemen, I will, with your permission, order your horses round.’

The announcement, as it came to us over our breakfast at a hostelry which I will call the Lion, in a market-town which I will call Chipping Ongar—a highly convenient hunting rendezvous in the Midlands—was not a little welcome. Jem Pike was the huntsman of the pack, and Jem Pike’s message was an intimation that the frost of last night had not destroyed our sport for the day. The morning had broke in what Jem would call a ‘plaguey ugly fashion :’ from an artistic point of view it had been divine : for hunting purposes it had been execrable. A thin coating of ice on one’s bath indoors, a good stiff hoar frost out, crystallised trees, and resonant roads—all this was seasonable, very, and ‘pretty to look at, too.’ But it was ‘bad for riding ;’ and we had not come to the Lion at Chipping Ongar in order to contemplate the beauties of Nature, but to brace our nerves with the healthy excitement of the chase. Full of misgivings we descended to breakfast, in hunting toggery notwithstanding. As the sun shone out with increased brilliance we began to grow more cheerful. The frost, we said, was nothing, and all trace of it would be gone before noon. The waiter shook his head dubiously, suggested that there was a good billiard-table, and inquired as to the hour at which we would like to dine. But the waiter, as the event proved, was wrong, and we were still in the middle of breakfast when the message of the huntsman of the Chipping Ongar pack arrived—exactly what we had each of us said. Of course the frost was nothing : we had known as much ; and now the great thing was to get breakfast over, and then ‘to horse away.’

After all there is nothing for comfort like the old-fashioned hunting hotels, and unfortunately they are decreasing in number every year. Still the Lion at Chipping Ongar remains ; and I

am happy to say that I know of a few more like the Lion. They are recognisable at a glance. You may tell them by the lack of nineteenth century filagree decoration which characterises their exterior, by the cut of the waiters, by the knowing look of the boots. Snug are their coffee-rooms, luxurious their beds, genial their whole atmosphere. It is just possible that if you were to take your wife to such an establishment as the Lion, she would complain that an aroma of tobacco-smoke pervaded the atmosphere. But the hunting hotel is conspicuously a bachelor's house. Its proprietor, or proprietress, does not lay himself or herself out for ladies and ladies' maids. It is their object to make single gentlemen, and gentlemen who enjoy the temporary felicity of singleness, at home. If it is your first visit, you are met in a manner which clearly intimates that you were expected. If you are an old *habitué* you find that all your wants are anticipated, and all your peculiar fancies known. The waiter understands exactly—marvellous is the memory of this race of men—what you like for breakfast: whether you prefer a 'wet dish' or a 'dry:' and recollects to a nicety your particular idea of a dinner. Under any circumstances a week's hunting is a good and healthy recreation; but it is difficult to enjoy a week's hunting more perfectly than in one of these hostelries, which have not, I rejoice to say, yet been swept away by the advancing tide of modern improvement.

Of whom did our company consist? We were not a party of Meltonian squires, such as it would have delighted the pen of *Nimrod* to describe. We were neither Osbaldestones nor Sir Harry Goodrickes: neither Myddelton Biddulphs nor Holyoakes. A Warwickshire or an Oxfordshire hunting field differs very materially, so far as regards its *personnel*, from a Leicester or a Northamptonshire gathering. The latter still preserves the memories and the traditions of a past *régime*, when hunting was confined to country gentlemen, farmers, and a few rich strangers: the former is typical of the new order of things under which hunting has ceased to be a class amusement, and has become a generally popular sport. Now it is not too much to claim for hunting at the present day this character. The composition of the little band which on the morning now in question left the Lion Hotel at Chipping Ongar, bound for cover, was no unimportant testimony to this fact. We were half a dozen in number, and comprised among ourselves a barrister, a journalist, a doctor, and a couple of Civil servants, who had allowed ourselves a

week's holiday, and who, being fond of riding, had determined to take it in this way. In an average hunting field of the present day you will discover men of all kinds of professions and occupations—attorneys, auctioneers, butchers, bakers, innkeepers, artists, sailors, authors. There is no town in England which has not more than one pack of hounds in its immediate vicinity; and you will find that the riders who make up the regular field are inhabitants of the town—men who are at work four or five days in the week at their desk or counter, and who hunt the remaining one or two. There is no greater instrument of social harmony than that of the modern hunting field; and, it may be added, there is no institution which affords a healthier opportunity for the ebullition of what may be called the democratic instincts of human nature. The hunting field is the paradise of equality, and the only title to recognition is achievement. 'Rank,' says a modern authority on the sport, 'has no privilege, and wealth can afford no protection.' Out of the hunting field there may be a wide gulf that separates peasant from peer, tenant from landlord. But there is no earthly power which can compel the tenant to give way to the landlord, or the peasant to the peer, when the scent is good and the hounds are in full cry.

As we get to the bottom of the long and irregularly-paved street which constitutes the main thoroughfare—indeed, I might add, the entire town of Chipping Ongar—we fall in with other equestrians bound for Branksome Bushes—the meet fixed for that day—distant not more than two miles from Chipping Ongar itself. There was the chief medical man of the place, mounted on a very clever horse, the head of the Chipping Ongar bank, and some half-dozen strangers. As we drew near to 'the Bushes' we saw that there had already congregated a very considerable crowd. There were young ladies, some who had come just to see the throw off, and others with an expression in their faces, and a cut about their habits, which looked like business, and which plainly indicated that they intended, if possible, to be in at the death. There were two or three clergymen who had come from adjoining parishes, and one or two country squires. There were some three or four Oxford undergraduates—Chipping Ongar is within a very convenient distance of the city of academic towers—who were 'staying up' at their respective colleges for the purpose of reading during a portion of the vacation, and who found it necessary to vary the monotony of intense intellectual application by an occasional gallop with the Chip-

ping Ongar or Bicester pack. Then, of course, there was the usual contingent of country doctors: usual, I say, for the medical profession gravitates naturally towards equestrianism. If a country doctor rides at all, you may be sure he rides well, and is well mounted, moreover. There was also a very boisterous and hard-riding maltster, who had acquired a considerable reputation in the district, a fair sprinkling of snobs, one or two grooms and stable cads. There was also an illustrious novelist of the day, the guest of Sir Cloudesley Spanker, and Sir Cloudesley Spanker, Bart., himself.

We had drawn Branksome Bushes and the result was a blank. Local sportsmen commenced to be prolific of suggestions. There was Henham Gorse, for instance, and two gentlemen asseverated most positively, upon intelligence which was indisputably true, that there was a fox in that quarter. Another noble sportsman, who prided himself especially on his local knowledge pressed upon Jem Pike the necessity of turning his attention next to the Enderby Woods, to all of which admonitions, however, Mr. Pike resolutely turned a deaf ear. These are among the difficulties which the huntsman of a subscription pack has to encounter or withstand. Every Nimrod who pays his sovereign or so a year to the support of the hounds considers he has a right to a voice in their management. Marvellous is the sensitiveness of the amateur sportsman. It is a well-established fact, that you cannot more grievously wound or insult the feelings of the gentleman who prides himself upon his acquaintance with horses than by impugning the accuracy of his judgment in any point of equine detail. Hint to your friend, who is possessed with the idea that he is an authority upon the manners and customs of foxes in general, and upon those of any one neighbourhood in particular, that there exists a chance of his fallibility, and he will resent the insinuation as a mortal slight. Jem Pike had his duty to do to the pack and to his employers, and he steadfastly refused to be guided or misguided by amateur advice. So, at Jem's sweet will, we jogged on from Branksome Bushes to Jarvis Spinney, and at Jarvis Spinney the object of our quest was obtained.

'Tis a pretty sight, the find and the throw off. You see the gorse literally alive with the hounds, their sterns flourishing above its surface. Something has excited them, and there 'the beauties' go, leaping over each other's backs. Then issues a shrill kind of whimper; in a moment one hound challenges, and

next another. Then from the huntsman comes a mighty cheer that is heard to the echo. 'He's gone,' say half a score of voices. Hats are pressed on, cigars thrown away, bridles gathered well up, and lo and behold they are off. A very fair field we were on the particular morning to which I here allude. The rector, I noticed, who had merely come to the meet, was well up with the first of us. Notwithstanding remonstrances addressed by timid papas and well-drilled grooms in attendance, Alice and Clara Vernon put their horses at the first fence, and that surmounted had fairly crossed the Rubicon. Nay, the contagion of the enthusiasm spread, as is always the case on such occasions, for their revered parents themselves were unable to resist the attraction. Sir Cloudesley Spanker asserted his position in the first rank, as did also the distinguished novelist his guest.

It has been remarked that all runs with foxhounds are alike on paper and different in reality. We were fortunate enough to have one that was certainly above the average with the Chipping Ongar hounds. Our fox chose an excellent line of country, and all our party from the Lion enjoyed the distinction of being in at the death. Mishaps there were, for all very weedy screws came signally to grief. Old Sir Cloudesley related with much grim humour the melancholy aspect that two dismounted strangers presented who had taken up their lodging in a ditch. The two Miss Vernons acquitted themselves admirably; so did the rector, and I am disposed to think that the company both of the ladies and the farmers vastly improved our hunting-field. It is quite certain that clergymen, more than any other race of men, require active change, and they get what they can get nowhere better than in a hunting-field. Nor in the modern hunting field is there anything which either ladies or clergymen need fear to face. The strong words and the strange oaths, the rough language, in fine, what has been called 'the roaring lion element,' these are accessories of the chase which have long since become things of the past. And the consummation is a natural consequence of the catholicity which hunting has acquired. There are no abuses like class abuses. Once admit the free light of publicity, and they vanish.

There are hunting farmers and hunting parsons, clergymen who make the chase the business of their life, and who get a day with the hounds as an agreeable relief to their professional toils. There is not much to be said in favour of the former order, which has, by the way, nearly become extinct. It survives in

Wales and in North Devon yet, and curious are the authentic stories which might be narrated about these enthusiastic heroes of top-boots and spur. There is a little village in North Devon where, till within a very few years, the meet of the stag-hounds used to be given out from the reading desk every Sunday after the first lesson. Years ago, when one who is now a veteran amongst the fox-hunting clerics of that neighbourhood first entered upon his new duties, he was seized with a desire to reform the ways of the natives and the practices of the priests. Installed in his new living, he determined to forswear hounds and hunting entirely. He even carried his orthodoxy to such a point as to institute daily services, which at first, however, were very well attended. Gradually his congregation fell off, much to the grief of the enthusiastic pastor. One day, observing his churchwardens lingering in the aisle after the service had been concluded, he went up and asked them whether they could at all inform him of the origin of the declension. 'Well, sir,' said one of the worthies thus addressed, 'we were a going to speak to you about the very same thing. You see, sir, the parson of this parish do always keep hounds. Mr. Froude, he kept foxhounds, Mr. Bellew, he kept harriers, and leastways we always expect the parson of this parish to keep *a small cry of summut.*' Whereupon the rector expressed his entire willingness to contribute a sum to the support of 'a small cry' of harriers, provided his congregation found the remainder. The experiment was tried, and was completely successful; nor after that day had the new rector occasion to complain of a deficiency in his congregation.

Tories of the old school, for instance Sir Cloudesley Spanker, who has quitted himself so gallantly to-day, would no doubt affirm that fox-hunting has been fatally injured as a sport by railways. The truth of the proposition is extremely questionable, and it may be dismissed in almost the same breath as the sinister predictions which are never verified of certain naval and military officers on the subject of the inevitable destiny of their respective services. Railways have no doubt disturbed the domestic tranquillity of the fox family, and have compelled its various members to forsake in some instances the ancient Lares and Penates. But the havoc which the science of man has wrought the skill of man has obviated. Foxes are quite as dear to humanity as they can be to themselves; and in proportion as the natural dwellings of foxes have been destroyed, artificial homes have been provided for them. Moreover railways have

had the effect of bringing men together, and of establishing all over the country new fox-hunting centres. Hunting wants money, and railways have brought men with money to the spots at which they were needed. They have, so to speak, placed the hunting-field at the very doors of the dwellers in town. In London a man may breakfast at home, have four or five hours' hunting fifty miles away from the metropolitan chimney-pots, and find himself seated at his domestic mahogany for a seven o'clock dinner. Nor is it necessary for the inhabitant of London to go such a distance to secure an excellent day's hunting. To say nothing of her Majesty's staghounds, there are first-rate packs in Surrey, Essex, and Kent, all within a railway journey of an hour. Here again the inveterate *laudator temporis acti* will declare he discerns greater ground for dissatisfaction than congratulation. He will tell you that in consequence of those con-founded steam-engines the field gets flooded by cockneys who can't ride, who mob the covert, and effectually prevent the fox from breaking. Of course it is indisputable that railways have familiarised men who never hunted previously with horses and with hounds, and that persons now venture upon the chase whose forefathers may have scarcely known to distinguish between a dog and a horse. Very likely, moreover, it would be much better for fox-hunting if a fair proportion of these new-comers had never presented themselves in this, their new, capacity. At the same time, with the quantity of the horsemen, there has been some improvement also in the quality of the horsemanship. Leech's typical cockney Nimrod may not have yet become extinct, but he is a much rarer specimen of sporting humanity than was formerly the case.

It is a great thing for all Englishmen that hunting should have received this new development among us, and for the simple reason that salutary as is the discipline of all field sports, that of hunting is so in the most eminent degree. 'Ride straight to hounds and talk as little as possible,' was the advice given by a veteran—our old friend Sir Cloudésley Spanker for instance—to a youngster who was discussing the secret mode in which popularity was to be secured; and the sententious maxim contains a great many grains of truth. Englishmen admire performance, and without it they despise words. Performance is the only thing which in the hunting-field meets with recognition on sufferance, and the braggadocia is most inevitably brought to his proper level in the course of a burst of forty minutes across

a good country. Again, the hunting-field is the most admirably contrived species of discipline for the temper. Displays of irritation or annoyance are promptly and effectively rebuked; and the man who cannot bear with fitting humility the reprimand, when it is merited, of the master or huntsman, will not have long to wait for the demonstrative disapproval of his compeer.

Hunting has been classed amongst those sports—*detestata matribus*—by reason of the intrinsic risk which it involves. Is it in any degree more dangerous than cricket or football, shooting or Alpine climbing? In Great Britain and Ireland there are at present exactly two hundred and twenty packs of hounds. Of these some hunt as often as five days a week, others not more frequently than two. The average may probably be fixed at the figure three. Roughly the hunting season lasts twenty-five weeks, while it may be computed that at least ninety horsemen go out with each pack. We thus have one million four hundred and fifty-eight thousand as the total of the occasions on which horse and rider feel the perils of the chase. 'If,' says Mr. Anthony Trollope, in the course of some admirable remarks on the subject, 'we say that a bone is broken annually in each hunt, and a man killed once in two years in all the hunts together, we think that we exceed the average of casualties. At present there is a spirit abroad which is desirous of maintaining the manly excitement of enterprise in which some peril is to be encountered, but which demands at the same time that it should be done without any risk of injurious circumstances. Let us have the excitement and pleasure of danger, but for God's sake no danger itself. This, at any rate, is unreasonable.'

These observations have somewhat diverted me from the thread of the original narrative. Should, however, the reader desire more precise information as to the particular line of country taken up by the fox on that eventful day with the Chipping Ongar hounds, will he not find it written for him in the pages of 'Bell'?

So we met, so we hunted, and so we rode home and dined; and if any person who is not entirely a stranger to horses wishes to enjoy a few days' active recreation and healthy holidays, he cannot, I would submit, for the reasons which I have above attempted to enumerate, do better than go down to the Lion at Chipping Ongar, and get a few days with the Chipping Ongar hounds.

INFLUENCE OF FIELD SPORTS ON CHARACTER.

FIELD sports have been generally considered solely in the light of a relaxation from the graver business of life, and have been justified by writers on economics on the ground that some sort of release is required from the imprisoned existence of the man of business, the lawyer, or the politician. Apollo does not always bend his bow, it is said, and timely dissipation is commendable even in the wise; therefore by all means, let the sports which we English love be pursued within legitimate bounds, and up to an extent not forbidden by weightier considerations.

But there seems to be somewhat more in field sports than is contained in this criticism. The influence of character on the manner in which sports are pursued is endless, and reciprocally the influence of field sports on character seems to deserve some attention. The best narrator of schoolboy life of the present day has said that, varied as are the characters of boys, so varied are their ways of facing or not facing a 'bully,' at football; and one of the greatest observers of character in England has written a most instructive and amusing account of the way in which men enjoy fox-hunting. If, therefore, a man's character and his occupations and tastes exercise a mutual influence upon each other, it follows that while men of different disposition pursue sports in different ways, the sports also which they do pursue will tell considerably in the development of their natural character.

Now, the field sport which is perhaps pursued by a greater number of Englishmen than any other, and which is most zealously admired by its devotees, is fox-hunting. It is essentially English in its nature.

'A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange,
'Tis likewise subject to the double danger
Of falling first, and having in exchange
Some pleasant laughter at the awkward stranger.'

And it is this very falling which adds in some degree to its popularity ; *suave mari magno*, it is pleasant to know that your neighbour A.'s horse, which he admires so much, has given him a fall at that very double over which your little animal has carried you so safely ; and it is pleasant to feel yourself secure from the difficulties entailed on B. by his desire to teach his four-year-old how to jump according to his tastes. But apart from this delight—uncharitable if you like to call it—which is felt at the hazards and failures of another, there is in fox-hunting the keenest possible desire to overcome satisfactorily these difficulties yourself. Not merely for the sake of explaining to an after-dinner audience how you jumped that big place by the church or led the field safely over the brook, though that element does enter in ; but from the strong delight which an Englishman seems by birthright to have in surmounting any obstacles which are placed in his way. Put a man then on a horse, and send him out hunting, and when he has had some experience ask him what he has discovered of the requirements of his new pursuit, and what is the lesson or influence of it. He will probably give you some such answer as the following.

The first thing that is wanted by, and therefore encouraged by, fox-hunting, is decision. He who hesitates is lost. No 'craner' can get well over a country. Directly the hounds begin to run, he who would follow them must decide upon his course. Will he go through that gate, or attempt that big fence, which has proved a stopper to the crowd ? there is no time to lose. The fence may necessitate a fall, the gate must cause a loss of time, which shall it be ? Or again, the hounds have come to a check, the master and huntsmen are not up (in some countries a very possible event), and it devolves upon the only man who is with them to give them a cast. Where is it to be ? here or there ? There is no time for thought, prompt and decided action alone succeeds. Or else the loss of shoe or an unexpected fall has thrown you out, and you must decide quickly in which direction you think the hounds are most likely to have run. Experience, of course, tells considerably here as everywhere ; but quick decision and promptitude in adopting the course decided on will be the surest means of attaining the wished-for result of finding yourself again in company with the hounds.

Further, fox-hunting teaches immensely self-dependence ; every one is far too much occupied with his own ideas, and his own difficulties, to be able to give more than the most momentary

attention to those of his neighbour. If you seek advice or aid you will not get much from the really zealous sportsman; you must trust to yourself, you must depend on your own resources. 'Go on, sir, or else let me come,' is the sort of encouragement which you are likely to get, if in doubt whether a fence is practicable or a turn correct.

Thirdly, fox-hunting necessitates a combination of judgment and courage removed from timidity on the one side and foolhardiness on the other. The man who takes his horse continually over big places, for the sake of doing that in which he hopes no one else will successfully imitate him, is sure in the end to kill his horse or lose his chance of seeing the run; and on the other hand, he who, when the hounds are running, shirks an awkward fence or leaves his straight course to look for a gate, is tolerably certain to find himself several fields behind at the finish. 'What sort of a man to hounds is Lord A——?' we once heard it asked of a good judge. 'O, a capital sportsman and rider, was the answer; 'never larks, but will go at a haystack if the hounds are running.'

It is partly from the necessity of self-dependence which the fox-hunter feels, that his sport is open to the accusation that it tends to selfishness. The true fox-hunter is alone in the midst of the crowd; he has his own interests solely at heart—each for himself, is his motto, and the pace is often too good for him to stop and help a neighbour in a ditch, or catch a friend's runaway horse. He has no partner, he plays no one's hand except his own. This of course only applies to the man who goes out hunting, eager to have a run, and keen to be in at the death. If a man rides to the meet with a pretty cousin, and pilots her for the first part of a run, he probably pays more attention to his charge than to his own instincts of the chase; but he is not on this occasion purely fox-hunting; and, if a true Nimrod, his passion for sport will overcome his gallantry, and he will probably not be sorry when his charge has left his protection, and he is free to ride where his individual wishes and the exigencies of hunt may lead him.

What a knowledge of country fox-hunting teaches! A man who hunts will, at an emergency, be far better able than one who does not to choose a course, and select a line, which will lead him right. Kinglake holds that the topographical instinct of the fox-hunter is of considerable advantage in the battle-field; and it is undoubtedly easy to imagine circumstances in which a

man accustomed to find his way to or from hounds, in spite of every opposition and difficulty, will make use of the power which he has acquired, and be superior to the man who has not had similar advantages.

Finally, fox-hunting encourages energy and 'go.' The sluggard or lazy man never succeeds as a fox-hunter, and he who adopts the chase as an amusement soon finds that he must lay aside all listlessness and inertness if he would enjoy to the full the pleasures which he seeks. A man who thinks a long ride to cover, or a jog home in a chill dank evening in November, a bore, will not do as a fox-hunter. The activity which considers no distance too great, no day too bad for hunting, will contribute first to the success of the sportsman, and ultimately to the formation of the character of the man.

Fishing teaches perseverance. The man in *Punch*, who on Friday did not know whether he had had good sport, because he only began on Wednesday morning, is a caricature; but, like all caricatures, has an element of truth in it. To succeed as a fisher, whether of the kingly salmon, or the diminutive gudgeon, an ardour is necessary which is not damped by repeated want of success; and he who is hopeless because he has no sport at first will never fully appreciate fishing. The skilled angler does not abuse the weather or the water in impotent despair, but makes the most of the resources which he has, and patiently hopes an improvement therein.

Delicacy and gentleness are also taught by fishing. It is here especially that

'Vis consili expers mole ruit suâ,
Vini temperatam di quoque porchunt in majus.'

Look at the thin link of gut and slight rod with which the huge trout or 'never ending monster of a salmon' is to be caught. No brute force will do there; every struggle of the prey must be met by judicious yielding on the part of the captor, who watches carefully every motion, and treats its weight by giving line, knowing at the same time—none better—when the full force of the butt is to be unflinchingly applied. Does not this sort of training have an effect on character? Will not a man educated in fly-fishing find developed in him the tendency to be patient, to be persevering, and to know how to adapt himself to circumstances? Whatever be the fish he is playing, whatever be his line, will he not know when to yield and when to hold fast?

Read the works of those who write on fishing—Scrope,

Walton, Davy, as instances. Is there not a very gentle spirit breathing through them? What is there rude or coarse or harsh in the true fisher? Is he not light and delicate, and do not his words and actions fall as softly as his flies?

Shooting is of two kinds, which, without incorrectness, may be termed wild and tame. Of tame shooting the tamest, in every sense of the word, is pigeon-shooting; but as this is admittedly not sport, and as its principal feature is that it is a medium for gambling, or, at least, for the winning of money prizes or silver cups, it may be passed over in a few words. It undoubtedly requires skill, and encourages rapidity of eye and quickness of action; but its influence on character depends solely on its essential selfishness, and the taint which it bears from the 'filthy' effect of 'lucre.'

Other tame shooting is battue shooting, where luxuriously clad men, who have breakfasted at any hour between ten and twelve, and have been driven to their coverts in a comfortable conveyance, stand in a sheltered corner with cigarettes in their mouths, and shoot tame pheasants and timid hares for about three hours and a half, varying the entertainment by a hot lunch, and a short walk from beat to beat. Two men stand behind each sportsman with breechloaders of the quickest action, and the only drawback to the gunner's satisfaction is that he is obliged to waste a certain time between his shots in cocking the gun which he has taken from his loader. This cannot but be enervating in its influence. Everything, except the merest action of pointing the piece and pulling the trigger, is done for you. You are conveyed probably to the very place where you are to stand; the game is driven right up to you; what you shoot is picked up for you; your gun itself is loaded by other hands; you have no difficulty in finding your prey; you have no satisfaction in outwitting the wiliness of bird or beast; you have nothing whatever except the pleasure—minimised by constant repetition—of bringing down a 'rocketter,' or stopping a rabbit going full speed across a ride.

The moral of this is that it is not necessary to do anything for yourself, that some one will do everything for you, probably better than you would, and that all you have to do is to leave everything to some person whom you trust. Or, again, it is, get the greatest amount of effect with the least possible personal exertion. Stand still, and opportunities will come on you like pheasants—all you have to do is to seize them.

But it is not so with wild shooting. Not so with the man, who, with the greatest difficulty, and after studying every available means of approach, has got within range of the lordly stag, and hears the dull thud which tells him his bullet has not missed its mark. Nor with him, who, after a hurried breakfast, climbs hill after hill in pursuit of the russet grouse, or mounts to the top of a cragged ridge in search of the snowy ptarmigan. Not so either with him, who traverses every damp bit of marshy ground along a low bottom, and is thoroughly gratified, if, at the end of a long day, he has bagged a few snipe, nor with him, who, despite cold and gloom and wet, has at last drawn his punt within distance of a flock of wild duck. In each of these, endurance and energy is taught in its fullest degree. It is no slight strain on the muscles and lungs to follow Ronald in his varied course, in which he emulates alternately the movements of the hare, the crab, and the snake; and it is no slight trial of patience to find, after all your care, all your wearisome stalk, that some unobserved hind, or unlucky grouse, has frightened your prey, and rendered your toil vain. But, *en avant*, do not despair, try again, walk your long walk—crawl your difficult crawl once more, and then—your perseverance rewarded by a royal head; agree that deer-stalking is calculated to develop a character which overcomes all difficulties, and goes on in spite of many failures.

The same obstinate determination which is found in this, the *beau idéal* of all shooting, is found similarly in shooting of other kinds; and it is a question whether to the endurance inculcated by this pursuit may not be attributed that part of an Englishman's character which made the Peninsular heroes 'never know when they were licked.'

Cricket is another field sport, the popularity of which is rapidly increasing; partly from the entire harmlessness which characterises it, and leads to the encouragement of it by schoolmasters and clergymen, and partly from the fact that it is played in the open air, in fine weather, and in the society of a number of companions. I do not propose to inquire whether there is benefit in the general spreading of cricket through the country, or whether it may not be said that it occupies too much time and takes members away from other more advantageous occupations, or whether the combination of amateur and professional skill which is found in great matches is a good thing; but I wish, briefly, to point out one or two points in human character which seem to me to be developed by cricket.

The first of these is hero-worship. The best player in a village club, and the captain of a school eleven, if not for other reasons unusually unpopular, is surrounded by a halo of glory which falls to the successful in no other sport. Great things are expected of him, he is looked upon with admiring eyes, and is indeed a great man. 'Ah, it is all very well,' you hear, 'but wait till Brown goes in. Smith and Robinson are out, but wait till Brown appears, then you will see how we shall beat you: bowl him out if you can.' His right hand will atone for the shortcomings of many smaller men, his prowess make up the deficiency of his side. Or look at a match between All England and twenty-two of Clodshire, watch the clodsmen between the innings, how they throng wonderingly round the chiefs of the eleven. That's him, that's Daft, wait till he takes the bat, then you'll 'see summut like play.' Or go to the Bat and Ball after the match, when the eleven are there, and see how their words are dwelt on by an admiring audience, and their very looks and demeanour made much of as the deliberate expressions of men great in their generation. Again, see the reception at Kennington Oval of a 'Surrey pet' or a popular amateur, or the way in which Mr. Grace is treated by the undemonstrative aristocracy of Lord's, and agree with me that cricket teaches hero-worship in its full. What power the captain of the Eton or the Winchester eleven has, what an influence over his fellows, not merely in the summer, when his deeds are before the public, but always, from a memory of his prowess with bat or ball! There is one awkward point about this; there are many cricket clubs, and therefore many captains, and when two of these meet a certain amount of difficulty arises in choosing which is the hero to be worshipped. In a match where the best players of a district are collected, and two or more good men known in their own circle and esteemed highly, there play together, who is to say which is the best; who is to crown the real king of Brentford? Each considers himself superior to the other, each remembers the plaudits of his own admirers, forgets that it is possible that they may be prejudiced, and ignores the reputation of his neighbour. The result is a jealousy among the chieftains which is difficult to be overcome, and which shows itself even in the best matches.

On the other hand, the effect of this very hero-worship which I have described, is to produce a harmony and unity of action consequent on confidence in a leader which is peculiar to cricket.

Watch a good eleven, a good university or public-school team, or the old A.F.P. for instance, and see how thoroughly they work together, how the whole eleven is like one machine, 'point' trusting 'coverpoint,' slip knowing that if he cannot reach a ball, coverslip can, and the bowler feeling sure that his half rollings, if hit up, will be caught, if hit along the ground, will be fielded. Or see two good men batting, when every run is of importance, how they trust one another's judgment as to the possibility of running, how thoroughly they act in unison. Such training as this teaches greatly a combination of purpose and of action, and a confidence in the judgment of one's colleagues which must be advantageous.

The good cricketer is obedient to his captain, does what he is told, and does not grumble if he thinks his skill underrated; the tyro, proud of his own prowess, will indeed be cross if he is not made enough of, or is sent in last; but the good player, who really knows the game, sees that one leader is enough, and obeys his orders accordingly.

There are other points taught by cricket, such as caution by batting, patience and care by bowling, and energy by fielding; but I have no space to dwell on these, as I wish to examine very briefly one more sport, which, though hardly national, is yet much loved by the considerable number who do pursue it. Boating is found in its glory at the universities, or in some of the suburbs of London which are situated on the Thames. It is also found in some of the northern towns, especially Newcastle, where the Tyne crew have long enjoyed a great reputation.

By boating, I do not mean going out in a large tub and sitting under an awning, being pulled by a couple of paid men, or drawn by an unfortunate horse, but boat-racing, for prizes or for honour. The Oxford and Cambridge race has done more than anything to make this sport popular; and the thousands who applaud the conquerors reward sufficiently the exertions which have been necessary to make the contest possible.

The chief lesson which boating teaches is self-denial. The university oar, or the member of the champion crew at the Thames or Tyne regatta, has to give up many pleasures, and deny himself many luxuries, before he is in a fit state to row with honour to himself and his party; and though, in the dramatist's excited imagination, the stroke-oar of an Oxford eight may spend days and nights immediately before the race in the society of a Formosa, such is not the case in real life. There must be

no pleasant chats over a social pipe for the rowing man, no dinners at the Mitre or the Bull, no *recherché* breakfasts with his friends; the routine of training must be strictly observed, and everything must give way to the paramount necessity of putting on muscle. In the race itself, too, what a desperate strain there is on the powers! How many times has some sobbing oarsman felt that Nature can resist no longer the tremendous demand made on her, that he can go on no longer; and then has come the thought that others are concerned besides himself, that the honour of his university or his club are at stake, and has lent a new stimulus and made possible that final spurt which results in victory!

The habits taught by boating, whether during training or after the race has commenced, lead to regularity of life, to abstemiousness, and to the avoidance of unwholesome tastes, and their effect is seen long after the desire for aquatic glory have passed away.

Such are some of the most prominent influences of English field sports; and as long as amusements requiring such energy, such physical or mental activity, and such endurance as fox-hunting, stalking, and cricket, are popular, there is little fear of the manly character of the English nation deteriorating, or its indomitable determination being weakened.

'FOR SALE—A THOROUGHBRED NAG,
UNBROKEN.'

I.

THE nag was a mare. Father bought her of a sharp horsey innkeeper in the neighbouring town, who had had her of a man who had taken her in payment of a bad debt of Captain Pumpkin, bankrupt. When she was brought home, with her foal of three weeks trotting by her side, we all gathered round with the warmest interest. Nobody could enough admire the beauty of the pair. What a graceful deer-like creature was the foal! How clean and elegant were the limbs of the mother! ('I could break 'em wi' my boot,' cried little Bill, with a heroic look, dealing an aimless kick into the air.) What spring and speed there were in that long pastern, and this great muscle in the thigh down to the hock! 'And her tail,' remarked Sissy—(which did not hang limp and nerveless between her hips, as is the habit of most equine and vaccine tails, but which had a kind of defiant cock)—'her tail,' said she, standing back, with her head on one side, 'has as fine a curve as an ostrich-feather.'

'Well, Joe,' said my father, after smiling placidly on us all, observing the old groom standing apart rubbing his nose in quizzical silence, 'what do you think of her?'

Joe put his finger to his cap and came forward. He seized her by the nostrils and the nether lip, and looked into her mouth.

'Rising four-year-old, Joe,' said my father.

'Umph!' grunted Joe.

He stepped back, and ran his eye all over her for a moment, as if for something he had lost; then, again stepping forward, he bent down and lifted her forefoot to tap the frog. With a mischievous flash of the eye she turned her head, and seized in her teeth the most obtrusive part of Joe's garment. Joe dropped on his hands. We all laughed; how could we help it? Joe rose in some perplexity, and turned to me quietly with '*She* ain't no good.'

'Rising four, Joe,' said my father, 'and quite unbroken.'

‘Umph!’ said Joe to me, ‘she’s out six, if she’s a day.’

‘He,’ said father, pointing to the foal, who was staring and sniffing at us, ‘is a son of Cavalier, Joe.’

‘Umph!’ said Joe again to me, in an undertone, ‘*she* ain’t no good; an’, as the sayin’ is, if ye want to know wot ‘e ‘ll be, arx his dam, so ‘e ain’t no good, nuther.’

II.

ONE day a clever talkative neighbour passed along with my father.

‘Ha,’ said he, ‘a new horse?’ stopping and leaning on the paddock-fence; ‘a brood-mare, eh?’

‘Ye-es,’ said my father, getting through the fence, followed by his friend; ‘isn’t she a beauty?’

‘She looks very handsome.’

Then the gentleman rushed at her, hooting and rattling his stick in his hat to make her show off her paces. Away she went at a tremendous trot round the field, with her tail cocked high and her foal galloping by her side.

‘She steps well,’ said he, coming back to my father. ‘A little wide behind; but all the better for that—shows speed. That’s a very pretty creature of a foal, though, as swift and graceful as a fawn. Where did you pick ‘em up?’

Then my father related all about the purchase, I suppose; for I did not hear, being outside the fence, and father not having so loud a tongue as his friend.

‘O, *I* know her,’ cried his friend; ‘she used to belong to Captain Pumpkin.’

Father nodded.

‘By all accounts, then,’ said his friend, shaking his head, ‘that *I* have heard—mind you, that *I* have heard, for I don’t swear to their absolute truth—*she’s a horrid vixen!*’

My curiosity had by this time carried me through the fence.

‘How can they tell?’ asked my father, with the least touch of impatience in his voice.

The fact is, from various dark hints that had been hovering around him for some days, the suspicion was beginning closely to press him that he had not made so keen, so prudent a purchase after all.

‘How can they tell, when she’s never been tried?’

‘Tried, Mr. Turnham? Lor’ bless you! she’s been tried—if

she's the mare—and gone over two trainers, Davenwick and Mossfoot; and if she's the same, she has a bit out of one ear, as if nibbled by a rat, and she has a fore-pastern fired.'

So saying he approached the mare again.

'Woa, lass; woa, little wifie.'

With a toss of her head and a scornful glance of her eye she dashed off, but not before we had observed the marks on the pastern of the near forefoot—an appearance of tightness, with rebellious little ridges of hair running from top to bottom, about an inch or so apart.

I remarked to my father that I had observed these marks from the first, but had not understood them.

'Hadn't you better, James,' said he, turning on me, 'go and feed that dog? He's been howling for at least half an hour.'

Thus civilly he ordered me off; and I went.

I was out riding the rest of the morning. When I returned I heard from Joe, while he was hissing over the hot flanks of my horse, that my father had sent the pretty mare with her foal off to a distant field.

'E 'ad 'er in fust, though,' said Joe, with a wink.

'Well,' said I eagerly, 'and did you see the—the—mutilated ear, and the fired pastern?'

'Bless you, Master James,' said Joe, stopping and looking up, 'I seen 'em afore.'

'Seen them before, and never mentioned it, Joe?'

'Mention it, *Mister James*, d'ye say? Now you knows better'n that. You knows 'ow master, your father, does. 'E won't a 'ear uv 'es bein' tuk in from nobody; *but* when 'e sees 'e is tuk in, away he packs the thing wot tuk 'im in out uv sight somewheres, which he's done this blessed day.'

And Joe with a chuckle resumed his hissing and thumping.

'Joe,' I said, after having considered a moment whether I should reveal my ignorance, 'what do they fire a pastern for?'

'Fire a pastern for, *Mister James*?'

He rose slowly, and began absently to feel for the horse's ribs.

'Cos it's cruel, *Mister James*; 'cos the 'oss 'as smashed 'issell some time or nuther, an' it's swelled big, an' they lays somethink over it an' lays the iron on 'issin' 'ot—*that* precious soon lays the swellin'. *That's* wot they does it for, *Mister James*, 'cos they thinks the 'oss likes it, I dessay.'

At lunch says father to me, 'I don't see, James, what's to hinder you from training that mare.'

'No more do I, father,' I answered, after a moment of surprise. 'I don't see why she shouldn't be managed. I'll sit her if she don't lie down and roll with me; and if she does, I can stand over her till she gets up again.'

My father looked at me steadily, and demanded,

'Who said she laid down and rolled?'

I looked foolish, and replied that I had heard no one say that—only—

'Only,' repeated my father, waxing warm, getting as nearly angry as I ever saw him get, 'that's how a poor brute's character, like many a man's, is whispered and winked and nodded and hummed and hawed away, before— Take and try her.'

I was overwhelmed with the unusual volume and warmth of my father's speech. I felt hurt, too; but I promised to do my best and gentlest with the mare. But here my mother interposed. The whispers defamatory of the mare that had got abroad had crept insidiously into her busy household ears, and she now, in some anxiety for the life and limb of her first-born, hinted that it might be better to let an experienced horse-breaker have her first.

'That's just the fault I have to find with these men, my dear,' said my father, 'that they are horse-breakers. If an animal shows any will or spirit of its own, they have no thought of trying to bend it—they must break it. If they can't, the horse is a vixen—full of vice—they can do nothing with her. She passes from their hands—or rather from their fists and whips and feet, and the sound of their coarse voices—with a mortal dread upon her of any human being, so that it will be difficult, very difficult, for any one to do anything with her, except'—and he gave me a straight kind look (as a peace-offering, I suppose, for the sin of his warm words)—'with the most patient and thoughtful treatment, which I hope—I think James will give her.'

Such words from my father, who seldom spoke either in praise or blame, sounded to me the rarest flattery. I blushed, and resolved to do my best.

However, I found that in private my mother had prevailed upon my father to let the mare remain unhandled till the harvest was past, by which time, perhaps, her high fierce spirit (if she had it) might have sunk to a very tame ebb on an exclusive grass diet.

III.

IN the mean time fresh evidence of the depravity and wide reputation of the mare kept coming to light in a most sprightly irritating fashion. One market-day, for instance, while I was looking on at the sale of some store-pigs, I became conscious that a man, who looked like a respectable groom or coachman, was fidgeting about and eyeing me as if he longed very much to speak, but could not find enough assurance either in his pockets or within his ample waistcoat. Feeling for the man, and seeing no harm in him, I made up to him with some remark about the pigs, with which he agreed. He very soon took occasion to ask if we hadn't that mare up at our place.

'I don't know,' said I; 'we have several mares,' though I was quite sure which he meant.

Yes, yes; but it was that vicious thoroughbred that had belonged to Captain Pumpkin; that was the one he was a-speakin' of.

'O, *you* know her too, do you?' I said.

'Know her? Bless ye, know 'er as well 's I know my own mother! Warn't it me as saw 'er grow up a colt, an' as fust tuk 'er in? You know that mark on 'er ear? she's got a big ear an' a ugly cartey 'ead, too big for 'er blood. Well, that 'appened when she was fust tuk in, an' was just a-bein' bound wi' the 'alter in the stall, when up she rises on 'er 'ind legs, playin' this yere in the air, a-sparrin'-like; up she rises an' strikes 'er 'ead agin a beam, an' cuts 'er ear clean off; 'twas just a-'angin' by a rag o' skin. So off I goes for the vet, an' when 'e come we casts 'er, an' 'e sews it on. Ye'll see the marks of the stitches yet, sir, if ye look. Fired in the pastern? I don't know nothin' about that, sir. Very like that was done by one o' them trainers. She went over two on 'em, you know, sir.'

I hinted an opinion that they had not understood, and had bungled her, and that I meant to try her myself.

He looked me up and down in surprise, till I blushed.

'Excuse me, sir, but hes your family insured your life? You'll excuse me, you know, sir,' said he, advancing nearer, 'but she's a spoiled brute. She ain't good for nothink. Kind gentle treatment, sir, do you say? Well, that's just where it is. *If* she 'ad, sir, or if she 'ad 'ad, as you may say. But, ye see, she's been 'ashed an' knocked about by them fellers, she 'avin' a devil uv a temper uv her own to begin with. Well, ye see, they've come off

second best, as the sayin' is, an' she knows it. It's too late, sir ; she's got off too long with it.'

'Why, how old is she?'

'How old, sir? Let me—' ('scratch my beard,' he might have said, for that was what he did)—'she was dropped, sir, the year Blenkiron won the Derby ; she's gettin' on for six, sir. Well, sir, you *may*, after a while, manage to ride her, but—'

The ellipsis of speech was made fully explicit by a portentous nod.

On our way home from market I retailed to father what I had been told. 'And,' I concluded, 'he said we *might* get her to be ridden, but as for harness—'

'You see, James,' said my father, 'these men have so mis-managed her, that our work will be more difficult than if they had never seen her.'

'Yes ; that's just what *he* said.'

'Who said?' asked my father, looking at me keenly.

I felt the rebuke to the full ; he needn't have said another word ; though he did add, after I stammered in reply, 'The—the man—'

'Do you usually accept as gospel all the gossip you may pick up from this and that creature you know nothing of?'

I was nettled. 'But surely, father, in this case—this gossip—there is a probability—'

He saw I wished to entangle him in an argument.

'Now, James,' said he.

The tone and the gaze subdued me. I was dumb.

It will thus be seen that my father still believed that the mare, notwithstanding the many serious rents and holes in her credit, had something of a character to lose ; and he was resolved that, if she could not be rehabilitated with a new one, no one should be encouraged by him to spy and point out other blemishes in the old—not even his son. He seemed determined to stick by her to the last.

IV.

I SAY *seemed* now ; but who then would ever have dreamt of reading at Michaelmas in a catalogue of a neighbour's sale the following entry by my father?—'A *Thoroughbred Nag, four years, with Foal ; unbroken.*' I was astonished, for I had overheard not the faintest whisper of an intention to sell her. I

could not help showing my astonished face to my father. He turned away, explaining the entry by—

‘Your mother’s afraid of you with her’ (meaning the mare).

I submitted to be thus saddled with the blame as gracefully as I could.

But there was no such luck as to be rid of her so easily. She was as well known among the gentlemen with the knowing little tufts and the tight trousers—ay, and among the farmers too—as any lady who has been defamed is when she ventures into society : she was infamously well known. And she stood in the yard, with her innocent little son, quiet and placable, as meek as milk. It was no doubt to her a matter of indifference who possessed her, if she was left undisturbed in the enjoyment of her small maternal cares, and of the sweetest of grass and other provender.

And, of course, in a little while every mortal man and boy knew her bad points and her vices off by heart. If one man did not know quite all, others (who had never spoken to the man in their lives before) strove for the pleasure of pouring into his ears their gratuitous information. The deuce ! it made me quite wroth. Two men were talking her over quite openly. Some little distance off another man was eyeing her with the dubious balanced look of a possible bidder, when suddenly he overheard from the others a derisive, ‘Unbroken ! Ha, ha ! Why, she,’ &c. They were turning away, when the man in alarm sidled up to them. Did he just—did they know anything of that mare with the foal ? Did they ? They hoped they did ! Ha, ha ! I grew more and more angry. Why could they not give the poor brute a chance for her—sale ? One of them was arrested in the full flow of imparting all he knew by chancing to cast his eye over his shoulder and observe me. ‘Sh !’ said he, ‘his son !’ ‘Where ?’ asked the stranger ; and when he knew, he stared at me as if I were a pestilent swindler, till I turned away red with rage and confusion.

But when the old gentleman in green spectacles and white gaiters asked the boy who was standing with the mare whether she went quietly when ridden, and the boy replied, ‘O, bless you, yes, sir ; why, I rode uv ’er over ’ere myself this morning, an’ she went as quiet as a lamb,’ I chuckled with delight, though I knew that boy would not dare to lift a leg towards her. I, at least, did not register the lie against the boy, it was told in so good a cause.

But the worst was yet to come. Her turn came, and she was trotted out before the auctioneer.

‘Now, gentlemen,’ &c.

‘How old is she?’ demanded an oldish nondescript fellow in a wide-awake hat and a blouse, who was reputed to possess the fastest trotter in the district.

‘Four year old, gentlemen; and quite unbroken,’ said the auctioneer, consulting his catalogue.

‘Now, gentlemen, what’s—’

‘It’s a lie!’ shouted the old fellow. ‘She’s six, if she’s not seven; an’ as for her being unbroken—’

But here a sense of fairness and of privilege stirred the breasts of many, who interrupted him with,

‘A bid! A bid!’

‘Ten pounds!’ shouted he.

‘Ten pounds, gentlemen. Ten pounds is bid for this thoroughbred mare with foal—’

‘Who is the foal by?’ asked a voice from the crowd.

‘Cavalier,’ whispered my father from behind the auctioneer.

‘By Cavalier, gentlemen,’ shouted the auctioneer.

‘It’s a lie,’ muttered the old fellow.

‘Mr. Cross, gentlemen’ (that was the old fellow’s name), ‘is cross because she is not a *cross*.’

Here there was a loud bucolic laugh from the crowd.

‘No, gentlemen, she’s no cross, she’s thoroughbred. There’s blood, gentlemen. Trot her out again, Tom.’

Bill cracked his whip, and shouted, and Tom trotted her out, but with little enthusiasm. The bucolic audience laughed, wagged its head, and winked.

‘Well, gentlemen, what do you say? Mr. Cross, let me start with twenty.’ Mr. Cross shook his sulky head. ‘No! Have a catalogue, Mr. Cross?’

‘I don’t want a catalogue,’ said Mr. Cross.

‘No, gentlemen, but Mr. Cross wants a thoroughbred mare, with foal, for 10*l.*, gentlemen—a nag that could win ’im a trotting-match. Out with her again, Tom! There, gentlemen, what action and spring! She’d do a trotting match for you every day in the year, Cross—Sundays excepted. On Sundays, gentlemen, Mr. Cross is too good a man to run matches.’

But it was of no use; he might fire off the most pointed wit he could invent, no higher bid would be thrown to him in return: the crowd grinned and giggled, or stood silent and suspicious.

Mr. Auctioneer turned and whispered to my father, and the mare was walked off covered with ignominy.

As we drove home, I ventured a remark, amongst others, upon the unseasonable interference of the old idiot in the blouse.

'I'm pleased she's going to stay with us,' said my father curtly, and gave the horse a cut with the whip.

I could not make my father out ; I was silent.

V.

IT was November, and the height of the shooting-season, when father reminded me that an attempt must be made to train that mare ; had we not better begin at once ? I agreed that we had. It was always great trouble to take and halter it. But, for the most part, once in a corner she submitted to be led off quietly.

We tried the saddle on her, just to see how she would wear it ; for nothing serious could be attempted till that precious baby of hers should have been weaned. She submitted to the saddle as if she had been under it all her days. She seemed so quiet, I thought I might try how she would endure one seated in the saddle. It was a safe enough venture for me, for there were two or three men about who had helped in her capture, and father was at her head. I did not like the glance of her eye as I placed my foot. I sprang into the saddle and stuck, prepared for the worst. But she could not have stood more quietly if she had been made of wood. I walked her up the lane, with her foal trotting by her side, or behind, or in front, and I walked her down again. I walked her about the green, and tried to excite her to a merry prance or two, but no—she was as sober as an old cart-horse. I will confess I felt rather disappointed that she had shown not a spark of the wild devilry that was said to be in her. I got off in disgust. Then I thought I would try a remount alone, she seemed so meek a brute. I had no sooner reached the saddle than she kicked up like a donkey, and trotted off with her beautiful springy step, trying to rub me off against hay-ricks and stable-walls and fence-posts. 'Well,' thought I, 'this is more promising,' and dismounted the first opportunity.

I shall not trouble you with a detailed account of the weaning of that blessed baby : how he was penned into a large stall adjoining that in which his mother was bound, with a great deal of litter strewed deep about the floor and piled high against the

wall ; how he screamed and neighed (never have I heard so deep, so fierce a neigh as mother and son both possessed) ; how to escape his pursuers he leapt up among the piled litter to climb over to his dam—and would have climbed, and broken limb or neck, had I not fortunately been in his rear and seized his tail, and hauled till he rolled over in the litter, and was lost for the moment, all except his thin legs, which fought desperately with the air ; how, when taken and securely haltered, he danced and pranced about the green, threw himself down and screamed once twisting me over with him ; how, after he had worked himself into the last state of perspiration and excitement, he leant—absolutely leant—up against me to rest, poor little fellow ! He was at length, though nothing like cowed, led away to a distant part of the farm and introduced to the company of other colts who had lately passed through the same bewildering experience as himself, and had survived it, and who now knew no more of mother or father than does an Arab of the streets. He raced about and screamed for his mother, to the no small surprise and contempt of his comrades.

Parted from her first-born son, that mother led us such a life ! If ever there was a real nightmare of flesh and blood, it was she. Three, four nights running, father, Joe, and I sat up with her (all three the first night, the other nights by turns), and if we had not she would have hanged herself over and over again. A very legion of devils seemed to possess her. She neither ate nor drank, nor lay down day or night, but made violent wrenches at her halter (which she broke again and again), threw herself against the walls and on the floor of her stall, like a lunatic. I never saw or heard of a horse behaving so before.

‘Lor’ bless you, yes, sir,’ said Joe, raising his eyebrows, ‘at weanin’ wuss—much wuss, sometimes.’

Well, I never had seen it ; but I was young, and I ventured to doubt whether the mare would not rather die than give in, and whether we were not acting a very cruel part. In expressing as much, I looked at my father ; but he stood and smoked, fixed and inscrutable as an Indian chief. Her last paroxysm must have been very violent and peculiar. I was with her on the fourth day alone, and had run indoors to my mother to get a mouthful of something warm, when suddenly there came from the stable the most dreadful clatter and snorting. I rushed out, and found her lying with her tail where her head should be, but with her head still bound to the manger so that it was dragged

over her shoulder towards her tail in a most constrained position ; she had one hind-leg over the halter. I saw I could do nothing for her—she must lie there till she could burst herself free. She made a few ineffectual dashes, kicks, and snorts ; then, with swelling ribs and a tremendous snort, she put out her strength. The leather snapped beneath her chin, and she stood with all her feet out apart (as if she meant to fly), and looked about her. Then, with a big sigh, she lay down and was quiet.

VI.

SOON after this, it was possible to begin the work of breaking in. For two or three nights after the weaning and watching my sleep was over-riden by that mare. In wakeful intervals I endeavoured to mature my green opinions on the best mode of training. I convinced myself by certain links of reasoning, which I lost in my sleep, that the too common whack and halloo—‘crack whip and dash away’—method (if method it were) would never do with a creature of her high mettle. I would use her gently. I recalled the saying of an old gentleman, who had been much in the society of horses, that he had often struck a horse, but had never known the blow do any good, and I resolved that under no provocation would I strike her. I sleepily argued with myself that the doctrine of original sin was inapplicable to horses : there was no such thing as inborn vice among them ; what seemed such was only either youthful mischief, or ignorance, or, at the very worst, fear.

One evening, in the absence of my father, I flaunted forth these revolutionary notions before a sympathetic but unpractical female audience, consisting of my mother, Sissy, the village school-mistress (an old maid of prodigious learning and vast powers of utterance), and the old retriever dog. The ladies applauded my humane opinions ; the old dog barked and howled as if in dissent and lamentation. Then the lady of prodigious lore, with a delicious roll in her voice, asked Mister James if he had never heard how it was that man was at all able to restrain and dominate so noble and fiery an animal as the horse.

Well, I replied, casting about in my mind, perhaps I had.

That Nature, in her beneficent wisdom, had so constructed the lens of the horse's eye that a man appeared to him of gigantic size, huge and towering ?

‘Dear me!’ said I, ‘I never heard that before!’

‘Have you not?’ said she. ‘It’s one of the many marvellous facts science has demonstrated to us. If it were not for that, a small boy like Billy there’ (Billy tried to look unconscious, and pulled up his stockings) ‘would never be able to lead about a horse and manage him.’

‘Indeed!’ I exclaimed.

Here Billy interposed the irrelevant fact that he had ridden the old gray mare to water and back again, and all alone too.

‘No; not quite alone, Billy,’ suggested Sissy.

‘Well,’ quoth Billy, rather sulkily, ‘there was only Joe besides;’ who, no doubt, was a considerable figure of authority to the gray mare, if not to Billy.

It occurred to me afterwards—keen objections or smart answers never do occur to me till the occasion for their application has slipped past—that if the lens of the horse’s eye had this enlarging power, then everything he saw through that lens—not men and little boys alone—must be of monstrous size! Why does a horse, then, not run away when he sees a fellow-horse? Ha, ha! He does shy, though, when he sees a dark bush in the twilight. Can it be that he imagines it a great tree?

However, I resolved to be as big and important in the eyes of that mare as her lens would possibly allow. But in a day or two, I must confess, I lost in dignity and self-respect. The mare had run with open mouth at that boy who had lied so well on her behalf. Possibly some moral lens she kept somewhere had a more than nullifying effect upon her physical, and had shown her him as a very small boy indeed, as a mere worm of a boy. She struck him down with her fore-feet as soon as he entered her box, and she would have trampled him to death had he not contrived to creep away, very sore, under the manger, where he lay beneath her watchful eye till I entered, and found and released him. I tied her up and began to groom her (I had begun thus to make myself intimately acquainted with her temper, and with all her little ways)—I say, I began to groom her. She was rather dirty about the hocks, and I suppose I must have scratched her a little in applying the currycomb there. She struck out a fierce high kick, which just missed me. I instantly dug her in the ribs with the comb. I at once regretted it. She plunged about a little; and I saw from her evil eye and flattened ears she had taken it in great dudgeon. I had lost whatever

slight hold I had got of her equine affections ; but the worst was, I had broken my resolution at the first trial.

VII.

TO-MORROW was the day when she was to have her first '*plunge*,' as Joe phrased it, and my mother's anxiety visibly deepened.

Why could we not, she urged my father, let her plunge about for a few days with a man-of-straw or a sand-man on her back ? She had seen that done at home.

'With a good result ?' asked my father.

My mother did not know with what result ; but she thought we might try it.

I suggested as a compromise that she might wear a man-of-straw in the night ; but my father at once put that aside by reminding me that the mare lay down in the night now, and that if she found she could lie down comfortably with the man-of-straw—(here my father could not refrain from laughter—whatever at, my mother wondered ?)—she would try and lie down with me.

'No, my dear,' said he ; 'we must try her with this man-of-straw first,' looking at me and laughing. My father was unusually facetious.

When I was mounted for the '*plunge*'—

'Always a short stirrup,' said my father emphatically, 'when you're on a horse you're not sure of.'

While he on the one side and Joe on the other were shortening the leathers, the mare kept treading and treading (as if she had been in the army and had learnt to mark time), cocking and switching her long switch-tail, till she almost whisked old Joe's withered head off.

'Woa !' cried Jack, 'you— ;' he felt my father's calm eye on him, and said, 'you bonny Bess !'

'We must cut it off,' said my father.

He meant the mare's tail not Joe's old head.

But before my father's sharp knife was produced, and while he was still smiling at Joe's mishap, round came the terrible tail on his side and whisked his hat away ; some of its loose longer hairs even reached and stung my nose. I believe she knew well what she was about ; I could detect the ardent mischief in her eye and the backward prick of her ear. But we soon had her tail abridged to some inches above her hocks.

She trod and trod in her easy springy style, catching at and chewing her bit (it was a simple champ-bit with keys), but she would not step an inch forward in obedience to my mild requests and entreaties. My father, at length out of patience, gave her a smack on the shoulder with the end of the rein he held, and away she dashed. But she found in a little that, what with me on her back and father and Joe with a rein on either side, there was little room for the play of her own free will.

She submitted sullenly: sullenness and design were always expressed to me by her Jewish cast of nose and long narrow forehead. There are no points so attractive in a horse as an open frank nostril and a broad forehead.

‘I don’t like that head of hers,’ said I to Joe; ‘I can’t think she’s thoroughbred.’

‘Thoroughbred? Lor’ bless you, Mister James, ye’ve jest got to twig that cartey ’ead to know that; though it wouldn’t do,’ added he in an undertone, ‘to say that to master. No.’

I went to feed her (I always fed her myself). I mixed in a sieve a quantity of chaff and bran, with a sprinkling of salt and two or three handfuls of oats, for we thought that full measure of hard food might make her like Jeshurun. She observed my movements over her shoulder in sullen expectancy. I put it in her manger. She sniffed at it, tasted it, tossed as much as she could out with her nose, and then turned and glowered at me; till, with a sound more like a pig’s grunt or a testy man’s ‘humph!’ than an honest equine snort, she returned to her manger and began eating.

‘There,’ cried Joe, wagging his head at me, ‘not she! O, no! Don’t you make no mistake!’

After these oracular words from Joe, I resumed,

‘I’m sure she and I will never be good friends. She looks so secret, so crafty and designing, there can never be any confidence between us.’

‘Ah!’ said Joe, looking puzzled.

‘I shall never be able to trust that Jew nose.’

Joe laughed, and kept repeating to himself, ‘Jew nose,’ as if it were a very rich joke.

We plunged and trained her in the soft field the next day, and the third day, and the fourth, and the fifth; and my father said every day with increasing confidence as the days passed, ‘I don’t see anything about that mare that should make folks

say she plays such tricks. She's as docile and good a thing as can be.' I was silent.

At the end of the week she seemed so submissive and tractable that my father thought she and I might very well be trusted alone. I, however, still distrusted the sullen craft of her eye; and that Jew nose, I said to myself, I could never be reconciled to. I saddled and bridled her, with the least tremor of anxiety disturbing me. I was going, for security's sake, to put a curb-bit in her mouth; but father said, 'O, fie, no; you'll spoil her mouth.' So I allowed her the usual champ-bit. She grabbed at it when it was presented to her mouth, as if she understood how near she had been to losing it. I led her out; Joe came forward to hold her head.

'Let him mount by himself,' said my father. 'She must learn to stand without being held.'

She stepped round and round in a staid funereal style, as if performing at a circus. At length I got into the saddle, and, quick as thought, she bolted with me, past Joe, back into the stable. I had just time to think of Absalom's fate before I leant far back over her tail and passed under the low lintel of the door. I was much nettled, but I restrained myself. I got off and led her out again in silence, exchanging with the brute a glance of defiance. She wanted to go through the circus performance again. My blood was rising; I shut my lips and was resolute. I held the rein, but made no effort to mount, till she stopped and looked at Joe, and from Joe to me, as much as to say, 'What does this mean?' Whilst she was considering this, I leaped to the saddle, and away she went, as on the first day I bestrode her, to scrape me off against a fence. Failing in this, she darted forward a few yards into the road, stopped dead, and kicked clear up like a donkey.

'Grip hold o' the saddle be'ind,' cried Joe.

Again was she disappointed. She whisked her tail smartly and dashed away up the lane, as if possessed by all the devils that drove the herd of swine to commit suicide. I pulled my very hardest to rein her in; but the champ-bit could restrain her no more than a rotten stick. 'Well, my pet,' said I aloud, 'go as hard as you can pelt, but I'll stick to you.' Forthwith she began to prance and rear. A gate by chance stood open, and before she was aware I had touched her with my heel and she was in the ploughed field. After plunging and rearing for some time, till I thought the next moment she would fall backward

and crush me beneath her, she played what I had been led to understand was her great trump-card—she lay down and rolled. But her feet were clogged with the soft loam, and the action was not so quick but that I had time to get my foot free from the stirrup. I stood over her, as I had promised myself I would. She glared back at me in surprise. She planted out her forefeet, preparing to rise. I was ready; remembering Joe's last words, I grasped the saddle behind me. It was well I did, for with the jerk with which she rose she almost jerked me over her head. She seemed to have expected thus to get rid of me. She looked round and stood still a moment to consider what she would do next. 'Do what I want you to do,' said I, then touched her with my heel, and guided her across the field. She stepped along steadily enough till she reached the farther side. I had begun in my triumph to despise the clumsiness and fewness of her tricks, and to laugh at myself for having looked forward to her playing of them with such anxiety, when she espied under a wide-spreading oak a breach in the wattle-fence between the field and the road, and dashed straight at it, will I, nill I. Again I thought of Absalom, this time with more propriety. Before I could count six we had passed under the tree; a crooked finger of one of its great arms had snatched my hat—luckily leaving me my head—we were down the steep bank, and tearing along the road as hard as she could gallop.

'This is nice,' thought I, 'very nice.' I must confess I thought bitterly of my father. He had allowed me to be carried off by this brute; he would now be sitting down quietly to lunch at home; but I would lunch at—*where?* The road was straight and firm, and her feet covered mile after mile; while I, hot, tired, and hatless, resigned myself to a Gilpin ride. Ten good miles, through sun and shade, without the interruption of a single turnpike. Up Sharpthorne Hill she slackened pace a little, and I got her danced down the long street of the village of Cripsey and into the George yard, twelve miles from home. I shouted eagerly for the ostler, for she seemed inclined to return to the road. A little bow-legged man appeared.

'Had a stiff run, sir?' said he, as he stood at her head and glanced at her lathered shoulders.

'Rather,' said I. I swung myself off, and walked away to find the inn-parlour.

I lunched off the remains of a leg of mutton the innkeeper's family had had for dinner. I rested a little, and then, in a hat

borrowed of the landlord, walked out to the stables to look at the brute. The little ostler had scraped her down and thrown a cloth over her, and she was munching some fragrant hay as if nothing had happened.

'Come from Captain Pumpkin's, sir?' asked the ostler.

I shook my head and looked at him; I guessed what was coming.

'Not?' said he. 'I thought this yere mare was his.'

'Yes, it was,' I replied; 'but my father bought it.'

'Ah!' said he, with a look which added plainly, 'What a green fellow your father must be!' He added aloud, 'P'raps 'e got 'er cheap?'

'I can't say,' said I.

'Well,' said he, 'I thought I knowed 'er, If ye once clap eyes on 'er, you'll easy know 'er agin, you know, sir,' he continued, with a hoarse laugh; 'this yere car, and the fired pastern. Woa, tit!'

'Ye-es,' said I, in a tone of dolour, and related to him some of our adventures.

'Ah,' laughed he, getting quite lively, 'she *is* a bad un, ain't she? She's the tippest-topper at badness ever I sec. So sly, too. Lor' bless you, sir!'

He seemed about to relate some remarkable anecdote of her history, but thought better of it, and said,

'Don't you wear of yerself out with her, sir. She'll break your neck, or break 'er own, afore she's done.'

'Ah!' said I.

'Ride 'ome on this yere 'oss, an' let me walk 'er over in the mornin'.'

O, no, I wouldn't hear of such a thing. I'd ride her back, though heaven should fall. So I mounted and cantered away. I thought I was going to get her home pretty easily; but at the head of the village she turned and galloped back into the George yard.

Little bow-legs laughed, and asked, 'What will you do, sir?'

'Go in and have a smoke,' said I, 'and try again.'

I went in and smoked a cigar. Then I returned to the brute. I was determined she *should* go home now.

She danced and capered to the no small dismay and delight of the village children and gossips. This seemed to furnish her cunning head with a new idea; for every time she caught sight of a house or cottage with a child or two about she played off

these pranks. Not only so, but she played off again upon me all the tricks of the morning. She lay down and rolled in the road, and managed to give my foot something of a bruise. My patience was entirely gone; I whipped her with a will. She rose, filled with rage and surprise, and tore away home like the wind. When we came to that gap in the fence again, up the bank she shot and under the tree—in whose branches I left my second hat—and away across the field. Now came her final, her grand *coup*. I rode her straight at the hedge, expecting her to clear it, from the way she took the ground; but she stopped dead, with her forefeet in the roots of the hedge, and over I'd have gone head foremost into the ditch, like a sack of coals shot by a coalheaver, had I not feared some such catastrophe and gripped the saddle according to Joe's advice.

I got home about tea-time.

'O, here you are! I thought it was all up with you,' said Joe cheerfully.

'Well,' said my father, 'how did you get on, James?'

'Get on, father? It was not the getting on—it was the keeping on!'

'That's it,' laughed Joe.

My father was silent.

I entered the house. I saw my mother had been crying.

'My dear boy,' she exclaimed, 'what a figure! You're crusted with dirt! Where's your hat? Are you hurt much? Get the tea made, Sissy. O, it's a mercy you've a whole bone left in your skin!'

'That you haven't walked home with your head under your arm,' said Sissy.

'I did almost leave it stuck in an oak,' said I.

'No-o!' exclaimed Sissy incredulously.

'I've been so dreadfully alarmed,' said my mother, looking tenderly at me, 'all the day. You've been gone six or seven hours.'

'Five and a half, mother,' said I.

'Wherever have you been so long?'

Whilst I was relating my adventures, my father came in and sat down. When I had finished,

'Now promise,' said my mother, 'that you will never ride that brute again.'

'We-el,' I hesitated and looked at my father.

'O, he's going to try her again to-morrow,' said he, with a twinkle in his eye.

‘I’ll go out myself,’ cried my mother, ‘and shoot the nasty brute, before he shall mount her again!’

‘You don’t reckon the loss, my dear,’ said father calmly smiling.

‘I’d rather lose her ten times over than lose my son.’

‘Well, well, my dear, we’ll put her down to “The Warren.”’

Where she may be seen by any gentleman in want of a ‘Thoroughbred Nag, fourteen and a half hands, young, and unbroken,’ and unbreakable; for let who will possess her, she has not yet seen the man who can be her master.

HALF AN HOUR WITH A SPORTING PROPHET.

SOME short time ago, owing to the excellent arrangements of the Great Eastern Railway, I found myself landed at the New-market Station in advance of the time fixed for the first race. The day was not a very pleasant one ; and feeling disinclined to leave the station, I amused myself by scrutinising my fellow-passengers until they left the platform, and then, going into the waiting-room, seated myself by the fire. I had not been there long before a man I had noticed selling cards on the platform came in ; he was rather a remarkable-looking man, with clean-shaven face, small dark eyes, and had a very shrewd, not to say cunning, look about him ; a very shiny 'topper,' and highly-polished, but very seedy, boots, added to his appearance ; and as we were the sole occupants of the room, began a conversation. Soon, however, taking a seat at the table, he produced a large bundle of telegraph-forms from his pocket and began filling them up very rapidly. Presently noticing, I suppose, that I was looking with rather a curious eye at his work, he took up several of them, and pushing them over to me, said,

'There, sir, that's what I am doing.'

On reading them I found they were all telegrams relating to betting and Turf matters to be sent off to young fellows at Cambridge, London, &c., under various pseudonyms—'The Boy round the Corner,' 'Weasel,' 'Aucepts,' 'Viator,' &c. ; some were to back No. 2 for the Two Thousand, others various other numbers, and one telegram stated amongst other things that Mat Dawson had sent a certain horse a stiff mile and a half gallop that day ; this I knew to be untrue, and told the man so, to which he coolly replied,

'Bless you, sir, what does it signify ? They likes to fancy themselves well posted up in racing, and think that they have private information about the horses' work.'

I was very much amused at the man's impudence, and asked him if he really was the person who advertised in the sporting

papers under all those names. He at once acknowledged it, and said he made a very tidy living by it. Seeing, I suppose, that I was very much amused by his story, he went on :

‘I does it all quite respectable, and has my regular list and subscribers. Trials is *extry*; and I expects five per cent on winnings.’ Then growing confidential he added, ‘This is how I works it; I takes the list of the horses entered for any big race—the Derby and suchlike—and numbers them all down regular; then I gets out my “Weasel” paper and begins: No. 1 is a good horse, and must be kept on the right side of the book; No. 2 ought to about win; No. 3 comes from a dangerous stable; No. 4 we should recommend if he had not run so cowardly in the Dewhurst Plate, however another course may suit him better; No. 5 is in the same stable as No. 3, and directly we know their intentions will forward them; No. 6 is about held safe by No. 1; and so on. Then I goes on as “Viator,” and takes the list “t’other” way up, and begins from the end; and next I begin as “Auceps” from the middle, and works down; and then as “The Boy round the Corner,” I begins in the middle, and works up—what a Cambridge gent once called “permutations,” and “combinations;” and that’s how I does it, you see, sir. I don’t say none mayn’t win, so I must be right; and then if they wants more “particulars,” them’s “extry.”’

‘But,’ said I, ‘how about the trials that are extra?’

‘Well, sir,’ he replied, ‘you see I charges heavy fees for they. They ain’t altogether pleasant things to be caught at, and I can’t say as I holds with going near them, so I puts the fee at a high figure so as to choke them off; for,’ added he, putting on an appearance of intense honesty, ‘I don’t like to rob people, and always gives them a chance for their money. Besides, I has my character’ (he drew himself up in a dignified way) ‘to keep up.’

‘But do you get paid on your clients’ winnings?’ I asked.

‘O yes,’ he replied; ‘pretty fair for that.’

‘But isn’t your dodge seen through?’ said I.

‘Lor bless you, no, sir,’ he said. ‘I don’t send no “dead uns,” and gives them all a chance; and then when they wins they are just pleased, and says what a wonderful chap “Viator” is, always right. And then them that loses don’t like to say so, and either holds their tongues or “purtends” they’ve won; so it works that way.’

‘Your principal employers, I see, come from London and Cambridge; don’t you get any from Oxford?’ I remarked.

‘Why, no, sir, not as a rule; they’re too sharp there, and many of the young gents’ governors keeps racers. I was at Oxford myself once, sir.’

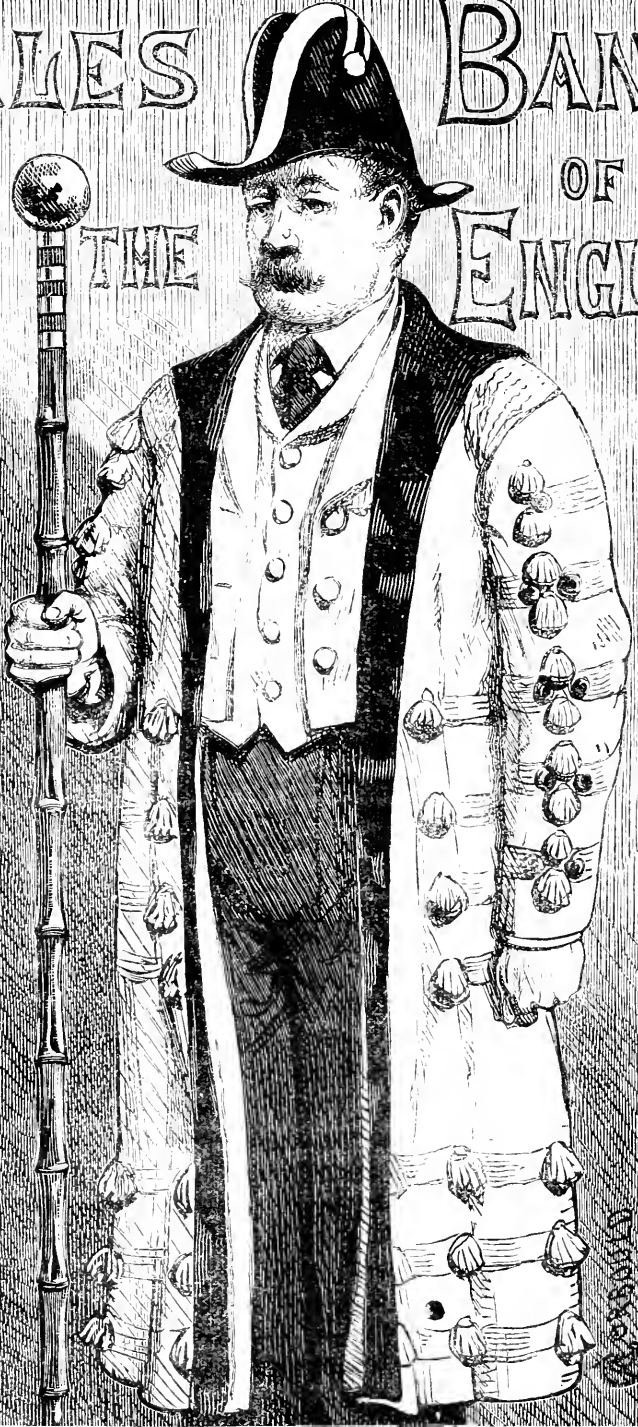
Seeing me look surprised, as he did not give one the idea of a graduate, he added: ‘Assisting a gentleman in the tobacco-business,—leastways, he *called* it that; but he made his money by other things, and at last he carried on so, and got so unparliamentary, that the dons dropped on to him, and he got discommensed, and had to reduce his establishment; so I left. But Cambridge is a different place altogether; “the scums,” as he politely termed them, “sends their sons there, “competitioners” and “standards” (what he meant by this last term I have not any idea); and they lives in such holes and corners and upstairs where an Oxford gent would not keep his dog. But you would be surprised, sir,’ he went on, ‘if you knew half the people that writes to me for “tips.” Lots of ladies writes too, not that they write in their own names; but I spots them at once, they always wants a “certainty,” and tries to alter their writing to make it look big and round and man-like; but they always forgets, and makes the first letter natural, and then tries to go on big, but some of their peaky letters and long tails will drop in, so I always twigs them; and then they’re so fond of promises. Blessed if I don’t think every sort but bishops comes to me.’

Just at this point, another train coming in, he had to run off to sell his race-cards; so his revelations came to an end. But the conversation was literally and exactly as I have stated it, and I can say in corroboration of the man’s description of the way he worked his ‘permutations’ and combinations,’ as they had been termed, that, seeing amongst the telegrams two addressed to persons that I knew, I took the trouble to make inquiries of them, and as I was in possession of the secret, discovered at once that the plan was worked as the man told me.

Now this story is literally true, the only exception being that I have altered the pseudonyms that the man used. As may be imagined, I was greatly amused at these candid revelations. Of course I knew that ‘tips’ were the utterest humbug; but had thought that they came from stable-boys or odd men about the racing-stables who tried to add to their wages by this means, and had no idea that they were merely the offspring of the brain of an unscrupulous vagabond.

ONE SHILLING.

TALES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND



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